THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Volume 198, Number 47

MAY 22, 1926

5c. THE COPY

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Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President

C. H. Ludington, Vice-President and Treasurer
P. S. Collins, General Business Manager
Walter D. Fuller, Secretary
William Boyd, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W.C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A^o D^i 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under Act of March 3, 1879. Additional Entry at Columbus, O., St. Louis, Mo., Chicago, Ill., Indianapolis, Ind., Saginaw, Mich., Des Moines, Ia., Portland, Ore., Milwaukee, Wis., St. Paul, Minn., San Francisco, Cal., Kansas City, Mo., Savannah, Ga., Denver, Colo., Louisville, Ky., Houston, Tex., Omaha, Neb., Ogden, Utah, Jacksonville, Fla., New Orleans, La., Portland, Me., Los Angeles, Cal., and Richmond, Va.

Volume 198 — 5c. THE COPY — PHILADELPHIA, PA., MAY 22, 1926 — $2.00 THE YEAR by Subscription — Number 47

THE DREADFUL NIGHT

She Stood a Moment Longer, Wistfulness Shadowing Her Eyes Once More, Till Dill Spoke at Her Elbow. "Want Me to Start Her for You?" He Asked

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

THERE was a public wharf about two miles below the island, where a road came down to the lake shore; and Molly Main took the children and the servants down to this landing immediately after the breakfast work was done. They would go home by train, and she and Paul would have one more night on the island and then drive down tomorrow. She thought, a little wistfully, that the summer was over; and her eyes swept off to the east to rest fondly on the mountains there, and she felt the deep blue of the ruffled water like a caress across her cheek. There was always a measure of melancholy in this last day of summer; always some regret at going home. Once the transition was done and the first flurry of settling down in familiar surroundings was over, she knew this regret would pass; but the feeling was none the less a keen and poignant one.

The children, she saw, felt it as much as she did. Young Paul, as like his father as a child can be, said over and over on the way down to the landing, "Gosh, I wish we didn't have to go! Gosh, mother, I wish we could stay till tomorrow with you!" And Margaret, two or three years younger, was as regretful in a less vociferous way. She watched Molly, saw how her mother's eyes rested on the beauty all about them; and she pressed against Molly's elbow and whispered, "It's awfully pretty, isn't it, mother? Don't you hate to leave it, mother?"

Molly laughed a little, trying to reassure them. "The fun's over for this year," she agreed. "But you'll have next year to look forward to; and you'll be back in school next week, and so many things to do."

"Gosh!" young Paul protested. "That's the worst part of it—getting back to school."

"Oh, I don't think so," Margaret said in a tone of virtuous reproof. "But I do hate to leave the island though."

"Everyone else has gone home," Molly reminded them. "And it will be getting cold pretty soon; it's already too cold to go in swimming."

"I went in this morning," Paul argued. "It was great. Just as warm!"

Molly laughed, and spoke over her shoulder to Richard and Lucy, the servants, in the stern seat of the motorboat. "You have the keys, Richard," she reminded the man.

"Yes, madam," he assured her.

When He Came Up the Path to the House, She Was Busy on the Upper Floor, and She Called to Him, "Come Up Here, Dill. I Need You Here"

"You'll have all day tomorrow to get things in shape," she told him. "The floors will need going over, and there'll be dusting, and you can hang some of the curtains if you have time. I've written to order what groceries you'll need. They'll be delivered this afternoon; and ice, too, and the milk tomorrow morning."

"Yes, madam," he said again, and she nodded and looked ahead. They were approaching the landing, and she could see waiting the car that had come to take the servants and the children to the railroad. She swung the boat wide so as to come in straight alongside the wharf, and this brought her into such a position that she could look up the road through the trees. Dill Sockford—Dill-away, but Dill for short—was coming down the road with a rack of milk bottles in his hand and a stranger at his side; she remarked this stranger instinctively, felt a faint amusement at the cap he wore.

Then the boat demanded her attention as she checked its way, reversed and shut off the ignition, while Paul jumped out to secure the lines and Richard began the business of unloading luggage. The driver of the car came to help him, and Dill too. The man with Dill, the stranger, stayed near the car.

Dill—he lived a hundred yards up the road and supplied them with milk through the summer—spoke jocularly to the children, and, with a little deprecatory nod by way of greeting, to Molly.

"Shipping 'em home, are you?" he asked.

She smiled assent. "Yes; yes, they're going. Say good-by to Dill, dears, till next summer."

"Guess you won't want any more milk then," Dill suggested. He was apt thus to anticipate her instructions. He was an amiable man and a helpful one; during the winters he had the island in charge, and at such times as this he did odd jobs there.

"I'll take one bottle," she told him. "The others, too, of course, if you've saved them for us. And, Dill, I'll want you to come up this afternoon to help me shut up the house."

"Paul coming tonight, ain't he?" Dill inquired, and she nodded.

"But he won't want to do odd jobs," she explained, smiling a little; and Dill chuckled.

"He ain't one for odd jobs," he agreed. "All right, I figured you'd want me. I'm planning to come."

Molly noticed inattentively that the stranger, the man with the amusing cap, had gone back up the road. Then Richard, the manservant, said deferentially, "Was there anything else, madam?"

Molly shook her head, and she went with the children toward the waiting car. Paul tried one last plea: "Gosh, I wish I could stay till tomorrow, mother!"

"Dad and I will have so much luggage in the car," she explained. "You'd best go along on the train, dear. Good-by." She kissed them, stood waving to them as the car drew away, called at the last moment, "See you tomorrow night, dears!" And she watched their small hands waving from each side of the car till it passed the first angle in the narrow road and disappeared. She stood a moment longer, wistfulness shadowing her eyes once more, till Dill spoke at her elbow.

"Want me to start her for you?" he asked.

Molly laughed then and shook her head. "No," she told him. "She knows me." And they went out toward the boat together, and she got into the engine pit and reached across to set spark and ignition and throttle, and then bent to the flywheel. Dill was talking amiably, telling her the news of the lake, and she listened inattentively. She had long since acquired the art of appearing to listen to uninteresting people while at the same time her own thoughts were free. But she hesitated to start the engine now so long as he kept on talking; so she waited, her hand upon the wheel. Then her idle thoughts returned to the man who had come down with Dill, and gone away again; and when Dill paused, she asked who he was.

"Wanted to be set over to the club island," Dill explained. "I said I didn't know as I had time."

This reply was, she thought, characteristic of Dill, and she nodded, with a little smile. "You'll come right after dinner then?" she reminded him.

"I'll be there or thereabouts," he agreed, grinning; and she turned the flywheel with that sharp snap which it required. The engine caught and ran, and she climbed into the driving seat and signed to Dill, and he let go the lines. As she backed into open water she looked at him again, and his mouth was still moving, so she knew he was talking even now. She smothered a smile and nodded as though to agree with what he said, and then she swung the boat and started up the lake toward the island again.

The day had begun with a suggestion of frost in the air, but already the sun was warmer and the white clouds were heavy overhead. The air had that peculiar clarity which the latter months of summer and the early fall always bring; she thought she could distinguish individual trees on the mountains miles away, and the fire tower stood up gaunt and distinct against the sky. As she passed through a channel between the mainland and a group of little islands, the wind in her face freshened and a little whip of spray wet her cheek; so she turned the bow of the boat to meet the waves more fairly.

There were summer places on the mainland at her left, now in most instances deserted; she studied them as she passed by, noting the closed doors of the boathouses, feeling a faint chill at their loneliness. Here lived the Days, where she and Paul so often came to play tennis; and there was the Tunney place; and on the island to her right the Fisher establishment. She left the channel behind and came into more open water; and she looked across to the club island to the east, and to Big Dog and Little Dog beyond.

She and Paul had gone over to Little Dog a good many times this summer. Capello—Adah Capello, the great soprano—had taken it for the season; and the famous woman had displayed a surprising desire to be friendly, calling upon her neighbors, inviting them to her home. Molly had been inclined to like her, puzzled and attracted by the faint and exotic atmosphere which she wore.

Capello had always been to the public in some sort a mystery. An Italian by birth as well as by musical education, she had made her debut now full twenty years ago, and since then she had never revisited her native land. When her professional associates, as the opera season ended, took passage for the Riviera or the Nile, she bade them good-by and chose to spend her own vacation season in some remote but populous summer colony in the United States.

"I am American," she liked to say, explaining this whim. "Why should I work so hard here, and make so much money, and then go and spend it some other place? No, I am American, and I stay here."

So this summer she had lived on Little Dog, where the big place built a dozen years before by Darnley had been these last two seasons, since Darnley's wife died, vacant and unused. Molly liked her almost as much as Paul did; and Paul liked her very much indeed, found her stimulating and alive and colorful. It was from her he had bought Molly's emerald.

Molly, holding the motorboat into the wind, came into the lee of their own island and swung to the west to skirt its shores toward the landing cove. Thinking of Capello, she remembered idly the impression she had sometimes had that the woman was nervous and fearful; but the thought was only a passing one. The big house came in sight, and she was reminded by a glimpse of the curtains at the window of the guest room that they must be renewed next year—might as well be destroyed now.

"I must have Dill collect a lot of things like that," she told herself. "He can pile them up somewhere, and then when the lake freezes he can take them out on the ice and burn them."

She turned in toward the boathouses, and ran the boat into its slip and stopped the engine and climbed out to drop an accustomed clove hitch over one of the uprights which held the boat lifters. There were two slips in this boathouse, one in that adjoining; but the other slips were vacant. Paul had run the bigger boats down to be stored for the winter, but this little jogabout would be left here, needing only to be lowered into the water in the spring to be ready for use. She and Paul sometimes came up for an early week-end in one of the small cabins, and it was convenient at such times to have a boat at hand.

She left the boathouse; and at once felt, almost palpable, the silence of the island. It is true that a red squirrel chirred in an oak tree up behind the servants' quarters, and two or three crows were quarreling in the hemlock growth to the north. But the silence was the more emphatic by reason of their outcries, as though pointed by this contrast. It was the first time Molly had ever been absolutely alone here, and it had not occurred to her that the experience might be disturbing. Paul would be here a little after dark, coming on the 6:52 train, and she had a great many things to do before he came.

But though these tasks waited for her hands, she stood still for a moment outside the boathouse, listening to this curious silence. Theirs was the only place on the island, and three-quarters of a mile of open water lay between her and the

nearest mainland. She could not be sure that there was another human being nearer than Dill Sockford, two miles or so away; and she was for a little almost inclined to tremble at the thought, wondering what she would do if, for instance, she fell off a chair and sprained her ankle while taking down the curtains from their rods. Then, north of the island, she heard a motorboat, and it came toward her, popping reassuringly; and she went along the path through the trees toward the big house, waving a hand to the lone man in the boat as he passed by.

This island where she and Paul and the children spent the summer was of considerable extent. They called it thirty acres, but it may have been a little more. Wooded throughout, it rose to a height of perhaps fifty feet above the lake; and beneath the carpet of dead leaves and needles, fallen through generations from the trees, there was only a heap of tumbled bowlders, frost shattered and carved into eccentric shapes and forms. Someone, some wealthy man, had made it once his plaything. There were everywhere indications that he had spent money regardlessly on every passing whim. There was a road across the island, cleared of bowlders, sufficient for rough hauling; and there was a path around its circumference, smooth and easy underfoot.

The boathouses were in a cove in the island's western flank, and on the rocky point to the north a little cabin stood. There was another cabin a hundred yards beyond, somewhat removed from the water. The servants' quarters were in two small buildings in the hollow below the water tower, behind the boathouses; the tennis court lay south of the big house; and the house itself, half hidden among the trees which surrounded it, was big enough for a dozen people to lose themselves. Molly and Paul often laughed at the ridiculous fact that they had it all to themselves; there was so much room; twenty might have lived here as comfortably as two, and still had space to spare. When the rich man tired of his plaything he was ready to sell it at any figure at all; and ten times what Paul had paid would not have been sufficient to reproduce it in some other location.

When Molly came into the house this morning she felt a faint chill in the air, damp and depressing; the chill of night not yet wholly dissipated by the sun. In the center of the enormous living room a tremendous chimney rose two stories to the roof; a grotesque affair fashioned from stones chosen for their eccentric shapes, so that it was as though a hundred gargoyles had been piled one upon another. There was a fireplace on each side of this chimney; and Molly kindled a fire in one and then in the other, and watched the leaping flames, and stood before them till their warmth drove back the dampness and the chill a little.

She had expected to be, this morning, extremely energetic; there were so many things to do. But now that the children and the servants were gone, a certain indolence possessed her. It was pleasant to stand here in the heat of the fire and let her idle thoughts drift aimlessly. The fire burned high, feeding on the fat pine, the flames yellow as gold. Its heat at last repelled her. She turned aside and began in a dreamy abstraction to take down the curtains and fold them and stow them in the great window seats; and she stuffed the brightly colored pillows which littered the seats in atop the curtains; and then reversed the seat cushions so that their gay covers might not suffer from the weather. These activities might have been expected to win her to a more energetic mood; but by and by, when she took a rug out on the south veranda to sweep it, the little path leading along the shore attracted her eye and wooed her away. Sun, flecking through the leaves, dappled the path; and as the birches swayed, the shadows moved enticingly to and fro, inviting her to come and play among them. Molly went a little way, and paused, and went on again; and at last, with a certain resolution, she decided to walk around the island. There was time enough for the chores she had to do.

On the east side of the island there was a channel, not wide, with two or three smaller islands beyond. No one, at this season, dwelt upon them; and Molly felt their desolation. But halfway through the path along the channel she heard the touch of paddle against gunwale, and stopped on a jut of rock to look along the way, and saw a girl coming toward her in a canoe. The canoe was bright red, and the girl wore a bathing suit which had once been red but now was merely rusty. Her short flax-colored hair had been burned red by the sun; and her arms and legs, bare, were red as copper, or as the lights that lurk behind the sheen of gold. Molly knew her; Nell Harmon, whose family lived in summer at the landing near Dill Sockford's place; and she called a greeting, with a lifted hand.

The girl raised her paddle in response, and with a swirl swung the bow of the canoe toward where Molly stood.

"Hello," she said. "Thought you were going down today."

"I sent the children today," Molly told her, and laughed a little. "I'm supposed to be closing up the house, but I couldn't stay indoors. Paul's coming tonight, and we'll drive down tomorrow."

"It is wonderful, isn't it?" the girl assented. "I couldn't stay in either."

Molly looked at her and shivered. "I should think you'd be frozen. And you haven't even goose flesh on your arms."

Nell laughed softly. "I'm out this way so much. I love it."

"You're like an Indian," Molly agreed. "So brown! Don't you burn at all?"

The girl shook her head, stirred the water with her paddle. "Who was the man on the upper end of the island?" she asked idly.

Molly looked her surprise. "Why, there's nobody here but me."

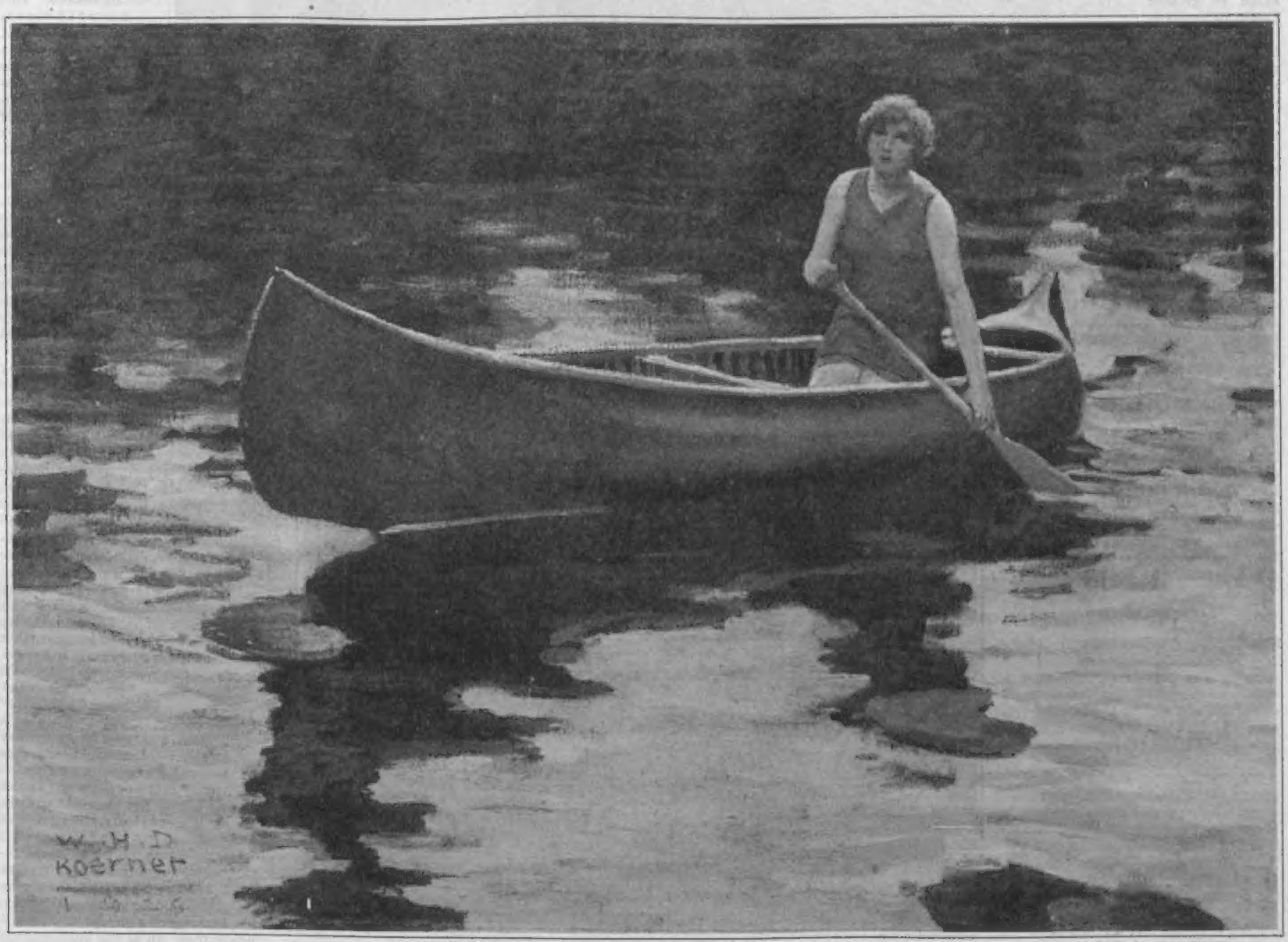
"I saw him go away as I came along," Nell explained. "I came up the other side, and he was just going away in a motorboat. I didn't really see him land; but I thought he'd been ashore."

"Not likely anyone would land there," Molly said.

"I suppose not," Nell agreed, and her paddle moved and the canoe slid away. "'By," she called. "See you this winter in town."

Molly nodded, spoke a parting word; and she watched the canoe move steadily southward, the girl's arms rhythmic and graceful as they passed through the movements of

(Continued on Page 161)



She Heard the Touch of Paddle Against Gunwale, and Stopped on a Jut of Rock to Look Along the Way, and Saw a Girl Coming Toward Her in a Canoe

WHOSE COUNTRY IS THIS?

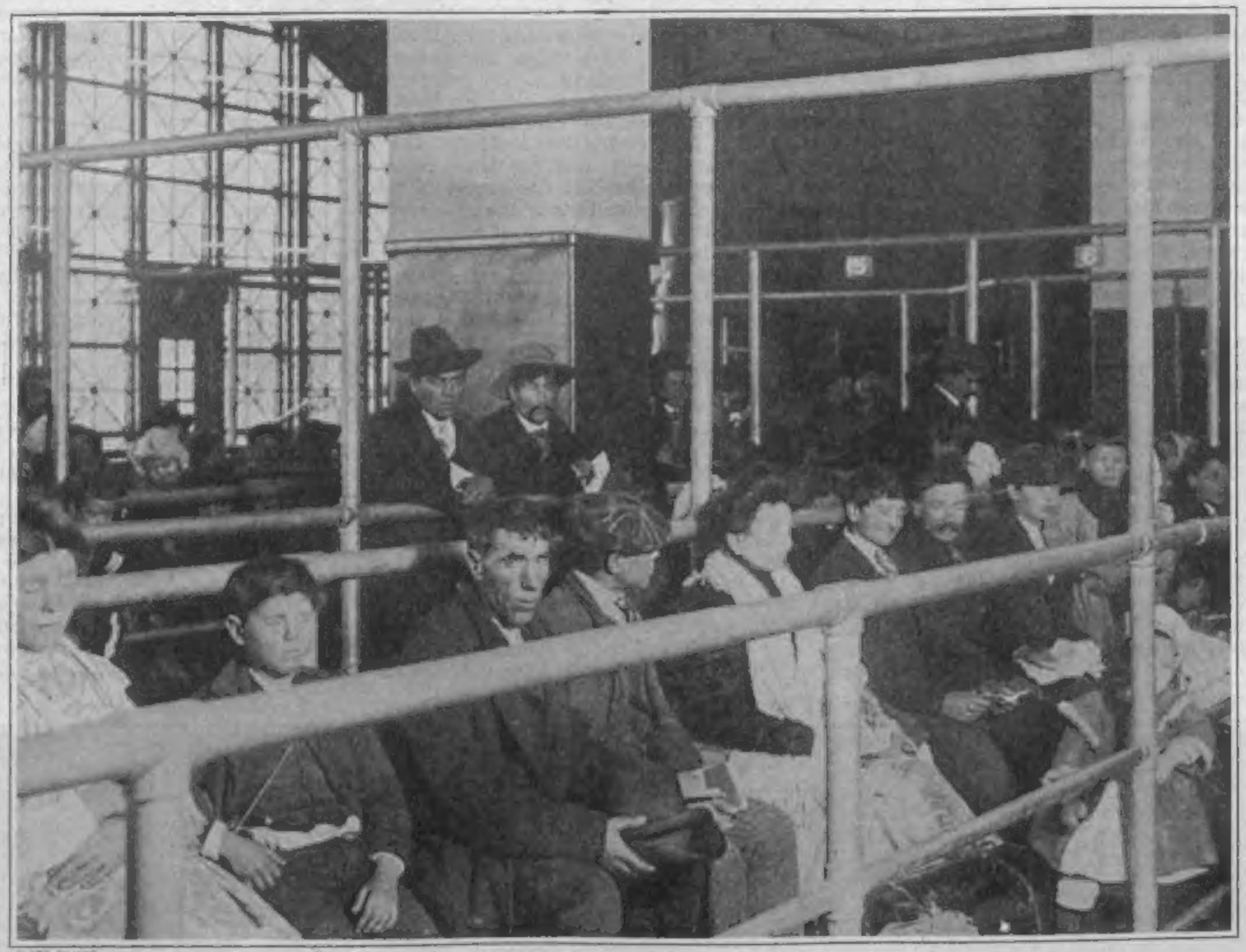
By Richard Washburn Child

AFTER the Sixty-ninth Congress was in session three months there appeared, to anyone who was watching at Washington, on the calendar of the Committee on Immigration and Naturalization of the House, how many bills?

More than sixty!

Not all these bills were bad bills, not all of them were bills openly designed to dig under our restricted immigration fence, not all of them were framed to lead later to new and larger holes in our national policy.

But a cursory glance does not reveal that many of these sixty-odd bills were dedicated to greater height or strength in our immigration fence; most of them, good or bad, were designed to knock off a few inches here and there or pull off a few boards to make an opening through which, later, regiments could march in.



Immigrants in the Main Waiting Room at Ellis Island

It is on the assumption that our restrictive immigration policy, as written in the legislation of 1917, 1921 and 1924, meets the approval of the country that one can conscientiously warn the citizenship of the United States that as sure as night follows day there will be increasing subtle attempts to gnaw holes in the policy, to secure a concession here and a loosening there, to worm-eat exclusions and boll-weevil the rigidity of restrictions.

The importance of this subtle assault is brought out when one goes looking for wise unpartisan opinion in Washington as to what is considered the outstanding piece of national legislation since the war. It is astonishing to find that certainly nine out of ten of the foremost administrators, seasoned correspondents and students of government will say, "Of course the Federal Reserve Act was before the war. But since the war? Why, the restriction of immigration, of course!"

Time's Changes

THIS opinion is founded undoubtedly on considerations which will come into the minds of those who stop to think impartially. Such men or women will say to themselves—even though they were once immigrants or are the children of immigrants—something like this:

"While America was a land of great undeveloped resource, particularly with an excess of food supply, there was need for human beings from overseas to take part in creating a civilization. The work to be done was in large part hard, pioneering, constructive labor—the tilling of soil, the building of roadbeds, the digging of canals and ditches. During the first centuries of remaking the continent, what we needed was human hands—numbers of them—endless numbers. America hungered for a supply of mankind. And in those days from virile races in Europe we received an influx, not of immigrants regarding America as easy money and as a country where one could settle into a gregarious foreign quarter in some city, but an influx of those who came to take their lot with native Americans, ready to put hands to creative rather than parasitic activities, ready to come as citizens and not as patrons of a national boarding house.

Foreigners at a County Clerk's Office Getting Their First Papers

"Today the idealistic immigrant has almost vanished. Today the bulk of those knocking at our gates hope to find within mere easy gain. The current has turned from those races readily assimilable, of virile qualities and law-abiding spirit to those that, whether oppressed or not in the present or past, often bring antagonistic ideas, a misconception that liberty is license, that America by some miracle of generosity owes them a place in the sun and a soft berth."

Our Right

"THESE later-coming racial groups include, of course, good exceptions by the thousands. But nevertheless, whether it be that all immigration today is inferior or whether it be because the mass influx is no longer from earlier sources of immigration, no one will seriously contend that immigration into America has the quality it used to have. We have tried to chew a meal too large and of indigestible, inferior quality. It is no insult to certain races to say that they do not go to the right spot, that they are not adapted to the requirements of our diet. The fault may be with our digestion, but the fact is there none the less. Why be oily tongued about it? The real truth is that we are set against absorbing more of certain kinds of immigration.

"The melting-pot sentiment was thrilling while melting went on; it became repulsive when the melting failed and foreigners began to take the attitude that our pot was theirs by some inalienable right; that if we refused permission to jump into it we had committed not only injury but insult. The idea that America had an obligation to become the world's boarding house was spread wide and still persists, but we have no obligation whatever. The land of promise is not necessarily a promised land. The thanks of those who have been permitted to come and have been welcomed must not be confused with the demands, almost insolent, that we provide for everyone. If Bill got in, that is no reason why Bill should wail because we keep out his fellow townsman in Poland or Timbuktu."

One of the inherent rights of a civilization, whatever its policy may be, is the right of exclusion. One of the inherent rights of mankind is exclusion. It is not necessary to ask A why he will not associate with B. It is sufficient that A does not like B's face or the way his hair grows. If America wants no more immigration, or wants no more immigration from this quarter or that, there may be and should be gentle manners in the forming of a policy; but underneath them all is the fundamental

right we have to close the door. It's our door. We are on the home side of it. If we have any right at all it is to make America whatever we want America to be, and we have determined for a long time to make an America out of what we have at hand and what we ourselves want to import in human resource. It would be ridiculous to assert that our raw material should be picked out by alien influence.

But that is exactly what organized alien influences come down to Congress and try to accomplish. They put their little wedges into every cranny of our restricted-immigration policy and any bystander is amazed to see with what flattery and oblique moves and mealy-mouthed talk of "humane considerations" and "the great heart of America" the concealed attack is made upon our immigration laws. In the cloakroom of Congress now the process already has a name: it is called "immigration-law sniping."

"The serious part of it has hardly shown the tip of its nose," says an expert on immigration. "But it is a sharp nose—a gimlet nose. It will go pushing in along the sill noiselessly, furtively at first, and only when we awake to a tremendous squealing under the gate will we realize what a big pig is really behind it."

Perhaps it will be a good service to report why wise observers who have no ax to grind regard the restriction of immigration as the most important piece of legislation since the war. Perhaps it will be equally good service to show in some measure the secret process of undermining which is planned so noiselessly that few Americans know that it is going on.

The Country of Capitalistic Laborers

TO BEGIN, no one can say to what extent we would have become the dumping ground for undesirables after the war if we had not closed the door. Europe was anxious to get rid of hungry mouths. Given the opportunity, certain countries in Europe would have been glad to wish upon us their own indigestibles—the revolutionary trouble makers, the unemployed, the unfit and those who—whatever claims they might make of being persecuted—were unpopular elements in the civilization in which they were living. The unpopular always claim to be persecuted; but persecution, no matter how reprehensible, is by no means a certain sign of worth and merit in the persecuted.

We faced, in any case, a tidal wave of immigration. It was to be too great in quantity and without a question too distressingly inferior in quality. We had a certain amount of prosperity to pass around; we preferred to pass it along to our own laborers. There is nothing selfish or mean in looking after our own family first. Members of our own family are quite different from uneducated, untrained and sometimes untamed aliens who come to take lodgings for a few years, send their earnings home and in the end go back after the earnings. Citizenship worth anything is not founded upon this transaction.

Furthermore, we had come to the edge of a new concept of labor. Voices a few years ago used to say that labor was a commodity. That was the economic view. But there has developed a social view of labor—a new policy which perhaps is destined to have deeper economic consequences than any mere economic policy can ever have standing by itself. Our representatives of capital are learning that it is better to pass a full plate to everyone than to quarrel with everyone about an empty plate. We have done more than any other civilization to make the laborer understand the nature and use of capital by that most intelligent policy of helping the laborer to become a capitalist. The day has arrived when, more than ever before in the history of the world, the whole paraphernalia of our own material civilization is at the service of the fit man at the bottom almost as much as it is of the man at the top of the ladder.

We have set a high standard of living—higher than ever since restricted immigration. We have ceased to think of immigrants in terms of the labor market and have now weighed their value to us, as it must inevitably be weighed, in terms of citizenship and the immigrants' worth as threads in our high-standard social fabric. No one denies that such a policy may pinch temporarily certain industries and make agricultural and domestic-service labor hard to obtain. No great good is accomplished without some pain.

But certainly 90 per cent of impartial Americans prefer to maintain our standards of living, of character, of virility, of law abiding, of good blood, rather than yield to the importunings of organized minorities who play soft music about America's duty to open its arms in the name of humanity to inferior stock, and to the unfittest of racial groups, or who, in the name of an industry or an agricultural district, urge, probably against the ultimate facts, that without an influx of unintelligence and inferiority a great temporary embarrassment may be felt.

Within Sight of America

A National Boarding House

IT IS hard to see why America now owes more to the world than a great peaceful, helpful civilization; certainly we have done too much already in providing a national boarding house. We have a sufficient credit balance on the sentimental side of being the mother of all mankind, particularly as the hostess in latter years of selective bad mankind. It is equally hard to see why the convenience of a factory or plantation should be served for a year or two by bringing in a low-standard crew whose eternal progeny, expanding into thousands, may poison for centuries our social fabric. It is better for all of us to work a little harder, pay more for goods and food and keep the door closed.

This is the conviction of those who from a vantage point have viewed the workings of the immigration-restricting legislation and rate the immigration legislation as being head and shoulders above any other legislation since the war and perhaps in the period before the war.

It would be ridiculous to claim that our immigration acts are perfect. They are not. It would be absurd to say that they have not caused hardship to numbers of ignorant or unfortunate individuals whose plans to enter our doors went awry. It would be stupid to claim that some measure of hardship has not been imposed by a separation of families—which, of course, can always be repaired, if the situation is desperate enough, by the return, to his original country, of the immigrant. It would not be square with the facts to claim that occasional labor shortages have not taken place in the period of readjustment. It is outside the truth to deny that certain foreign nations and races which were accustomed to use America as a dumping ground for excess population are unsatisfied. It is preposterous to state a belief that those who wanted to come to our ports because they believed that

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A Scene at Ellis Island. In Oval—The First Glimpse of America

BEYOND

By JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

THE train shed at five in the afternoon was naturally filled with people leaving the city at the end of their working day. It was a crowd in which all the human ingredients resembled one another. The women were like the other women, the men like the other men. All except one. Jefferson Cole's face was as pale as the office faces about him; it was even paler. In personality he was obviously the same. It was his clothes that were different. He had on shoes plainly never polished, with wooden soles and absolutely square toes. His suit was strange and thick in material and faded green, and he had on a small hat of a green that nothing would ever fade—nothing. At his feet was a dilapidated satchel and under one arm a bundle tied in newspapers.

A sign was put up announcing the train for Harristown, and Jefferson moved forward with the throng. He was excited and one side of his long face twitched continuously. "I guess they'll be surprised," he thought. "They will be surprised." Then he was conscious of a surprise much nearer; standing in front of him, the fact was. A small man with tight lips, slightly older than Cole, advanced doubtfully.

"Jefferson Cole," he said, in a voice half inquiry and half incredulous announcement.

"Hullo, William," Jefferson returned.

"Then it is you?" William demanded.

Cole was annoyed by the continued doubt. "Who do you think it would be?" he asked irritably. "Didn't you say Jefferson Cole? You've known me long enough, haven't you? Well?"

"You were give up for dead," William persisted. "And now here you are back, with the war over three years. It's enough to upset a person."

"Not that you're very glad about it," Jefferson added. "You'd suppose, returned unexpected from death, I'd get some kind of a welcome from one of the gang. I would."

William seized Jefferson Cole's limp hand and shook it vigorously. "It's been so long, we've forgotten how to act about soldiers," he admitted, "about heroes. There ain't been any for quite a spell. More crimes in the papers." They stood aside from the crowd pouring through the narrow gate to the train. "Where were you? Why didn't you write or anything? I guess you were in a German prison." Cole glanced at him with a flicker of pale eyes.

"And when I got out," he agreed, "I was dreadful sick for I don't know how long—in the head. And then, sudden, I remembered everything and wanted to come home. William, how are they? How is pa and his wife?"

A curious expression swept over William Marble's face. He fell silent, gazing hard at Cole.

"Well," he demanded, exasperated again, "what are you staring at? I'm here, ain't I? I'm not a ghost?"

"That's just the trouble—you ain't," William answered. "It's going to raise hell, that is. Your father is all right and so's Mrs. Cole. But how they'll be when they see you, I'm not sure." Jefferson admitted that he didn't get him.

"I don't get you," he said. "They'd better be all right when they see me; with what I went through—prison and all. And it left me delicate, I can tell you. Specially in the stomach. I have to eat very careful."

"There is no use to move out to the train," Marble told him. "We'll ketch the next. I've got to talk to you. You've just raised Ned not writing and then coming back so unexpected."

Marble Gazed Gloomily at Valeria and at the Tray and at Cole. "I Suppose You've Been Talking So Loud Everybody in the Neighborhood Knows You're Here"

The single light in the corner of the room, a lamp on a stand, was muffled with red crêpe paper. The deep gloom made objects and people indistinct. Ordinary articles of furniture seemed vaguely strange, and the five faces gathered around a center table were no more than pallid blurs. A tense and nervous silence hung over them. And then, from somewhere, came a series of sharp and impatient knocks.

A woman's voice asked in an unnatural key, "Is Jefferson there? Is that Jefferson speaking from beyond the mundane ether?" The only reply to this was a second series of louder knocks. "If it's Jefferson Cole, we want him to get through to us and pierce the veil of mortality. Mr. McManners wants to hear from his daughter Ella, who was took last year in September. His father's heart is sore and he wants to talk to her. Where is Ella McManners and is she all right?"

The fragment of a whistled tune was, with the knocks, still the sole answer.

The woman continued, "Won't Jefferson attend to a father's aching heart? Won't he send him reassurance in the empty vale of mortality?"

At last a voice replied, thin and brittle and petulant, "I can't be bothered. I'm happy and don't want to be dragged back to the world. Tell McManners not to get in a sweat. Life is full of tol-de-rol-de-riddle. Specially the riddle. I was having an elegant time when you called me. Dancing with an Egyptian girl dressed like they dress." The next word was largely lost, but it sounded like "paint." Then there was a giggling laugh. "What do I know about Ella McGinnis?" It wasn't McGinnis, it was patiently explained, but McManners, and there was further reference to the leaden hearts of bereaved parents. An enigmatic pronouncement followed. "Them that was pretty in the here are pretty in the hereafter."

"Ella McManners, taken off in her eighteenth year last September."

"I think she was to the dance with a dark fellow that looked like an Aarab. His name is Mecca. Mecca? Mecca? No, name of Allah. But tell her father not to worry, because he's a kind of religious Aarab. Wouldn't take no advantage of her." The suspended voice broke off into a discordant whistling; again articulate, it was little and feminine and said the word "Papa." There was a sigh and groan from a masculine shape at the table.

"Papa, I'm waiting when we'll be joined and no more parting forever and amen. I'm happy and took good care of. I have nice clothes and all the silk stockings a body could ask. But I can't find mamma."

The woman's voice below hastily took up the burden of speech, of explanation. "The glass is dark. Her mamma left Newark a short while back and ain't been heard of since."

At this there was a shrill laughter together with a banging and sound of bells. A solid object fell with a clatter on the table. It was a tambourine. Then, faintly—"I see her in a big city at a moving-picture theater. She has indigestion. But her heart is hard and can't be touched. Here we are drinking nectar in high glasses. Tell papa about the nectar. It's got a kick, but yet it's all right. And he can smoke—I mean if he wants to. There are no matches over here. None are needed. You just smoke. You just eat and sing and everything is lovely. Clouds and halls of silver and zithers. Angels of light. Tell papa Ellen is an angel. That's enough. I'm sick of calling down to a lot of blockheads. If it keeps up there will be some swell pinches." The feminine intonation had merged again into a masculine complaint. "Something else to do." There was a sudden crash; the heavy center table had been lifted from the floor and dropped back.

A silence occasionally broken by a gasping breath followed. Lights went on. A very large woman in black was sitting with a dull white face and closed eyes. It was apparent that she was exhausted. A small man with a rapidly blinking gaze was wiping sweat from his forehead.

"Her voice," he whispered. "It was Ella's voice. I'd have recognized her anyways, from the silk stockings. Mrs. Cole, I can't thank or give you enough for what you done."

Richmond Cole and Lily, his second wife, were sitting with a short and very fat young man in their kitchen. They were drinking black coffee in large cups from a large tin coffee pot just off the stove.

"It wears me out something fearful," Mrs. Cole announced. "A séance is harder and harder on me. I ought to be paid twice the sum, with all the joy I bring."

The fat young man held his cup in air. "You bring?" he demanded. "What about me? That's all I want to know. Where do I come in on this? I near to smothered again today back of that curtain. Where would any of you be without my art? The pitching of the voice. And now we're on this, I got a lot to say ——"

"You'll say it all right, too," Mrs. Cole admitted sarcastically. "If ever anyone had the gift of tongues it's you. And let me put this in before you start: I didn't like that reference to indigestion this afternoon. It took away from what was solemn. Her sitting in a moving-picture theater with indigestion!"

"Ah, you don't understand." He was lavishly disgusted. "That give it tone. It was real. He could believe it. She'd had indigestion just from living with that McGinnis."

"McManners," Mrs. Cole corrected him again. "I wanted to speak of that. You got to be more careful. You had his name on a piece of paper beforehand, didn't you? Well!"

"McCracken! What do you care, now you have his money? This happy little daughter with wings in heaven won't go no more. It's old-fashioned. You have to keep up with the times. Nectar in a highball glass. See? You got to use your imagination."

"There's one more thing," she persisted. "It's this: I wasn't afraid of no pinches today because of who was there. But I won't stand for no more conduct like you did the night the Henry girl wanted a message."

"Indelicate," Richmond Cole said. He looked remarkably like his son Jefferson. His face was long and thin, but on his cheeks were carefully tended side whiskers.

"Nothing suits either of you," the fat young man declared, "and I'm as pleased it don't; for I'm not suited either. Not by about twenty-five dollars a séance. That's what I ought to be getting, fifty dollars. I can use my art to better advantage on the stage anyways. I'd have some credit for it. I'm sick of this being anonymous. Always in the dark. And some day we'll be ketched, sure. We'll all go to jail."

"We will not," Mr. Cole replied positively.

"And as for the fifty," Lily Cole added; "why, you make me sick. There's nothing to it. It wouldn't bother me if you stopped right now, with your indigestion and mixing up the names and the like."

"Well I want fifty or I won't go on."

"Thirty, perhaps," Richmond Cole replied "perhaps thirty, if you show us you can be more careful But not fifty"

"Oh, I guess it will be fifty if I insist." He turned a flushed, excited face from one to the other. "I'm worth that to you, if it's only to be quiet. The thirty for talking and an extra twenty for keeping still."

Mr. Cole leaned forward with a remote glitter in what was ordinarily a dull and passive gaze. "If you do talk when you ought to keep shut, you'll make a bad mistake," he said. "It wouldn't be safe for you. I've got connections."

"Threatening me!" the younger man shouted. "Threatening me! That's the kind of people I'm in with. Practicing fraud and threats. Well, leave me tell you -"

"I don't want to hear it," Cole stopped him. "And don't yell around here. I'm not threatening you either. You're just getting the advantage of a warning. Don't go to interfere with us. Now, how about thirty?"

"It's not right. Why, you must be making two or three hundred a week. And all through me—through my art. A ventriloquist is a gift—a gift. This McMasters gave you thirty dollars himself. I saw the bills on the table—three tens. And at that you ain't doing good enough. Two a week's nothing. With the right kind of publicity, the traffic would stand four séances. You ought to advertise better."

Richmond Cole's attitude showed that he thought there might be something in this.

"I couldn't do it!" Lily Cole exclaimed. "It runs me down too bad. I get so wrought up. I'm nervous this minute. Dreadful nervous. Sometimes at night I wake up crying, and I see a lot you'd never believe. Last night Jefferson come to me real as real. He was the color of the earth he had struggled out of, and there was a terrible gaping wound in his forehead."

"Somehow it don't sound like Jefferson," his father put in. "He was never one to be fighting; not if he could get out of it. He was in a bad way about the whole draft No, he wouldn't be no good as a soldier."

"From all I can hear," Mrs. Cole added—"from all I hear, he never was much use until he passed over. I got him to working, Richmond, and that's more than you ever could."

"He never hit a tap before," Richmond agreed. "I thought he was a total loss till we lost him. What about the thirty, Passmore? We'll advise over another sitting a week."

"I'll go on a little while at that," he replied. "It's my talent smothered in the dark I object to. Only you mustn't burn any more punk. It's as much as I can do to keep from sneezing." He finished his coffee and rose. "Thursday night at eight. And see you get me more stuff on who it is. I'm not a mind reader. I can't depend on Jefferson like you seem to."

When he had gone Mrs. Cole called him a nasty fat pudding. "Do you think he will make trouble?"

"If I did he wouldn't," her husband answered enigmatically. "The spirits might descend on him. I wonder could we work this thing up more, Lily? Turn it to a kind of religious service in a larger room made up like a chapel Commune with the Eternal, and so on. Not such a personal business, and at the same time be more scientific. Branch out in the journals with experiences."

"Yes, and be investigated," she asserted bitterly. "Have some college professor grabbing me by the ankle or sticking an elbow in Passmore's stomach. We'll stay like we are and pick and choose who's fit to have our revelations and who ain't."

"If I think different we'll do different," he declared "We'll try the three a week first. In variety they give eighteen shows a week and work twice as hard as you do."

"They haven't got the strain," she protested. "They don't labor the same. And the way you have to keep your wits about you, Richmond, it's more than you see. There is more to it than that. A power in me. I feel it. The world turning into vapor and mist and the dark growing light." Her speech grew rapid and monotonous, sing-song "It's greater than the mind can conceive of. Voices out of the void whispering to me. What they say would turn a person's blood cold. I blush all by myself. And then choirs high in the air, people out of the Bible, Daniel and the lions roaring."

"Bosh," he spoke briskly. "Lions, rubbish. It's just a roaring in your ears. It was you Passmore meant about the indigestion. Don't get hysterical with me. Remember I'm back of the curtain too. It ain't a mystic veil where I'm concerned. Not by a damn sight. You ought to know I'm not above taking the nonsense out of you."

William Marble ended by repeating to Jefferson that that was how it was. "It's just like I tell you, and you can make up your mind easy how welcome you'll be. An epidemic and it all gathered in one person, that's what you'll resemble to her and your father. I'd think serious before I tried to surprise them. They'd be surprised all right, but it mightn't be the kind you would look for."

Jefferson was in an evil humor. "Making money out of me in prison in Germany!" he exclaimed. "That's a nice way to show respect. Trading on my suffering. I'll go out and blow their business higher than a balloon. So I'm a spook, am I? They talk to me in the beyond and get paid for it. Well, that's over."

"I'd go about it careful," William persisted. "I'd give some thought to it. Look here, Jefferson, what real good would it do you to spoil everything? Listen to this: Have you got any money in your pocket? Do you know where any's coming from? If you think your father is good for a

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Passmore Pulled the Curtain Slightly Aside, and in the Dim Ruby Light He Saw a Strange, Tall, Wavering Shape

BELONGS ON A BRIDGE

This Was the Gang He Was Going to Start to Learn Bridging With in the Morning. They Shook Hands in Embarrassed Silence All Around

By R. G. KIRK

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

THE way they decked out BC58L was a sin. More dog-gone bunting and ribbon and doodads and streamers and flags than would patch hell a mile. Old Man Trapp said there were more than that, and he ought to know. They even had a board walk built topside, nice planks to tread instead of rivet heads, and a handrailing on each side. Get it? Two little fences flanking BC58L, with the three-by-fours all spiraled round red, white and blue, like barber poles—something for the two-gallon hats to hang on to when they walked those planks so they wouldn't get the shakes and take a nose dive into Tide River, a hundred and fifty feet below.

This BC58L was respectable, straight and clean, strong and modest, on the square. And to go and bedizen it like some Doll Tearsheet was nothing short of a crime. It made Old Man Trapp cuss. Not that it ever took anything heinously criminal to make Old Man Trapp cuss; but to deck out strength with Brummellian fopperies always made him cuss more readily and facilely than usual—which was unnecessary.

The symbol BC had nothing to do with ancient history, but with history in the making, rather; with the history of the very modern great city of New Market, U. S. A. The letters BC stood for "bottom chord." The 58 indicated the fifty-eighth panel out from the anchor pier. The L meant the left-hand side of the bridge. This BC58L was a bottom-chord member then of the great cantilever bridge that was being put up across Tide River. And BC58L was the piece of steel that would actually join up the packed city of New Market with the roomy fields of Marchborough. An epochal piece of structural stuff for sure. Some forty feet long by two feet wide by two and a half feet deep, over all, let's say. Made up of honest seven-eighths plate and stiff-backed four-by-six angles and stout lattice bars; and all stitched up snug and tight with tough red rivets that had been knocked home by tough, ruddy men in jeans. And they took that couple of tons of trimness and straightness and strength and dressed it all up like a sore thumb!

Brains in that BC58L. Hump-shouldered men had worked it out and had then sat and blinked at it through vile tobacco smoke for hours; had figured the stresses it could stand, and figured them over again; and then turned sketch and figures over to other men to blink at through pipe fumes, until at last there could be no doubt about it. Surface and Subway train and L and tram and bus and truck and touring car and old John D. Pedestrian by the million, on two crowded traffic floors, might go a-thundering and a-humping over the Marchborough Bridge world without end, and BC58L would hold 'em all up—amen. Given a nice fresh coat of paint every so often against the foggy oxygen of Tide River, BC58L would hold 'em all up, with strength to spare, forever—which would probably be long enough.

Brains in that BC58L; brawn too—and guts. Brawn of Finnish men in the great Mesaba ore mountains. Brawn of dark Calabrian men in the limestone quarries of Pennsylvania. Brawn of Lettish men deep in bituminous veins. Brawn of men in a thousand activities for the gathering together of the things that go into the making of steel. And then the guts of the men that make them into steel. All this in BC58L, so straight and simple, so full of dignity and might; and they took it and dolled it all up like Mrs. Uppercrust's pet horse! No wonder Old Man Trapp cussed more facilely than usual—if possible.

Here was the reason for it—if any:

For two years good men had risked their necks at the fine job of raising steel in order that a great bridge might leap Tide River and join the overcrowded square miles of the great city of New Market with the vacant square miles of Marchborough. For two years steel had clanged on steel, hoisting engines had raced and tackles whined, rivet hammers racketed and foremen spouted sulphur high in the air above Tide River. And for two years those who rode the shipping of that river had looked wonderingly aloft at the great spans thrusting out and out, seemingly all unsupported, from the shores. Until at last, one balmy day in June, the ends of the great cantilever arms of the great bridge were all but touching in midstream.

There, high above the shipping of New Market, those two ends faced each other, only a couple good, broad jumps apart, waiting only the erection of a couple hundred tons of steel to close the dizzy gap between them. And the first piece of steel to go in place across that void, so short and yet so awe-inspiring, would be the piece with the erection mark BC58L. When that piece would be landed, then for the first time men might walk from the mighty city across to the wide-open spaces where the Escrow Indians lurked.

Noon of the day when BC58L was to be landed, and great the goings on in the field office of Trapp & Priest, the contractors, whose leathernecks were putting up the New Market span of the bridge. Desks and drawing boards and blue-print cabinets have been lugged out into the material yard and there covered with tarpaulin, and in their places a caterer has spread his linen. Tall stacks of dainty sandwiches occupy the shelves where material sheets were wont to rest, and the odor of such coffee as brings a Hotel Counselor dinner to a close has overcome at last the villainous taint with which ten thousand pipefuls of Bridge Mixture have saturated the very walls. Luncheon de luxe marks noon of the day when BC58L is to be landed; for, with appropriate ceremonies, His Honor is to be the first man ever to walk from New Market to Marchborough.

And now the high stacks of thin sandwiches having been stowed where they would do the greatest good, and many a mean salad fork having been gesticulated, we are off—out over the long cantilever that stretches its arm across Tide River from the New Market side. A considerable procession, we. Band playing, frock coats flapping. A little

wabbly, to be sure; for buckle plates, on which a smooth concrete floor is yet to be laid, are somewhat saucer-shaped, and you are sometimes on the rim and sometimes in the bottom of the saucers, one foot up and one foot down, bobbing along like the well-known old soldier who had a wooden leg—you know, the one that never had any tobaccy in his old tobaccy box.

Well, much like him, we make our triumphal progress, teetering as we go in a manner which calls on all the mystic powers of frock coat and two-gallon hat as dignity upholders. Frock-coated, two-gallon-hatted, we move on, Hizoner in the lead, the City Fathers back of him, and then the Board of Public Works. Various dignitaries follow, emulating the 'baccyless old soldier. There are ladies, too, one of whom will christen the bridge by cracking a bottle of bubble water across the shining plate of BC58L just as the traveler's main boom picks it. A brave procession which hops along with what dignity it may until it comes to the end of that stupendous cantilever arm; and then, mysteriously, whatever of dignity has survived hobbling across that quarter mile of saucered plates is gone, is vanished, is erased.

For now the mighty land arm of that bridge abruptly ends, hung high out over nothing. A few steps more, had we the nerve to take it, and we would be standing on the outermost transverse floor girder, looking straight down upon Tide River, where it swirls blackly, far below. Then one more step—a step which to our horror some fearsome and seductive mental siren coaxes us to take—and we are a dead Hizoner of New Market—unless, perhaps, we can step forty feet. For not that far away there hangs, all unsupported in the air, the end of that other amazing arm of steel which reaches out from Prisoner's Island. Unbelievable.

Deep into a maze of giant members you may look, staring across that little, terrible gap; far down its lower deck corridor you may look, or back and back under its endless repetition of upper-deck arches. Steel upon steel, steel back of steel, thousands and thousands of tons of it thrust out there in the air by pygmy man. Deep into it you may search, and see no reason why it should not all go hurtling down with doomsday crash into salt water; no reason, unless by engineering magic it is held up by that mammoth pier which may be glimpsed beneath the floor, far across there at the shore of Prisoner's Island.

Rest assured, it will not hurtle down—luckily for us, who stand at the end of another cantilever arm just like it. It has been waiting there a year, this Prisoner's Island span, steady as the rock in which its mighty piers are planted. It has been standing there twelve months, the island span, its two stupendous arms beckoning pygmy men engaged in Olympian contest on the opposite shores, engaged in herculean labor to see which of the great mainland organizations will first connect with island steel. It has not plunged down; though similar mighty structures have plunged down, carrying men and the work of men in a wild chaos to watery destruction. And if it has not plunged, neither will that span on which Hizoner and accompanying dignitaries stand, grouped in strange silence now, the impression sinking deep home that in blue jumper and bridgeman's grimy slouch there may live more dignity than in frock coat and stovepipe.

The awe of mighty work, of daring, dangerous enterprise, has hold of mayor and dignitaries. Off that very steel on which they stand in silence men have gone whirling silently, voice cords fright-frozen, down into the roily blackness of Tide River; more than one man, more than a dozen, fitting-up wrench or maul clutched unbreakably in that despairing frenzy to hold onto something. Then, far below, a geyser fountaining a second, and the ear-breaking bedlam of the great bridge sunk into sudden tragic silence at "Man overboard!" more dreadful than any heard at sea. Frock coat, two-gallon hat, markers of pitiful self-conscious dignity—the measure of you is very little against the heroic dignity of jeans and slouch of a roughneck who has gone west on the job

But now, back on the anchor span, back there amidst the streets and alleys of New Market, a derrick is lifting BC58L off its timbers in the material yard. Fluttering its streamers and waving its bunting, it soars aloft and comes to rest on a little car on the bridge's lower deck. A cable is hooked to the little car, and to the rush of a traveler engine's rods BC58L comes riding out the long track to the cantilever's end. A huge hook drops from the sky, and BC58L lifts a few inches from the little car and swings there balancing. Now is the pretty lady's time. Now the pretty lady steps forward, her hand upon Hizoner's arm to steady her. Now, pretty lady! And the pretty lady does it. Golden bubbles froth against one of BC58L's wide plates.

"I christen thee ——" the pretty lady says; and then big Tarheel has to jim the detail. What the pretty lady "christens thee" is lost to an anxious world. What she christens poor bedizened BC58L and that great bridge is swallowed up in bull roaring.

His Drop Came to a Snapping Stop; Then He Dragged Down a Little, While His Heart Stopped and a Black Grin Twisted the Waiting River's Face; Then He Stopped Again

"Take 'er away!" bellows Tarheel in a voice that would have reached the traveler if the traveler had been up at One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street instead of out from Fifty-ninth.

Leave it to Tarheel Smull, the lump, to wreck the party. Tarheel is the boss steel raiser for Trapp & Priest, and all this scissors-billing connected with the landing of BC58L means nothing in Tarheel's virtuous career except that it makes one whale of a hole in this day's tonnage raised. So, "Take 'er away!" he bellows, eager to get the piece in place and this crowd of stuffed shirts off his bridge. "Stuffed shirts" is not exactly Tarheel's designation. But then you shouldn't mourn this feeble substitution. Not more than twenty-two per cent of Tarheel's bridge vocabulary could be reported here at any rate. "Take 'er away," however, is verbatim; and "Take 'er away" Tarheel bellowed like the big leatherneck he is, drowning out the pretty lady's voice, interrupting the ceremony, gumming the works, to use the nicer English, for the mere unpompous business of getting a couple extra hundred pounds of steel onto the day's raising report.

"I christen thee Take-'er-away!" Well, considering the thousands of times that order has been bawled on this little piece of work, it was not a half bad job of christening for the Marchborough Bridge at that.

So they take BC58L away, float it up from its little car—upward and inward and forward through the bright June air, high over the shipping of Tide River, like a bright-colored two-ton skimming butterfly. And it alights, with gentlest accuracy, in its place, spanning the dizzy little gap between New Market steel and Prisoner's Island steel.

Big Gus Gustavsen, shaved and hair-cutted half to death for the occasion—Big Gus, all dressed up in a brand-new suit of overalls to do this little thing—jumps out on BC58L and lies across it on his belly, legs dangling over a hundred and fifty feet of atmosphere on one side of it, head and arms ditto on the other. He slips a couple little bolts in place and twists a nut on them. He knocks a couple driftpins in, wielding an eight-pound maul with one hand lightly. Gus is a viking, big and red and blond, pale-eyed, heroically molded. Color and frame and race background all hand-picked for the histrionics of this momentous occasion. "Big Gus Gustavsen hammers home the final eyebar pin," the Evening Blat will say. Fact is it will take a dozen men to ram the great last eyebar home a dozen men variously placed, half of them swinging a huge steel ram hung on steel cable, weighing half a ton. What Gus knocks home are little driftpins. Nevertheless, "To a huge, horny-handed son of Scandinavia" will the Evening Blat give "the great honor of making this epical connection!"

Horny-handed son of Scandinavia, is it? Not according to Tarheel Smull, brother. Honor of driving the final eyebar, eh? Epical connection, say you? Where do you get that stuff? From high overhead, just as the band leader lifts his baton for the opening blah of his cornets, comes the brass voice of the traveler's highball man:

"Lookit! Lookit th' Swede! Square-head Gusty, the world's champeen talcum-powder leatherneck!"

Yumpin' Yiminy! Aye bate you Gus skol yump Yovanni Sisto's collar bone fer dot haarcuttin' yob! But you know how the barbers are. They have the talcum complex. Against your earnest, anguished pleadings, every last mother's son of them will powder you. And poor Gus thought he had got it

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THIS OUR WIFE

By F. E. BAILY

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

"At That Moment, Walking Along a Field Path Which Led to the Stile, I Saw Carita for the First Time"

ARNOLD MELHUISH tore up the drive leading to Bella Vista, the country cottage of the Singleberrys, in one of those small devil cars rated at a nominal ten horse power which, by means of overhead valves, a couple of overhead cam shafts and a great deal of overhead in the repair shop, develop an alleged fifty horse power on the brake.

He arrested the thing by the front entrance and crawled out, his dinner jacket very slick and waisted, and though hatless, his hair, by reason of a secret formula, maintained its pristine effect of ridge and furrow on his handsome young head.

Carita Singleberry, twenty-three, married, wearing a ruthlessly subedited dinner frock, most of her lost in a wicker armchair, her heels resting at a steep angle, with her feet on the railing of the veranda, drooped the cigarette between her lips.

"James is inside," she mumbled, "tuning in on Oslo—or Seattle or Vladivostok or somewhere. Nothing to eat or drink yet. Run along indoors."

"What are you doing? Why not come too?" retorted Arnold Melhuish.

"Meditatin'. I couldn't get my feet down with you there. 'Twouldn't be decent. Besides, I don't want to." She jerked one pink thumb imperiously in the direction of the house.

The byways of a millionaire's country cottage led Arnold Melhuish at last to a majestic wireless apparatus surrounded by a room.

His fingers lingering over the scientific marvel, James Singleberry glanced up.

"You come at a happy moment, Arnold!" he exclaimed. "I feel in my bones that I am about to get Pittsburgh. It will be only the second time in my life that I have ever got Pittsburgh. By the way, how are you?"

"Rotten," said Arnold Melhuish, sinking into an armchair; "and I don't care a damn about Pittsburgh. It will do you no good if you get Pittsburgh, my dear James. I doubt if Pittsburgh reciprocates your interest or has any particular message for you. If you get Pittsburgh, you will only want to go on and get Fort Chippewyan or Onitsha or Nairobi. Everything passes."

Arnold Melhuish ceased and made faint clicking noises with his tongue, indicating thirst. James Singleberry shook his head.

"Presently, presently. Carita herself is mingling the cocktails."

"I give it up," declared Arnold Melhuish, passing a weary hand over his brow. "Let me tell you that the only girl in the world has just turned me down, and now you refuse me a drink. Taken together, these two facts are highly significant. They indicate that heaven hates me and I am to be destroyed root and branch."

"He never knew why he lost her," mused James Singleberry. "Even his best friends were too polite to tell him. He could not understand why she rarely seemed to have a vacant date."

Arnold Melhuish tapped his foot passionately on the lion-skin rug

"I know exactly why I lost her. Less than an hour ago I left her sitting on a gate at the end of a lane that leads up to her father's farm. She said to me: 'I like your car and your clothes; your income isn't bad, and some day you may be a clever barrister. But there are depths in me which you can never understand, Arnold. You might feed and clothe my body, but you would starve my soul. Therefore I can never marry you.'"

"Instantly, of course," came back James Singleberry, "you commanded her to bow to your will and cease spurning a good man's love."

"I did nothing of the sort. I looked at my wrist watch and said, 'Well, it's seven o'clock; I'm dining with old James Singleberry, and if I don't plod along I shall be late.' I then got into the little bus, placed the switch in the on position, tickled up the starter, and with a delicate manipulation of the clutch, glided away."

Reluctantly James Singleberry ceased to caress the wireless apparatus.

"It is now 7:45," he declared, "and dinner cannot possibly be ready before 8:30. You will see why when I have told you, as I propose to do by way of example, the story of my courtship and marriage."

"Thank you; I could not bear it this evening, especially on an empty stomach," replied Arnold; but James Singleberry only raised a vast hand to command silence.

II

"IF I LIVE to be a hundred," he began, "I shall never forget October 1, 1925. At ten P.M. on that day I got Pittsburgh for the first time, and at nine P.M. Carita had agreed to marry me.

"We will now go back another eighteen months to the occasion when Carita first came into my life.

"In those days I was, as you know, merely a jam king, and wireless had not become my sole interest in life. I had gone down to Little Beading in order to complete my scheme for cornering the entire strawberry crop. Having concluded a deal with William Giles, a strawberry grower of those parts, I sat down upon a stile and reflected that in all England no man could separate a strawberry from its stalk except at my bidding.

"At that moment, in the distance, walking along a field path which led to the stile, I saw Carita for the first time. She wore a tweed coat and skirt, on her feet were brown brogued shoes, on her head a little hat; she had something about her which would have made the strawberry blossoms lift their heads and gaze at her, if there had been any strawberry blossoms—only, strawberries do not blossom in April.

"A beautiful girl is never so beautiful as among her own surroundings. Carita, who was born a stone's throw from the hunt kennels, happened to be leading three foxhound puppies, great slobbering, bandy-legged, liver-and-bacon-colored beasts.

"As she approached the stile we rose. William Giles touched his cap and I raised my hat. When she had gone, we sat down again. I passed my pouch to William Giles

because he preferred to smoke my tobacco, and asked the girl's name.

"'That,' said William Giles, 'be Miss Herriott, from t'Manor. A rare'un to 'ounds, 'er be, same as t'ould squire.'

"Without troubling to say so aloud, I decided that one day her name should be Mrs. James Singleberry. I inquired carefully into the circumstances of Sir Ffulke Herriott, Carita's father. It appeared that although at one time the Manor included the parishes of Great Beading, Beading Herriott, Beading Regis, Beading Waterless and Little Beading, Sir Ffulke Herriott's property now consisted merely of the Manor House, the kennels, the park, two or three small farms and a piece of adjacent land laid out as a golf links, let to the Little Beading Golf Club Financially, he appeared to be in very low water.

"Sitting there by William Giles, I saw that the first step was to establish myself in the neighborhood. Fortunately, he had a nephew or a grandchild or someone who owned a house in Little Beading whose tenant was anxious to let it furnished.

"Within a month I had settled myself at the Larches. It was a horrible place, full of the most poisonous furniture; but the fine old county families, Arnold, like to sniff a stranger over three hundred thousand times before they can decide whether he is fit to speak to or not; and even then he generally dies of old age before they can bring themselves to ask him to dinner; and how could Sir Ffulke Herriott sniff me over if I continued to live in Park Lane, when he had only a small car and seldom went to London?

"Among fine old county families, money, unless it is their own money, has long been considered ill bred, but this feeling begins to give way before modern ideas. Consequently, the arrival of my eight-cylinder Thompson-Johnson limousine, my six-cylinder sports-model Apex and my two secretaries caused a faint ripple to pass over the cornfields; and by the evening post I received a letter from the secretary of the Little Beading Cricket Club, inclosing a fixture card and inviting me to become an honorary vice president. I immediately sent him five pounds.

"During that summer I subscribed also to the fire brigade, the cottage hospital and the organ fund of the parish church; I gave a tea to the Boy Scouts, a cup to be shot for at the miniature range of the local territorial army detachment, a prize at the agricultural show and a trophy for the Little Beading Bank Holiday Sports.

"Nevertheless, in Little Beading, to have the fire brigade, the cricket club, the Boy Scouts and the territorial army behind you is not enough. The place actually revolves round the Vale of Beading Foxhounds, belonging to and hunted by Sir Ffulke Herriott, M.F.H. In the autumn, therefore, my hunters began to arrive. There were six of them, the best that money could buy; two had been accustomed to carrying a lady. Even if no Tom Mix, I know one end of a horse from another; and left to themselves, these expensive, highly trained animals are very reliable

"Now anyone acquainted with wireless knows that by means of a bank of valves arranged in cascade it is possible to make the footsteps of a house fly on the ceiling sound as loudly as those of a horse clattering along a cobbled road. Anyone acquainted with human nature knows that by means of a suitable subscription it is possible to make the roughest-tongued hunt secretary purr like a kitten. Therefore I sent a suitable check to the secretary of the Vale of Beading Foxhounds.

"I was humble. I kept modestly in the background. I chatted with the doctor and the vicar, whom I knew, and feasted my eyes on Carita. She sat her mare perfectly, as slender as an aerial, as full of vitality as a newly charged accumulator, her adorable face making the faces of the other women look like mere crystal sets.

"After a forty-minute run on a breast-high scent, I alone was in at the death, thanks to my expensive hunter; Carita came next, owing to her intimate knowledge of the country and riding nearly five stone lighter than her father

"As the huntsman handed her the brush, I said politely, 'A topping run! Please let me congratulate you.'

"Carita smiled, as only Carita can.

"'Praise from you is praise indeed,' she answered.

"I left her to brood on that and my Thompson-Johnson limousine, my two secretaries, the Larches, Park Lane and Singleberry's Jam. I am not one of those who underrate a woman's intelligence.

"And that was all until Carita fell off her horse a month later and sprained an ankle—all, barring a smile if we met, a few wistful glances at my sports Apex, passing the time of day with Sir Ffulke whenever I ran across him.

"We carried Carita to a farmhouse. I telephoned for the limousine and took her in it—rather pale, yet desperately attractive—to the home of her ancestors. I helped her into the great hall of Beading Manor, with a log fire burning, two vast chairs, some armor and very little else, and the housekeeper took charge of her. I thought of my place in Park Lane, with its lift, Higginson, the world's best butler, perfection everywhere, and sighed

"Naturally, I called to inquire. I took her flowers from Bond Street, and when the poor ankle improved in a day or two, I lent her my limousine; and when the ankle became almost well, she risked her life in the Apex, which, being only a two-seater and guaranteed to do eighty-five miles an hour, I had to drive myself. A week later Sir Ffulke rode over to the Larches and asked me to dinner.

"I can never recall that dinner party without emotion. I felt almost improper in my 1925 dress clothes, for Sir Ffulke had not visited his tailor for many a long year, and Carita's frock was merely the nightmare of a country dressmaker.

"We talked about crops and cattle, and foot-and-mouth disease and the breeding of foxhounds. Carita listened respectfully, always deferring to Sir Ffulke. Presently she left us to our wine. Turning when the door closed behind her, I felt the eyes of Sir Ffulke fixed on me. In some strange way I realized he knew I meant to marry Carita, and in an equally strange way he seemed to recall the attitude of William Giles when he found I intended to possess his strawberry crop—the razor-sharp fangs in the velvet gum, so to speak.

"Sir Ffulke leaned back in his chair and said thoughtfully: 'The likes of me, of course, are a dyin' race. The countryside will have to look to new men such as you for a lead in the future—new blood and new money. That bein' so, I should like your opinion as a business man on a little matter. I shall have to raise a mortgage very shortly. My brother, you know, out in Australia—bit of a bad hat Providence seems to have created Australia for the purpose of absorbin' our black sheep, but sometimes they threaten to come home and then we've got to pay out for the sake of the old name.'

"He raised his glass in silence. 'The most convenient security is that bit of land laid out as a golf links; only, you see my difficulty; I may never be able to redeem the mortgage and I don't want some outsider to foreclose on the links where chaps I knew in their cradles have played their tee shots and where Carita once did the seventh hole in one'

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Finally He Controlled His Voice and Said, "I Told Her to Provide Dinner and She Did Provide It"

Random Thoughts on the Riviera

By Frank Ward O'Malley

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNCIE KING

WHICH reminds me, Mr. Toastmaster, ladies and gentlemen, of the story of the two Irishmen—stop me, folks, if you've heard this one—and the funny funeral director. Once there were two Irishmen, Mike and Pat. Pat isn't after figuring in the story at all at all—funny stuff, this, the way I tell it, with the brogue and all—but Mike came to Amerikay and grew rich in New York. He lived and died a Republican, however, so not a relative came to Mike's funeral obsequies, held in an elegant upper Broadway mortician's salon, the pews containing only a few Manhattan strollers who had wandered in out of curiosity.

"And now, dear friends," finally sobbed the funny funeral director, after brokenly delivering the firm's canned eulogy, "is there not some friend of our dear departed brother present who will rise and pay a last brief tribute to his memory?"

There was a long, strained silence among the sprinkling of strangers in the back pews. The silence was growing painful, when up bounced a wide blond-haired young man, wearing lemon shoes with lavender uppers. Dynamically, he strode up beside Mike, peeling off a fetching polo coat fashioned from authentic Navajo blanketing.

"Friends," he boomed, tossing the Navajo creation aside, "if there ain't anybody here who'd like to talk about the deceased, I'd like to say a few words about California."

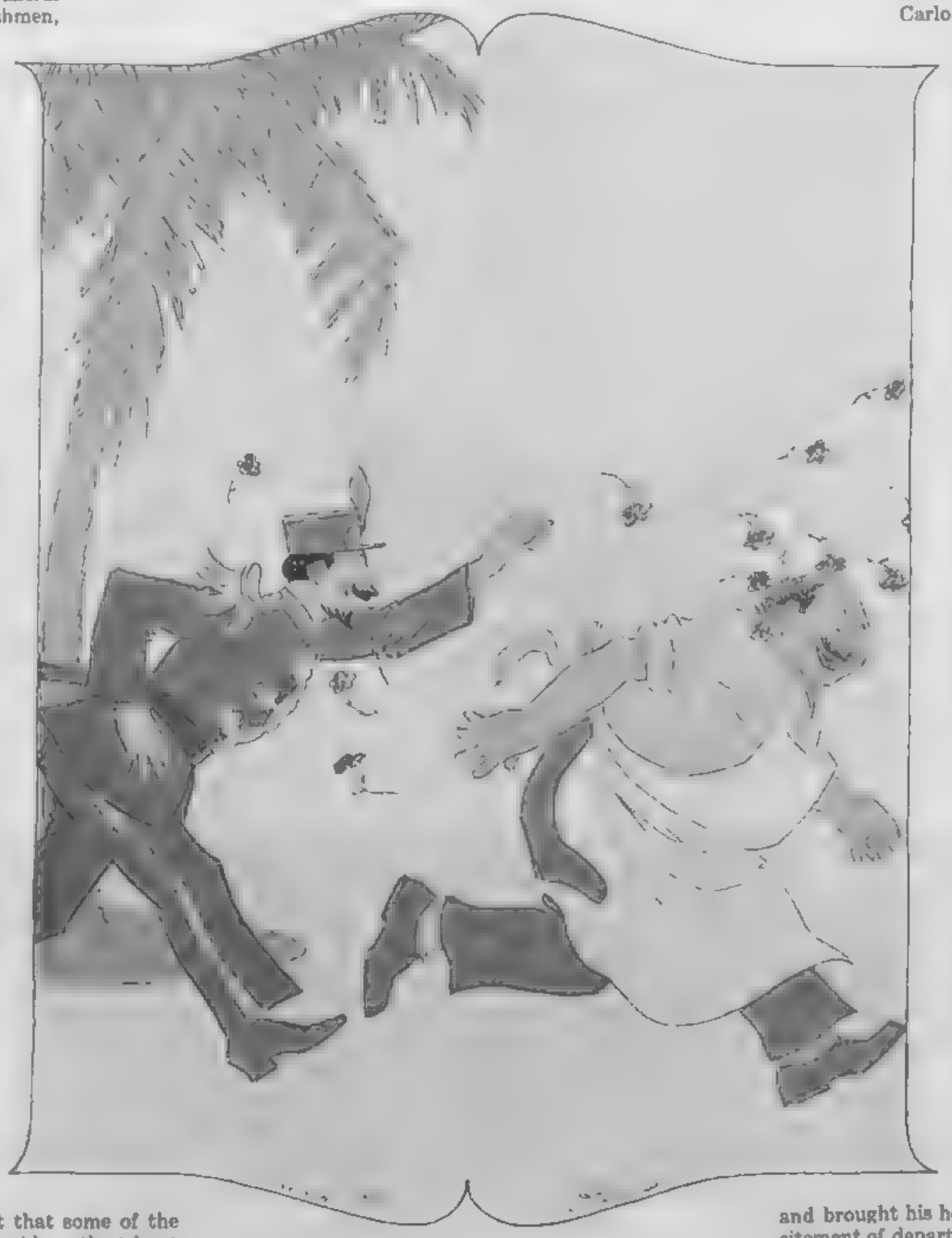
Now just take this native son's oration and add to it anything a Florida real-estate man might say about Florida while talking to a big retired butter-and-egg man from Wilkes-Barre. Yes, and pile on top of this all that any member of the older literary set of Carmel-by-Sea would write about Southern California if the hard-boiled Eastern editors would let the Carmel literary gent get away with it. Then when you have added all this mess of language together you have something approaching in ecstasy a Riviera fan's description of the Riviera.

Believe me or not, during my recent rambles up and down the French and Italian Rivieras I have heard even a few of the English visitors here admit that some of the high spots of the Riviera compare favorably with at least some of the comparatively uninviting parts of England. As I think I have had occasion to remark elsewhere, every Englishman owning an automobile or the car fare escapes from England and flees to the Riviera the instant the Riviera opens up for business after the hot weather; and he stays here until the Mediterranean resorts shut up shop the following May. You couldn't chase him back to England.

Henri, the Flivver of France

IN OTHER words, every Englishman who can possibly afford it devotes more than two-thirds of his entire life to broadcasting from the Riviera to the world at large that the only fit place for a white man to live in is England. I've even heard the sufferers actually pining out loud for English cooking! But the closing of the Riviera tea houses during the hot weather finally forces them reluctantly to pack the plaid shawls in the portable bathtubs and head northward toward jolly old home. And so, until it is time for the Riviera to open again in early autumn, they all go to Switzerland.

I agree with the fans that the Riviera has its points. On its best days it almost compares with the country round Brielle, my home town on the New Jersey coast. As I've told the missus and others repeatedly during the months I have been living here, the Riviera, next to the Jersey coast, has them all looking like the last run of shad. A sunny, pleasant land, this Riviera, with the roses in full bloom all winter, the orange, lemon and olive trees in full leaf, and especially along the Italian stretch, the garlic always in full breath. And it was made to order for one of these pleasant, dallying strolls along the hillsides with a lovely English girl by one's side. All the hills jutting out of the sea have been terraced, thus presenting the only place I know of where an average-sized man like myself can keep his head on the same level with an English dame's eyes. She selects a horizontal path running along her pet terrace and you stroll along with her on a parallel path a terrace or two just above her.



And So, From Coffee and Rolls Until Sunset, the Traffic Cop Is Chasing the Barkeep Down the Rue, Slamming Each Other With Pansies

As an explorer of the beauties of the French Riviera, however, my style has been comparatively cramped, owing to a little run-in I had with our district's official Monsieur the Automotive Engineer. Monsieur the Automotive Engineer is the party who decides whether one may have an automobile driving license in his particular district of the Riviera. After what happened, as you will see when I get round to it, I can now get about as much out of our local Monsieur the Automotive Engineer as the New York Bankers' Club contributes to a Debs campaign fund.

I had been on the Riviera with my beautiful wife and two handsome children only a day or so when I realized that we positively must have an automobile if we hoped to see even a tenth of the wonder spots that the Riviera fans all round us always were touting. Walking didn't look so good. There are the terraced hill strolls, but you have to climb to get to them. Also there is room here and there at sea level for a walk between the feet of the cliffs of the Maritime Alps and the Mediterranean surf, but as a general thing all the real estate sticks straight up out of the sea on end.

As for traveling about by rail, the train service round where I am living is undecided. The train dispatcher on our division of the local line used to be a croupier at Monte Carlo. Largely out of sentiment, he keeps on his desk a roulette wheel, a valued family possession, on which he has painted out the old roulette numbers and lettered on the wheel instead the hours and minutes from one o'clock to twenty-four o'clock. Then whenever public sentiment shows a trend toward starting off another train, the train dispatcher spins the family heirloom. If, say, twenty-four o'clock comes up on the wheel, the company begins to cook up some steam in the line's locomotive and starts off a train, delaying only until the road's locomotive can be brought back from the other end of the line.

It was a tremendous relief therefore when one day the missus, loaded down with parcels, wandered home to the villa from a shopping trip and began to strip the wrapping paper off one of these little trick ten-horse-power French automobiles, known to all the English-speaking Riviera either as Henri or the flivver of France. The new little car was welcome not only for its own sake but doubly welcome that day in that it took my mind temporarily off the plumbing troubles we were having in the villa we had just taken here.

Long-Distance Plumbing

HAVE you ever seen the French plumbing in one of these swell little straight-front, form-fitting Riviera villas? No, and I never have, either, although I gave all our first week in the villa to searching for it. At the end of the week we were driven to the extreme step which an American neighbor in a villa up the hill had adopted and now talked us into. Plumbing in France, he proved to us, is a lost art. So we went to the extreme of cabling to Harry Shoemaker, my personal plumber at Brielle, New Jersey, to hurry over and install at least a semblance of those fundamentals of an American plumbing system without which no American can live. Harry arrived here promptly enough, and brought his helper, Tommy Donnelly; but in the excitement of departing on a first trip to Europe they forgot most of their tools.

This obsession of all plumbers that they must quit the job every half hour or so to run back to the shop in the flivver for forgotten tools is bad enough at home, but in our circumstances away over here it has become a real annoyance. Tommy Donnelly first had to be sent back to the shop in Brielle for the tools needed. Then while Tommy was still headed westward on the high seas, Harry Shoemaker found that there was still something else that he also had to go back to the shop to get. So Harry hurried off to ——

But maybe our plumbing troubles in France are not of the absorbing, life-and-death interest to you that they are to us. In fact even we temporarily forgot them in the thrill of unwrapping the new little car that was to open to us the whole Riviera.

All we needed now was our French automobile driving license. But getting a driving license in France, I soon learned, is a somewhat more complicated procedure than it is in what I now always speak of as "the States." In New Jersey all the wife and I had to do to get a license was to drive up to Asbury Park, taking a back road where there were no traffic cops, who might hold one up and get fussy about seeing a license we had not yet obtained. And the outdoor driving examination at Asbury was a cinch; we had both been driving for months without a license anyway. As for the indoor written examination concerning our knowledge of traffic laws of New Jersey, the wife and I sat close together, far back in the hall at Asbury, and we both got exactly the same passing mark, two heads being better than one.

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A Week-End at Atlantic City

By RICHARD CONNELL

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNCIE KING

YOU'VE heard of Pellsburg, of course. I guess most folks have, not only here but abroad. The Up-and-Coming City; Half a Million Happy Pellsburgers by 1935—that's our slogan. You've heard it, like as not. It's been pretty widely quoted. But I don't want to seem to throw bouquets at myself. You see, I thought it up. Not that I'm literary—that is, not very. Of course I enjoy a good book as well as the next fellow, and I've got some dandy sets up at the house. First and last, though, I'm a business man. I'm in the optical-goods game, myself, and have built up one of the nicest little businesses in the state, at Number 8 Market Street, just off Main. See Spence if You Want to See. You can't miss my sign when you come to Pellsburg.

Now I want it understood right here and now that anything I may say must not be construed as a knock at Pellsburg. I have a sign in my window: I BELIEVE IN PELLSBURG. I mean every word of it too. Just ask anybody and they'll tell you that there isn't a more enthusiastic booster in town than J. Frank Spence. I'm pretty active in the chamber of commerce, and people know they can always count on me to do my bit or dig down and chip in when it's going to help the home town. I threw away my hammer and got me a horn, as the fellow said at the Bigger Pellsburg luncheon. No, I'm not knocking Pellsburg. I'm just telling what happened

As for me, I wouldn't live in any place but Pellsburg No, sir. You can keep your Chicago and New York. They're all right to visit, but they're no place for a white man to live. Nothing but rush, jostle, snatch, all day long. No real chance to enjoy life. Nobody counts in big towns like that. A fellow might just as well be a mosquito. Now in Pellsburg it's different. When I go down the street mornings in my coupé, it's "Hello, Frank," here and "Hello, Frank," there.

What's more, we've got everything out here New York City has. The only difference is New York City has more of it. We've got the New Brigham Hotel, four hundred rooms and four hundred baths, everything brand new; and let me tell you they serve a baked potato in Ye Olde English Grill that I couldn't duplicate in New York City for love or money. I know, because I tried to. Now that Purdy & Marx's Big Store has finished its eight-story addition, we've got as complete a department store as anybody could ask for. I guess you must have tuned in on Station WPMS and heard Charlie Ball announce: "This is Station WPMS—Purdy & Marx's Big Store. Pellsburg—More than an Institution—a Necessity."

I know Charlie well. He comes to me for his eyeglasses. Just let me ask you this: How long would you live in New York before you got to know personally any of the announcers at any of the stations there?

We've got a slew of movie theaters, and one of them, the Bijou-Jewel, has a symphony orchestra that plays overtures and Hungarian rhapsodies and other classical stuff, and the pictures we see are identical in every detail with those shown on Broadway.

As I said when they called on me for a talk at the Bigger Pellsburg luncheon, "In New York City, people exist; in Pellsburg, they live."

It's a fact too. Take my case. I've got a nice house—nothing swell, but darn comfortable—with a lawn in front of it and a vegetable garden in the back yard. We're out in the Willowvale section, with paved streets, shade trees and plenty of fresh air. None of this grimy goo that passes for air in New York City. Why, do you know when I was in New York City last fall at the optical-trades get-together the atmosphere came right off on my neck! I had to change my collar twice a day—fact.

Of course, South Elm Street may not be Fifth Avenue; but that house of mine, seven rooms and two baths, costs me less than the shoe-box three-room flat my wife's brother Ken has in New York City; and so far uptown, too, that I remarked to Ken, when he took me up there in the Subway, that I'd not be surprised if he had Eskimos for neighbors

Speaking of neighbors, that's where Pellsburg has it all over bigger places. Ken and his wife don't know a soul in their apartment house. Ken tells me that one night at his lodge he saw a fellow whose face looked familiar.

"Haven't we met?" says Ken. "My name's Kenneth Rouse."

"Mine's Henry J. Widding," says the man, "and I certainly know your face, though I can't place it."

"Same here," says Ken.

Well, sir, a little later this Widding comes up and says, "By golly, I have it! I lived on the floor below you in the Bayview, on Washington Heights, for three years. I live in South Orange now."

Ken and he became friends, both being interested in rituals and degree work. Yet, with so much in common, they never got to know each other while they were living in the same house. You can believe that or not, but I'm telling it to you just as Ken Rouse told it to me.

Now that couldn't happen in Pellsburg. We're real neighbors here. Take the Coopers, for example. You'd look a long time before you found a nicer couple than Flo and Wallie Cooper. Wallie is the livest fire-insurance man in town and one of the wittiest fellows I ever met. I often tell him he should have gone on the stage. He's one of those natural-born comedians who keep you in stitches all the time. Flo Cooper is a regular peach and a scream in a bridge game. They live next door to us—in the Dutch colonial house on our left. They've got two cute youngsters and we often kid around and say their little girl Gloria would make a good match for our boy Junior. We have no end of fun.

Regularly, three or four times a week, we play bridge. Sometimes the Coopers come to our house, sometimes we go to theirs. Now and then Paul and Allie Fletcher and the Bartons drop in and make up a table. Usually, though, it's just Molly and me and the Coopers. Molly's my wife. Her name's really Martha, but I got to calling her Molly when we were courting sixteen years ago, and you know what habit is. We play for a tenth of a cent a point, and sometimes they're ahead as much as five dollars and sometimes we are. We make it a rule to quit at eleven, and then we have sandwiches and grape juice or something and sit round and kid and chat till 11:30.

Wallie Cooper is a card. He certainly can tell Scotch stories, imitating the accent and everything. He doesn't know so many of them, but the way he tells them is rich. He's good at imitations, too, and the way he imitates a locomotive is so lifelike you'd swear it was in the next room. Another stunt of his is to pretend he is singing grand opera. Of course, he doesn't know the wop words, so he just makes them up and sings stuff like, "Oh, spaghetti! Oh, ravioli, Caruso, macaroni!" I wish you could hear him.

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It Was a Strange Experience, and One That Sort of Gave Me the Willies, to See All These Faces and Not Know Any of Them

The Welcome Little Vagabond

By Lucy Stone Terrill

ILLUSTRATED BY C. J. McCARTHY

STANLEY BAXTER'S place, Singing Cedars, is quite the loveliest summer home on Legend Lake, along whose shores walk the brave old ghosts of New York State's pioneers. Singing Cedars is so named because, just off a jutting point of land in front of the house and connected to the shore by an absurdly arched tiny bridge like the back of an angry cat, a huge rock raises itself into a grim little island and roots two old firm-footed singing cedars which transpose even the merriest breeze that blows into melancholy music.

The banks of Singing Cedars are edged with slim white birches that lean shyly, like modest maidens, to mirror themselves in the water; but the hoydenish golden glow dances boldly along the paths. Saucy unafraid chipmunks frisk over the roof of the tiled Italian villa, and in the evening a hermit thrush sings like a hidden flute from the tallest pines on the hillside. The beauty of happiness grew in the building of Singing Cedars. But Stanley Baxter did not build the place. He bought its beauty with gold dollars, and now the new unfriendly stone wall is all too high for hospitality and the stern wrought-iron gate never stands open as do the other gracious gates of the neighboring informal summer places. For Stanley Baxter welcomes no guests; those of his old pre-war friends who come, come uninvited, to find a host satiated with sympathy, as bitter of mind as he is broken in body, and but poorly patient of their presence.

In the summer of 1924 there lived only one serene invader of Singing Cedars. This was Bum, aged "pretty near seven," stubby-nosed and freckled, with the evening blue of heaven in his dauntless eyes. And even Bum did not come conquering through the iron gates. It was an ill wind, indeed, that blew him his good fortune. For a sudden stiff gale tossed his leaky trespassing canoe into the threshing waters under the angry-backed bridge, and never was voice lifted louder in desperate supplication than was Bum's.

But What Was the Formula to Follow When Lovely Women Kissed and Called You Strange Names?

Stanley Baxter had risked a heart attack to clamber down the rocky island bank and haul him to safety by his one barely sufficing blue garment before the canoe capsized. In general, as a species, Baxter detested all children, and this particular specimen added ire to odium—all too noisy and none too clean.

"Stop howling, you little devil, you're not hurt!" he gasped, flinging him savagely to the top of the rocks, where he landed, askew, on an outgrown cedar root. "Try using your legs instead of your lungs!"

But Bum's howling had stopped before the admonition was well out. He escaped death too frequently to find in any adventure very much of a triumph; and with the surety of safety, a far greater interest was at hand. This fierce flint-faced man, with his wind-blown black hair and eyes that looked like narrow holes, must be the millionaire man that mother "would just give a dimple to get her lamps on once."

Bum stared at him, wonder-struck, as Baxter breathlessly pulled himself up the bank. Could millionaire men be ordinary men, breathing, clothed, acting, looking like other ordinary men—and lame?

Meanwhile Baxter advanced, stood over him and gestured irritatedly for him to rise and begin his departure.

"I say, can't you walk, kid?"

"Not so very good—up rocks." Bum, still staring, gathered up his thin small body with a brave little grimace of ignored pain. "I gotta bum hip."

"Oh, good Lord!" said his host with a surprising change of voice. "Oh, I—I beg your pardon, you poor little shaver."

Yes, it was a suddenly friendly voice, and the already red face grew still redder as his suddenly friendly hand extended downward to grasp the scrawny small wet one of his salvaged guest. Bum, though inordinately averse to the clasp of helping hands, knew this for conquest and permitted himself to be thus escorted over the angry-backed bridge that he had never dared dream of crossing.

"We're the big limp and the little one, for sure, aren't we?" said Baxter in the same queer voice, as if he were ashamed of something.

"Mine's p'ral'sis," said Bum. "But a gun hit you, I guess, didn't it?"

"How'd you guess it?" asked the queer tight voice.

"My mother said so. She said you was another foolish hero, she guessed. My father was too. He got hit—worser. He died."

"Oh!" said the tall lame man; and then again, "Oh!" After all, millionaire men were different—so full of "Oh's!"

Baxter stopped short, took hold of a birch branch and leaned over to look at the wind-whipped canoe. "I'm afraid your boat's done for," he said.

"Don't matter; 'taint no good," Bum assured him. "Sammy gave it to me, an' he swiped it from some folks that's gone back to New York." Baxter laughed.

"Well, then we'll leave it for the wind to play with. . . . What's your name, my boy?"

"Bum—'cause I've got a bum leg and bum round all the time. My real name's Ruth-er-ford, but folks don't call me it, 'cept my teacher. I don't like it much."

"It seems a—a little long," said Baxter agreeingly. "Where do you live, Bum?"

"Over there in Owl's Eye," said Bum, gesturing vaguely toward the summer shanties that clung to the shore across the cove. "We've lived there three whole weeks a'ready. My mother's on location."

"On what?"

"On location. She's doin' a pitcher; she's a movin'-pitcher actress. She's goin' to be a star pretty soon, I guess. Dan says she can be a star any time she'll go with him to Paris. That's over the ocean, where the war was."

"You don't say!" marveled the man, looking pleasingly impressed.

They were at the veranda. A Chinese servant in clothes that looked like white pajamas opened the screen for them. Bum knew him.

"'Lo," he said.

"'Lo, Bum," said Ching, with disappointing unsurprise. "Master all right?"

"Quite," said Baxter. "I hope my mother is undisturbed."

"She not see, sir; she come have tea ten minutes, she say."

"Very well. See if you can find something exciting for Bum here to eat."

What a porch! From the extremest edge of a funny little bench, his feet tiptoeing the floor, Bum eagerly drank in details with his dark delphinium eyes—flowers in enormous bowls—wicker—colorful rugs—soft cushions—lazy chairs with tiny little tables beside every one of them, and—oh, a radio! Bum's adventuring eyes went no further.

"That's a awful good radio, I guess," he remarked politely to his host.

"Well, as they go," said Baxter, smiling.

Less than an hour before, Ching had rescued the sedate period box from the devastated fern basket where his master had skillfully kicked it with his good left leg. Two preceding radios had failed to withstand similar demonstrations of Baxter's disapproval, but so far this one had made remarkable survivals.

Baxter's mother wept and consulted the most distinguished bishop in the state over her son's occasional tempests of temper; but Ching, being male and celestial, rejoiced in any display of emotion, destructive or otherwise, from his master.

"Velly good he get mad; maybe so break li'l' something; no mallet; plenty money, get more," he counseled Mrs. Baxter. "Master too much sit with dead eyes."

It had been long, indeed, since master's dead eyes had relived with such a light of vicarious interest as they now did in surveying his shabby, serene young guest. Bum only knew, with the intuition of all canny children and good dogs, that here was a soul with whom he had found great favor; and feeling the friendliness, he developed personality like a dry little plant suddenly watered and set in the sun. This was more than adventure; this was achievement—a boon from heaven that would give him importance in his mother's blue long-lashed eyes, whose every careless tenderness was a stored treasure in Bum's heart.

"Dan was going to get us a radio; but he forgot it, I guess." Never before had he found conversation so easy. "He got my mother a ukulele. I'd ruther had a radio. But she likes the ukulele, I guess."

"Oh, so your mother plays the ukulele."

"Sometimes she plays it, when folks come—and sings. She can sing an awful lot of songs."

"I haven't a doubt of it," said Baxter.

"Pretty ones," said Bum, eager-eyed. "Mebbe you'd like to have her come over sometime."

It was a mistake. The millionaire man didn't want company. The great project in Bum's brain sickened as swiftly as it had come. But Baxter was kind.

"Well, I expect she's too busy, don't you?" he said, divertingly dropping his cigarette, which Bum scrambled to get for him. "If she goes to Paris—where the war was—I expect you'd like that pretty much, wouldn't you?"

The question brought no enthusiasm. Bum pushed himself slowly back on the bench and swung his feet, closely investigating one knee.

"Nope. I couldn't go, I guess. Dan wants her to leave me in a 'sylum—that's a place where lots of kids are and you pay. Sammy said you didn't have to pay, but you do, 'cause I heard Dan tell my mother he'd pay every month, sure. But—mebbe my mother won't do it."

"Dan sounds very generous. How do you like Dan?"

"Oh, all right. Once he gave me a dog, but it ate so much my mother gave it to a policeman. Sometimes I don't like him, though—when he gets a mad spell. He gets awful mad spells. My mother says all directors get mad spells. It's part of the business, she says. Once he had a pistol, but my mother said, 'You can't scare me, Dan Drummond, 'cause I don't care what happens. You can use it an' go, or you can throw it away an' stay.' So he went out and put it in his automobile an' he jest laughed an' said she sure was a good one. He's got a swell automobile. Once I rode in it with 'em—all the way from New York when we come out here. Has your automobile got steam heat in it?"

"Not that I know of."

"His has; and gold bottles in a little cupboard."

"Well, it does sound swell, indeed. Is this gentleman your mother's director?"

"Not in this pitcher. Once he was. Mr. Riendutout's her director in this pitcher. He's got long gray hair that flops over his eyes. He's old, but he likes my mother. Everybody does. He always takes me when he takes my mother riding. But she don't like him much. She says he's scared of the stars and don't give the other folks any close-ups at all. But Dan does. He's goin' to make my mother a star if he gets to be a pro-dooc-er." The regal word left Bum's tongue with prideful accuracy.

"I see. Mr. Drummond, then, isn't afraid of stars."

"Gee! He ain't afraid of nothin', I guess. An' jest as soon as he directs a few more pitchers with big stars in 'em, he'll have a lot of money and be a pro-dooc-er himself—in Paris. Sammy's aunty said Paris was an awful bad place an' she said no nice ladies went there. But my mother said Sammy's aunty was crazy."

Bum's voice dwindled as his eyes lit. Through the far door of the long lovely room where his gaze had been roaming came Ching, pushing still another kind of table. This one had wheels—real wheels—and was laden with perfect promise. But Baxter lifted an arresting hand.

"Wait until mother comes," he said, returning to their conversation with a flattering, almost compensating interest.

"Well, I expect, Bum, that Sammy's aunty, if not crazy, is at least immune. There are thousands of Sammy's aunties; but most of them have never been to Paris, and they'd all find it perfectly safe if they did go. So don't you worry about that part of it."

This was a little bewildering. Sammy had only the one aunty. Bum was sure of it.

But the millionaire man went right on talking, so Bum let the error go by.

"Then Mr. Drummond and your mother are going to be married?"

Bum grinned and squirmed, but his host's face remained so politely inquiring that the matter became as simple of explanation as in fact.

"Huh-uh. Dan's got a wife. But he don't like her. An' my mother don't want to marry him. She don't want to marry anybody, she says. She says you can't be a star so good when you're a married lady. Folks at the studios don't know she's got me—only just out here, 'cause I'm livin' right in the house with her. Most times I live with Sammy's aunty, but sometimes she an' my mother gets mad at each other. They are now. I hate Sammy's aunty. She's clean and she says prayers every night; but I'd ruther live with my mother, even if she's not home very much 'cept for breakfasts."

"It's very pleasant living with one's mother at times," said Baxter companionably. "I've an idea it's more exciting to live with a moving-picture mother than with a high-church-martyr one."

"Ah, is that the kind yours is?" Bum's voice was intuitively sympathetic.

Baxter laughed.

"Oh, that's really a very admirable kind, Bum. But tell me, where is this location your mother is on? I haven't seen anyone taking pictures about the lake."

"Oh, yes, sir; there's a bootleggers' cave an' shipwreck an' everything down at the other end where some big rocks are. My mother has to jump off an' swim with jest one arm, 'cause the villain's twisted the other one. She's done it 'bout fifty times a'ready, but the villain's a fathead an' Mr. Riendutout keeps makin' 'em do it over. Dan, he saw some of the rushes at the studio an' he tol' my mother last night the villain was so rotten he made everybody else good. Dan even gets mad when the villain kisses my mother. He says if they do that scene over any more, he's goin' over and drown the man an' uplift the movies."

This threat had proved very funny to the company wherein Dan had uttered it. But the millionaire man didn't seem to notice it.

"What's your mother's name, Bum? Perhaps I've seen her."

"Her real name's Mrs' Ryan, but her pitcher name's Patty Hetherington. D'you remember an awful pretty girl with dimples? Lots o' dimples don't take good, but hers do."

"I'm afraid I don't remember. I don't go to the movies often."

"I like 'em," said Bum, remembered pleasures in his eyes. "An' I sure like to see the ones with my mother in 'em. She always does the hard parts; she rides horses an' swims an' jumps off things an' climbs trees an' crawls under trains an' everything."

"Everything, indeed; a most active artistry." He pushed himself up from his chair and stood, smiling. "And here is my mother, Bum."

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"I Say, Can't You Walk, Kid?"

THE GREEN TICKET

By George Weston

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

ALL her life Mary Wilson had liked nice things. Indeed, as you will presently see, it was this liking which had brought her to the brink of disaster. But if you had been there as she awoke on the morning when our story opens, you would hardly have guessed that she had tossed in her bed nearly all night, wondering first how she was going to pay her next month's rent; and second, what she was going to do if she finally had to leave her pleasant apartment on West Forty-seventh Street, with nowhere else in the world to go but out.

"The Letter Said You Were a Good Lawyer and Knew How to Keep Your Mouth Shut—Excuse Me, Please, I Didn't Know It Would Sound So Rude"

If it had been a shabby room you might not have been surprised at the problems which had kept her from sleeping in it—if it had been a hall room, say, not much larger than an Egyptian sarcophagus, or one of those top-floor cubicles which are ventilated only by a skylight opening into an attic, a skylight never visited by either moonbeams or stars. But as a matter of fact, it was a room of a size which would not have shamed a mansion—the front room of a house which had been built in the days when the neighboring Fifth Avenue was still the fashionable center of New York. And the first thing that Mary saw when she opened her eyes that morning was an open fireplace on the opposite wall from the bed; and fireplaces of mellowed marble are seldom seen in the bedroom of a girl who has been out of work for more than six months and is beginning to wonder if Fate has marked her for one of those unguessable tragedies which sometimes seem to be written so ingeniously upon Olympus and handed down in silence, to be played as well as might be by some unfortunate daughter of Eve.

"A quarter to eight," she told herself, looking at the clock above the mantelshelf. "The mail's come. I guess I'd better get up."

But there was nothing of joy in the thought, none of the zest of those who look for good things with the coming day. After her disappointments of the last six months she found it increasingly difficult to get up enough steam to blow the whistle of hope. So she dressed in a half-thoughtful, half-listless manner, beginning with a French brassière which had cost her twenty-five dollars in its time, and finishing with a pair of shoes that bore the imprint of a famous Fifth Avenue name. The upper part of the brassière had been darned in places, and its elastic insets were losing their grip; but at least the shoes looked smart enough—the last good pair of a line which nearly filled the bottom shelf of her closet.

"Feels cold this morning," she thought when at last she was dressed and had started the coffee. "I'll light a fire."

This again was at least partly due to her liking for nice things—to have her breakfast in front of an open fire on a frosty morning—but, subconsciously or not, she also turned to the fireplace because it enabled her to put off her morning visit to the hall table downstairs to see if any letters were awaiting her there. As long as she didn't go, you understand, there might be something good below; but as soon as she went and found nothing

So she lighted a fire, doing it quietly, thoughtfully, as she did everything else. She was rather short, with large, intelligent eyes, and was dressed that morning in a brown cloth suit with a silk waist of the same color. To an unskilled eye it might have seemed an ordinary dress—something made by the thousand and sold at any shop; but those who know materials would have noted the luster of the broadcloth, and the edging of Venetian lace at the neck and around the cuffs.

The fire soon crackling on the hearth, she drew a small table in front of it—a quaint piece which she had bought herself in a secondhand store, and which might have been William and Mary. Over this she draped a linen cloth embroidered at each end with a basket of flowers worked in white. A gray-blue vase went on next, holding sprays of white pine and bayberry. Disappearing then to the room which served her as kitchenette, she returned with her breakfast—an apple, slightly withered, a box of soda crackers and the coffeepot.

"I know what I'll do," she thought. "I'll toast some of the crackers."

You could see she liked to do it, even though she was partly doing it to put off that fateful trip downstairs. And all this time she was being watched by a photograph on the mantelshelf—the framed photograph of a thoughtful man of about thirty-five; a thoughtful man with a somewhat impatient, somewhat hungry frown—that frown which is sometimes found on those whom the world has not yet learned to appreciate properly.

"There!" said Mary, rising with the toasted crackers; and placing one hand on the mantelshelf to help herself up, she found herself face to face with the gentleman of the photograph.

"M-m-m," she mused. "If you had been any good——"

She checked the thought, however, as soon as she started it—checked it with a skill which had been developed by practice. Frank, she told herself, couldn't help himself any more than she could help herself. He worked in the foreign-exchange department of a downtown bank, with a salary just large enough to keep him going. Some day, presumably, his income would be larger; but in the meantime he could no more afford to marry than he could afford to spend the winter in the Mediterranean. Mary would have to wait before he could talk of marriage, and she knew she would have to wait. But Frank liked the nice things of life, too—this had been one of the ties which had drawn them together—and if she had to move out of her pleasant rooms into some shabby, squally street where he would be ashamed to visit her

"Oh, well," she said, suddenly rising, "I'll go and see if there's any mail."

She disappeared and presently returned with a letter in her hand.

It was from the executive office of a card-filing concern—a massive square envelope which might have inclosed a royal command.

The letter inside it read:

Dear Miss Wilson: Please call at eleven o'clock tomorrow, Friday, morning, in reference to your reply to our advertisement.

J. C. MACPHERSON, PRESIDENT.

Mary sighed with longing as she looked at the impressive letterhead, and sighed again for a different reason when she saw the firm's motto—the word "Accuracy" engraved in red letters and surmounted by a harnessed star.

"Everything will be all right," she thought, "till they find out what's the matter with me. And then——"

She did it quietly, as she did everything else, walking gently to the bed and lying down and burying her face in the pillows as though for no particular purpose. But then she cried—cried deeply and sincerely as though her heart was in it; for after reading that red motto above the star she was sure she could see the outstretched hand of Fate.

could almost feel the curtain rising on that tragedy in which she was to play the leading part.

II

ON HER way to Mr. Macpherson's office Mary walked down Sixth Avenue; and slowly making her way through the crowds, it struck her that in all the years she had lived in New York she had never yet met on the street anyone whom she had known. The passers-by filled past her now, for instance, men and women of every type and circumstance—"tall ones and short ones; fat, lean, rich and shady"—but so far as recognition was concerned she might as well have been crossing the Great Sahara.

"Isn't it queer!" she thought uneasily. "And no matter what might happen to me ——" She checked that, though, much as she had checked her thought about Frank, but the reflection didn't leave her without a struggle. "Yes, sir," she thought, "they call it the City of This and the City of That; but if I were asked to give it a name I'd call it the City of Strangers."

From which you can see that at least some part of the tragic mood was beginning to fall upon her

Two other girls were waiting to see Mr. Macpherson when Mary was shown into his anteroom at eleven o'clock One of these girls was nearly buried in a raccoon coat, and the other, her coat laid aside, might have been dressed for the evening. Indeed, as Mary entered in her plain brown suit and soft leather hat, the other girls looked at her almost in pity; but when the inner door opened and a shrewd Scotch face looked out, it was the last arrival who was beckoned to enter the private office first.

"You are Miss ——"

"— Miss Wilson."

"Oh, yes." He beckoned her to the chair by the side of his desk and read the application which she had mailed him—an application written on gray Italian paper with Mary's monogram in the faintest of old rose.

"I see you were Judge Van Doren's secretary for five years," he began then.

"Yes," she said; and, trying to smile a little—"My first place too."

"Why did you leave there?"

"The judge died," she said in her gentle way.

"Oh, yes; I think I remember it Just what were your duties there?"

"Well, he had retired, you know. But he had a lot of investments—mortgages and things like that, and I used to see that the interest came in promptly and that the insurance was kept up; and I attended to his bonds and his correspondence things like that. I had a girl to help me with the typewriting," she rather quickly added, "and sometimes the judge was away for months at a time down South, perhaps, or in Europe—and then I had charge of everything."

"A responsible position," said Mr. Macpherson; and added somewhat cannily, "How much did it pay you?"

"Fifty dollars a week."

"A very responsible position," he repeated.

"I know I was very proud of it," said Mary, trying to smile again, but secretly dreading the moment when he would begin to find her out.

"Your work here," he said, "would be different and the salary, at least to start, would be substantially smaller very substantially smaller."

"Oh, I don't mind that," said Mary, and for the third time she tried to smile.

"Will you take a letter, please?"

"I'm afraid that shorthand isn't my strongest point," she said in a fainter voice, knowing that the perilous moment was drawing near, "but if you don't mind going slowly at first ——"

She drew off her gloves and took the notebook and pencil which had been waiting on the end of the desk. It wasn't a long letter that he gave her, but Mary was nearly five minutes ticking it off on the typewriter in the corner

"H-m-m!" said Mr. Macpherson when she took it to him at last; and although his eyes hardly seemed to skim the lines which she had written, he picked up a pencil and drew a line around two of the words.

"Spelled wrong?" she sighed.

"I'm afraid so—yes."

They both glanced down at the circled words—"reciept" and "seperate"—and truth to tell, neither of these spellings seemed to agree very well with the engraved motto at the top of the letterhead.

"I'm sorry," said Mary in her faintest voice. "I've tried—I can't begin to tell you how I've tried but I've never been able to spell very well."

They had both risen, and Mary went quietly out, knowing that the interview was over as well as though the news had been thundered in her ear. Out on the street she felt cold and dispirited. The wind was blowing from the east, threatening to bring snow with it, and she remembered that in the spring she had given her old fur scarf to the woman who cleaned her rooms, expecting to get a new one for herself in the fall.

"Doesn't look much like it now," she told herself.

Walking along among the strangers of the city, she began to picture herself as a shopgirl, selling soap, perhaps, behind a counter, or Christmas toys in a five-and-ten-cent store. At least a shopgirl wasn't obliged to spell every word right. Of course she would have to give up her apartment, and that immediately, as ever, raised the question of Frank. How would Frank react to going around with a shopgirl who lived in a back hall room where he could never visit her—Frank, who wore his Greek key in the daytime and who always dressed in the evening when they went to the theater together?

"He wouldn't think much of it," she thought; and trying desperately hard to be fair, she added, "and I don't blame him. He likes nice things, the same as I do, and if I can't give him what he wants ——"

It was then, walking up Sixth Avenue, not far from her own street, that she saw the signs on each side of a doorway which led to a newly opened employment agency upstairs:

Waitress, $60. Private Family. Cook, $80. Small Place. Nursemaid, $65. 2 Children

"Wouldn't it be funny," she thought, "if I could get a place by the day that would pay the rent? Of course I wouldn't let Frank know what I was doing."

The thought, at first, was of the vaguest; would never have been born at all, indeed, if necessity hadn't conceived it. But there were only two full weeks left before the first of the following month; and unless she could earn some money in those two weeks she would not only be out of work—she would have to move, as well

"It isn't as if I didn't like housework," she continued, walking more slowly and holding her head down against the wind. "And there must be lots of places in New York, awfully nice places ——"

You mustn't think that this was reflected cheerfully On the contrary, Mary's heart began to ache as she caught

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"Six is Business, Seven is Charity; and I Know You Haven't Come in My Shop This Morning Looking for Charity From Me"

GOING, GOING, GONE!

Prices Wise and Otherwise—By Esther Singleton

"WHAT a price! Did you ever hear of anything like that?" a richly dressed New York lady exclaimed to the friend sitting next to her in an auction room on January twenty-second of this year, when a small mahogany wig stand was knocked down for the sum of $1650. "And just think," she added, "I threw away three just like it two years ago! I thought they were of no use. Sixteen hundred and fifty dollars! I shall never get over it!"

The bidding for this piece had been rapidly mounting for the past five minutes, like the proverbial mercury on a July day, until all had left the fray but two contestants—one there in person and the other represented by an agent. Both are men of such large interests and such great wealth that their names are known in every nook and corner of the United States.

When the figure reached the neighborhood of $800 the agent began to fidget a little. He had been instructed to buy this piece at all costs, but "all costs" never anticipated such a sensational climb. However, he continued to raise his finger each time the price went up until the $1650 was reached, and then he surrendered. It is said that the absentee collector exclaimed to this agent, when the latter told him of the figure, "Well, I'm damned glad you dropped out!"

This wig stand is not such a grand thing, though it is very good as wig stands go. It is mahogany, thirty inches high and eleven inches in diameter, with tripod snake feet—which came before the ball and claw—establishing the date as about 1740 or 1750, a circular hollow rim for a basin and pitcher, two nicely carved drawers for brushes, and a carved ball which is a receptacle for powder and upon which a wig could be thrown.

Rugs at Four Thousand a Minute

THE reason for this high price is because wig stands are very rare, although they were usual enough in every well-to-do home 200 years ago, when gentlemen wearing "Ramillies tyes" and other kinds of perukes and queues and braided pigtails adorned with stylish bows of black ribbon were just as particular about powdering their wigs as ladies of today are about powdering their noses. In great mansions the powdering room of the gentleman of the house was every bit as important as my lady's boudoir.

Before entering a drawing-room a gentleman guest always had a special and particular look at his wig; and, if it needed it, added a sprinkling of powder. Consequently the wig stand had a very conspicuous place in the gentleman's powdering room.

This particular wig stand was in the Ernst collection, gathered by Mr. and Mrs. G. G. Ernst, of Norwalk, Connecticut, during the past twenty-five years. It consisted chiefly of Americana—and very good Americana, too—and some miscellaneous things besides. The sales took place on January twentieth, twenty-first, twenty-second and twenty-third, and totaled $54,145.50.

A hundred and fifty-three thousand dollars for two rugs! Think of it!

The Corot, Les Baigneuses Des Iles Borromees, Which Was Sold at Auction in January of this Year for $50,000

Yes, that is exactly what two Ispahan rugs of the sixteenth century attracted at the Benguiat sale on December 4, 1925; and the word was passed up over the platform in less than fifteen minutes. One was sold for $78,000 and the other for $75,000. One measured thirty-two feet six inches in length and twelve feet in width and the other thirty-two feet nine inches in length and twelve feet in width; and the shorter rug by three inches brought the larger sum. Very handsome rugs? They were. They were more than handsome; they were magnificent. They were alike in design and color. The field was rich wine red, upon which were scattered motives of various kinds and flowers of many hues, melting into one another in softest tones and changing as the light played on the surface, framed in a border of emerald green with an outer band of rose. For years these rugs were treasured possessions of the Braganza Palace, Lisbon. A Polonaise rug of the seventeenth century, only six feet ten inches by four feet five inches, brought no less than $70,000.

For more moderate purchasers who did not care to plunge $78,000, there were other beautiful rugs "from silken Samarcand to cedared Lebanon" for nice little sums of $39,000, $29,500, $22,000, $18,000 and $17,000, and very attractive bargains for $7000, $5900, $5000, even as low as $3200! And now that I come to think of it I believe some clever bidder picked up a Damascus rug of the fifteenth century, six feet by four feet two inches, with lovely Rhodian lilies, daisies, pinks, tulips and lotus blossoms thrown carelessly over it—a regular flower bed—for a mere $2500.

This Benguiat sale was a record breaker. No such collection of rugs had been exhibited since the Henry G. Marquand collection attracted all the art lovers of New York to the old American Art Galleries in Twenty-third Street many years ago. Several Marquand rugs reappeared here and won enormous prices. The Benguiat was not a large collection—seventy-three pieces all told—but it represented forty years of collecting in many countries. Public response was enthusiastic and the one sale totaled $638,250. This is a good deal of money to spend in three hours. Nearly $4000 a minute! Am I right? There are some bothersome fractions in the way; and figuring is not a strong point with me. However, I think I have made a good guess.

So many sensational events had attracted my notice that I thought I would ask one of the most prominent auctioneers if this season had not been rather uncommon. Whole cargoes and caravans of gorgeous objects and millions and millions of dollars have passed beneath his little uplifted hammer.

And to my question the auctioneer said, "Yes, we have had the most remarkable season since 1914, when the M. C. D. Borden sale of paintings, Oriental objects and books reached $1,608,256. This year our season will come very close to $5,000,000. Yes, indeed, that is an extraordinary sum; and when you add to our sales the sales of the other big auction galleries, with the Leverhulme collection heading the list, the total sum that the New York auction galleries will have taken during this year will amount to $15,000,000. Tremendous, isn't it?"

A Big Year for Auctioneers

"WHEN I look back I can hardly see how we have managed to schedule all the collections and sessions; and yet we have accomplished it. Imagine how we have had to economize every minute to arrange forty-one sessions during the month of April, with the important W. K. Vanderbilt collection to place.

"It has not only been a record year but there were several record-breaking sales. One of these took place on the evening of January eighth, when a record audience assembled for the C. K. G. Billings collection of paintings. Our extremely large salesroom did not begin to accommodate the crowd. Certainly no less than 1500 were present and their names read like the roll call of the Social Register. Never before did we sell such an amount at one session. There were only thirty-one items, but they reached the amazing sum of $401,300."

On this occasion two pictures brought nearly $100,000 in a few minutes. One was Corot's Les Baigneuses des Iles Borromées, purchased by Colonel Elverson for $50,000, and the other was Old Crome's famous Willow, sold to Knoedler for $47,000. Mr. O. W. Peabody bought Corot's La Charette de Gres for $27,000 and Le Lac for $21,500

COLLECTIONS, 1925–1926

C. K. G. Billings	$401,300.00
V. and L. Benguiat. . . .	638,250.00
Senator William A. Clark	381,348.00
Senator William A. Clark	302,620.00
Jellinek-Mercedes	191,900.00
Raoul Tolentano.	150,074.00
Ch[illegible] Part I	123,160.00
W. J. Ralston	120,985.00
Don L[illegible] Ruiz	112,295.00
Henry Keasbey	105,610.00
Raimundo Ruiz	102,433.00
Henry Keasbey	89,123.00
Thomas B. Clarke	84,[illegible]00
Pietro Cattadori	84,165.00
Tom-Ying	72,456.50
Arthur Tooth .	57,840.00
John Black	57,652.50
G. G. Ernst . .	54,[illegible]
Samuel T. Shaw	53,780.00
P. T. Carr	30,822.50
E. C. Converse	60,365.00
Countess Agnes Minatto	24,165.00
White-Mixer	24,010.00

These Three Little Glaze Sugar Bowls Represent $2070

The Peachbloom Chrysanthemum Vase Which Was Sold for $2000

One of the Chairs From the $3450 Set Which Was Sold at Auction Jan. 9, 1926

The top prices at these sales include magnificent Brussels tapestry, seventeenth century, entitled Autumnus, representing Ceres enthroned in the center and Sagittarius the Archer on her left, surrounded by a wealth of fruits and flowers of the season, twelve feet seven inches long and eighteen feet two inches wide, sold to Mr. Benjamin Hunt for $15,000; Flemish tapestry, sixteenth century, Gombaud and Macé, eleven feet nine inches by eleven feet four inches, to Mr. J. C. Calaert for $10,000; Brussels piece, eighteenth century, Sancho Panza Tossed in a Blanket, nine feet five inches by fifteen feet five inches, to Mr. J. S. Ormond, $10,000; Italian, sixteenth century, Triumphal Entrance of Cæsar, eleven feet three inches by sixteen feet seven inches, to Mrs. E. D. Faulkner, $9000; Aubusson, eighteenth century, Blindman's Buff, seven feet three inches by seven feet, to Mr. W. H. Henry, $8100; and Brussels, seventeenth century, Garden Scene, nine feet nine inches by ten feet nine inches, to Mr. F. W. Longfellow, $8000—Jellinek-Mercedes sale.

Sang de bœuf bottle, K'ang-hsi period, 14.5 inches high, $5200; three-color hawthorn vase, K'ang-hsi period, 21.25 inches high, $4000; and feits'ui-jade pagoda incense burner, richly carved, eighteen inches high, Ch'ien-lung period, $3800—Ton-Ying sale.

Carved walnut writing desk, sixteenth century—from Spinelli collection, Florence, $1600; and Renaissance tapestry settee, sixteenth century, $1550—Cattadori sale.

Peach-bloom chrysanthemum vase from Chinese Imperial Palace, K'ang-hsi period, 8.5 inches, $2000; Hispano-Moresque platter, fifteenth century, $2050; Diruta majolica platter—1540—$1400; Urbino majolica platter representing Marcus Curtius, $1300; and Italian earthenware vase, fifteenth century, $1500—E. C. Converse sale.

Expensive Harness

SUPERB carved walnut Italian Renaissance *armoire*, ten feet high and seven feet eight inches long, $2900; and old Venetian carved walnut library table—from collection of Count Delfino, Venice—$2500—Minatto sale.

Twelve dining-room chairs, $3480; mahogany console table, ball-and-claw feet, $2350; Philadelphia carved walnut highboy, ball-and-claw feet, $2000; Pennsylvania walnut highboy with six turned urn-shaped legs, $1700; two painted chairs with cane seats, Sheraton style, $1620; Philadelphia carved walnut writing table, $1600; and Philadelphia carved mahogany side table, with ball-and-claw feet, $1400—John Black sale.

Very sensational was the price reached by a complete suit or harness for tilting, North Italian, dated 1545, perfect in every part and rare, which sold for $13,400. A helmet dating from 1570 brought $2100; a dagger and sheath, $3500; a Tyrolese Gothic crossbow, owned by the Fugger family, $2100; and a pair of Nuremberg metal wheel-lock pistols, $2000—Henry Keasbey sale.

Block-front walnut highboy, 1750, six feet two inches high by three feet eleven inches, $2700; Hepplewhite mahogany bookcase with tambour sliding doors, six feet eleven inches by five feet three inches, $2100, and an inlaid mahogany sideboard, Hepplewhite style, $1800—G. G. Ernst sale.

Cabinet secretary, $3100, and clock garniture, $1400—Raoul Tolentino sale. A carpet sold for $8000, and a rich hanging for $8000—Thomas B. Clarke sale.

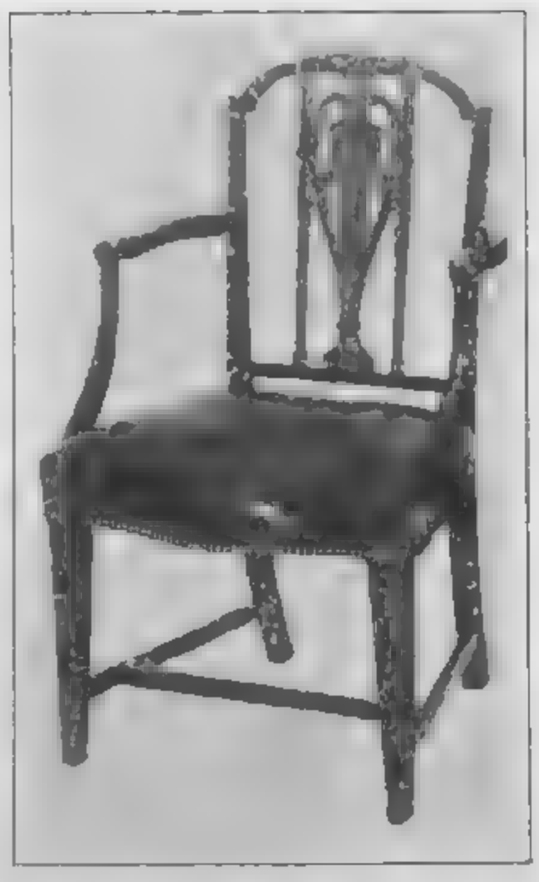
Moresque ceiling from the Royal Palace, Toledo, $3000; wooden door with wrought-iron knocker from castle of the Count de la Encina, fourteenth century, $1400; late Gothic carved walnut choir stall, $1400—Don Luis Ruiz sale.

Vargueño—cabinet—$2900; another, $1650; fifty-eight tiles, $2350; ceiling, $2350; entrance gate, $1700; doorway arch, $1025; and marble wellhead, $1000—Raimundo Ruiz sale.

The Mahogany Wig Stand

Large *millefleurs* Lavehr-Kirman rug, seventeenth century, thirty feet eleven inches by sixteen feet, $16,000; English tapestry table cover, nine feet three inches by seven feet two inches, $9000; ninety yards of Genoa velvet—jardinière—$7380; twelve dining-room chairs, Circassian walnut and tapestry, $6600; royal blue Sèvres service, $5000; silver centerpiece, $2900; two silver chancel lamps, Italian Renaissance, $5200; *gros point de Venise* banquet-table cover, 4.75 yards long and 2.75 yards wide, $2500; sterling-silver tea, coffee and chocolate service, nine pieces, brought $2100 at the Senator William A. Clark sale.

Senator Clark's pictures, sold in the ballroom of the Plaza Hotel, brought at the head of the list, a landscape by Gainsborough, $10,600; Constable's Landscape and Figure, $10,500; Beechey's Elizabeth, daughter of Whisted Keene, $10,200; Daubigny's The Banks of the Oise, $15,500; Jules Breton's Le Goûter, $8500 and Gathering Poppies, $8500; and Wyant's Summer Landscape, $3600.



Another of the Twelve Mahogany Chairs From the John Black Collection

At Arthur Tooth's sale, Corot's Saint Sébastien Secouru par les Saintes Femmes brought $17,600.

Schreyer's Arabs on the March brought the highest price, $4600, at the Seligman and Sharp sale; John Francis Murphy's Autumn Days, $4000 at the Shaw sale; and John Singer Sargent's Barges at San Vigilio, Lake Garda, Italy, $3600 at the White-Minor sale.

At the William J. Ralston sale the peak was reached by Whistler's Lady Archibald Campbell as Orlando in As You Like It at Combe, $8000. Rubens' Portrait of the Archduke Albrecht of Austria brought $5700. At the Paolini sale Titian's self portrait reached $9000 and Rosellinio's marble bas-relief *tondo*, Madonna and Child, $3600. The Chiesa pictures, which the Italian Government tried to keep from being sent to America, all brought large sums. Jan van Scorel's Portrait of a Dutch Humanist with landscape background, $12,500; Boltraffio's Virgin with the Book, $9000; and Sano di Pietro's Madonna and Child, $8100.

At the sale of the George Kellogg old blue Staffordshire, last November, one enthusiastic purchaser went home with a little dark-blue tray only eight inches long, bearing the Connecticut arms surrounded by a floral border, for which he paid $1800. A platter with the Delaware arms, seventeen inches long, brought $1400; one with the New Jersey arms, nineteen inches, $900. New York from Weehawk, 18.5 inches long, made by Stevenson, $810; Sandusky, Ohio, 16.5 inches, $650; Castle Garden and the Battery, eighteen inches, Wood & Sons, $400; and Lake George, New York, Wood & Sons, $340.

One of the Six Aubusson Tapestry Panels From the Leverhulme Collection

Sugar Bowls de Luxe

THESE soaring prices are explained by the desire collectors had of obtaining pieces from the most noted of all blue Staffordshire collections, which Mr. George Kellogg, of Amsterdam, New York, began in 1903, when he became a heavy buyer at the sale of the Burritt collection, in March of that year.

You would hardly think that the three little glass sugar bowls in the illustration on page 20 represent $2000; to be exact they brought $2070 at the sale of Mr. W. G. Russell Allen's collection of old American glass, on February 1, 1926. They are of the Stiegel type. The first is of clear white flint with a bird on the cover and lover's knot handles, 6.75 inches in height. This piece brought $1000. The next is 8.5 inches high, of clear white flint, diamond-mold pattern and sapphire-blue rim and knob. Its price was $700. The third is 6.25 inches high, emerald green, and sold for $370. The collection numbered 380 pieces and brought $13,500.

(Continued on Page 82)

THE SWORD AND THE SEA

By SOPHIE KERR

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT W. STEWART

Jennie Put Out Both Her Hands to Him in Answer and Understanding, and Nora Saw This Too

DEAN JARVIS sat on the front steps and smoked his pipe and looked at the three poplar trees, sentinels of the grass plot. Through the golden twilight they seemed to him three fountains of leaping water as the southwest wind ruffled and caressed their leaves, and their murmur was like the flowing of fountains, too, he thought. Always he loved looking at them, but most of all on summer evenings. His mother sat on the porch above him and rocked companionably, but he said nothing to her of his queer fancy of the trees as fountains. He had long ago discovered that love does not necessarily imply understanding.

It was she who broke the silence: "Don't forget the boarders're coming Tuesday."

He made a throaty, acquiescent sound; then, reverting to a former argument, "I don't see why you want 'em. You don't need the money and they make you a lot more work."

"What you been doing all evening, Dean?"

"Why—you know—sitting right here."

"Yes, and dumb's an oyster. Every fair evening when you're not over to Jennie's it's the same. If it rains you set inside. But you never say a word less'n I ask you something. I take boarders so's I won't lose my own powers of speech."

"I never suspicioned that great danger." He smiled up at her. Mrs. Jarvis smiled, too.

"You speak respectful to your mother, boy. I get so tired of never having a soul around who says anything, except black Maude out in the kitchen, I could jump out of my skin. Boarders may make more work, but they do talk."

"They sure do."

"And they give me lots of new ideas and show me new styles. There was Mrs. Thomas showed me how to make wash-rag tidies, and Miss Pardoner taught me three new crochet stitches and Swedish weaving, and ——"

"And Miss Tennant burnt the window curtains curling her hair, and Miss Prince said your waffles was deadly—lovely ladies, all of 'em."

"I'd ruther get mad than have no excitement at all. Anyways, they're coming. So you meet the train on time Tuesday and try to act's if the cat hadn't got your tongue."

Dean Jarvis was accustomed to this reproach. Ever since he was a little, little boy, his mother and older relatives had jocularly told him that the cat had got his tongue, and he had, at that early day, often retired behind a chair or under a table to feel the silent member for reassurance.

He thought of it again as he drove to the station for the boarders. Why did people want to be everlastingly whang-whanging on the jawbone? Of course if they had anything sensible to say, that was different. But to talk for the mere pleasure of making a noise—no. He couldn't and he wouldn't. He'd rather be out in the fields with the crops and the cattle and the swish of the scythe or the clatter of his mowing machine than sit round with people any time. The thing he liked about Jennie Myers was her calm and her quiet. There was a girl! When she said anything it was worth listening to, and when she had nothing to say she kept still. And she moved around so peacefully, such a contrast to his mother's hustle and bustle; yet Jennie could turn out twice as much work in a day as his mother could at her best. Jennie had faculty—the country word for ability. Every way he considered Jennie, she was the girl for him, and he was darned lucky that she liked him. Handsome, strong, even-tempered, not coarse and loud like Lucy Temple and Virgie Caine, sensible but not bossy—Jen was just about perfect. He thought of her creamy skin and the freckled flecks across her nose, her brown-satin eyes, her twist of bright-brown satin hair, wrist-thick, the clear color of her cheeks, the smile that twisted up her mouth so enchantingly—she was lovely like the poplar trees, like the scarlet trumpet vine that flings its blossoming withes lavishly across old fences, like the silver-smooth of the tidewater river, a mirror for pines and leaning swamp maples.

He drove the flivver neatly into the smallest possible space between the town bus and a waiting wagon, got out and went round to the freight office to see if the new parts of his grain fan had come. They had not, so he weighed himself—hundred and seventy-three; about right for his big bones and six-foot height. And then he loafed about on the far end of the platform away from the crowd in the waiting room.

The train was late. Evening made dreamy blue shadows over the ugly station and the uglier ice factory across the tracks.

Dean wondered why they needed to be so ugly. A lick of paint, a handful of grass seeds, a couple of vines set out, a young tree or two transplanted from the woods ——

"Why," he thought scornfully, "my hog pen's a sight better looking!"

But the train was roaring in. He knew the two he awaited by their hesitancy, their seeking looks. A girl and an older woman; the girl excited, gay, her companion fussy and worried. He came forward quickly, spoke to her.

"This must be Mrs. O'Neill," he said. "I'm Dean Jarvis. Let me take your suitcases—the flivver's right round here."

He took both suitcases and led the way, Mrs. O'Neill scurrying beside him peppering him with half sentences.

"I didn't know—never having been here—and I wasn't sure—we didn't see anybody ——" The girl giggled. "Mom was having a fit all the way down here for fear nobody'd meet us."

They had reached the flivver. "This is my daughter Nora, Mr. Jarvis," said Mrs. O'Neill. "How long will it take us to ride to your place? I don't like long rides in the country at night. I keep reading in the paper about so many bandits and holdups everywhere ——"

"We never had any round here," said Dean solemnly, but he wanted to laugh as he swung the two suitcases into the car. He had not glanced at Nora or acknowledged the introduction, and it piqued her.

"I'm going to sit in front with you. You sit in the back, mom," she ordered.

The mother docilely obeyed and Dean opened the door of the car for Nora. Now he saw her. Her slenderness, her size—she was not much higher than his shoulder—her thin arms and collar bones, the pallor of her flesh, and her blue eyes, wide open and rolled up at him daringly and mockingly, combined to make him feel that she was a child, a sick child, and a spoiled one. So he grinned at her.

"Hop in," he said.

He was so casual, so at ease that Nora's pique deepened. These country hicks! Maybe he thought he was a local sheik, but that didn't give him the right to talk to her as if she wasn't there.

"Hop in! What d'you think I am—a frog or something?"

"Oh, get in, Noreen, and let's get started. You're not funny." This from the back seat.

She got in sulkily. Dean saw that she was offended, and, still thinking her a child, apologized as to a child.

"There," he said, "I'm sorry. You mustn't get cross at anything I say."

It made her like him against her will. "I'm not cross," she said, "but I'm tired." He did not answer, but started the car. They passed quickly through the little town and soon were out in the night—the country night, with its loneliness, its stars so near to earth, its wind that seems to come from these same stars. Nora shivered.

"We're certainly in the wide-open spaces, far, far from home," she exclaimed nervously. "It's awful to think of human beings stuck way out here. What d'you do nights?"

"Sleep."

"I should think you'd want some fun."

Again he did not answer. She glanced round at him sharply. In the darkness she could see the clear side line of his face, with his soft felt hat pulled well down. Again she felt a thrill of liking for him. But what made him so stuffy, so unresponsive? Nora was used to instant and open admiration from new young men, and was jealously proud of her power. There wasn't a girl in all her crowd who had so many suitors—there wasn't a girl she knew who was half so popular. And if she liked a boy, took the trouble to try to talk to him, she could do anything with him. She wondered if this farm chap was trying some specially offensive ritzy stuff on her. But no, that was impossible. Far more likely he was a mere dumb-bell, though he didn't look it.

She slumped down in the seat and was as silent as he. The road grew more and more dark. The occasional houses,

with their friendly lights, their barking dogs, became fewer. Nora shivered again. She wished she had overridden her mother when that spell of unseasonable heat had driven them to look up the Summer Boarders Wanted advertisements, and the low prices asked by Mrs. Jarvis had clinched their coming, for it was just as cheap as living at home, with food and ice and gas so high. They had packed and fled out of the swelter—little ephemeral creatures of the city, with no real hold on life, no necessary place in the scheme of things, no future, no past and no present save a working day that gave them enough for the barest living with the cheapest and most trivial of pleasures. Not that they saw it so. Mrs. O'Neill never looked beyond her own nose, accepted her existence as it came, and when things got too bad took an agency for a few weeks or months—which meant that she peddled some more or less useful household article in her neighborhood, where the women came to their doors personally and could always rake up a dime for some contraption they didn't need, or she went to the smart streets and sold trinkets to the servant girls in the basements.

They had a little income, and this, with Mrs. O'Neill's contributions and Nora's job as a saleswoman in a ready-made-dress shop, kept them going. But Nora's latest employer had chosen this time to stage a bankruptcy, and as the dull summer season was coming on, she could find no other place. It never occurred to her or to her mother to try some other sort of work—the great advantage of working in a ready-made shop being that one can buy frocks at cost, a precious advantage. This coming to the country was a daring adventure, and, to Nora, a dubious one. But her mother pulled out funny little happy old memories of her childhood summers on an uncle's farm, and was insistent.

"Two weeks in this wilderness!" thought Nora in dismay as the car went on and on. "I'd rather have had two hours at Coney." Never again! Never again! These dark cool woods they rushed through, these strange noises of the night that were curiously loud yet curiously part of the silence, the hollow roar of bridges with the gleam of strange water—no telling how deep—below them, this strange still man beside her—not for Nora. She was lonely and afraid.

At last Dean turned the car into a driveway and the windows of the Jarvis house twinkled reassurance, rest, confidence. Mrs. Jarvis hurried out, all welcome.

"Come right in. My, I'm glad you got here! Nice evening for a ride, though, wasn't it? Dean, you carry in the ladies' things."

Mrs. O'Neill said faintly that she was completely worn out.

"Cuppa hot tea'll fix you up right's a trivet." In moments like these Mrs. Jarvis shone. She marshaled them to their room, a wide low-ceiled chamber with a canopied bed, maple bow-front chests, fresh ruffled curtains caught behind blue glass rosettes.

Nora and her mother gaped about them. After their cramped and crowded flat, its mussy cushions and sagging draperies, its art-supplement pictures and litter of cheap ornaments, this was at once strange and luxurious.

"Look at all the antiques—they're right in style now. And look—what d'you know, mom—they've got electricity. I'd never've believed they were so civilized off here in the backwoods if I hadn't seen it."

"Maybe this is one o' those model farms I've read about in the papers. Aren't those old chests cutie? There used to be one pretty near the same color out at Uncle Joe's place. I wonder what became of it."

"Hurry up and get ready to eat. I'm starving." Nora was standing before the large mirror expertly rubbing cold cream on her face.

"I'll just unpack our things and hang them up. I got to get the dust and cinders off too."

"Going to change?"

"Mercy, who for?"

"Nobody; but I feel awfully dirty in this."

Nora unfolded a grass-green dress of thin silk. She slipped out of the dingy black she had worn on the train, pulled on the other. A string of pearl beads as big as plums, a dust of powder and rouge, a dash of high scent, and then her new raw scarlet lipstick! There! She saw herself reflected with infinite satisfaction. That poor dumb farmer was going to sit up and take notice when she came down in this.

Mrs. Jarvis was waiting for them impatiently, but at sight of Nora's dress and rouge, her bobbed hair, her beads, her impatience gave way to a vivid elation, pleasure at this contact with the world of real fashion. These boarders were going to be fun.

"Set right down to the table," she urged. "Supper's ready and waiting."

Lavishly she served them hot chicken and wafer slices of pink ham, potato salad, apple fritters, plum jam and puff muffins fresh from the oven. Scarlet strawberries and voluptuous White Mountain cake waited at the side.

"I Hope He'll Take You Round a Lot Whilst You're Here," She Said at Last, Softly, "if it Gives You Any Pleasure"

Mrs. O'Neill was content to eat, but Nora looked about her searchingly.

"Where's Mr. Jarvis?" she asked. "I hope we're not driving him away."

"Oh, no, he come right in and et whilst you were still upstairs. He was in a hurry because he was going over to see his girl—they're going to get married this fall if nothing happens."

A dreary flatness came over Nora. Here she'd dressed up to give this hick a thrill, and he was engaged! She felt let down, tricked. So she picked up Mrs. Jarvis' last phrase pertly.

"What could happen? Think she'd change her mind?"

"Change her mind—on my Dean? Child, you don't know what you're talking about. There isn't a girl in the county but wouldn't be tickled to death to get him."

"You're partial."

Mrs. Jarvis liked the teasing. She wagged a jovial finger at Nora. "You're a scamp." Then she turned to Mrs. O'Neill. "Every mother's son is always the best—that's true everywhere; but I will say for Dean that a steadier, smarter, better-hearted boy never stepped shoe leather, even if I do say so."

Nora stuck out a speculative, pouting lip and went on languidly with her supper. The two older women began to talk of ails and ills, delicious never-failing topic. They carried the same theme with them to the front porch, but Nora didn't listen. Nor did she see the flicker of the fireflies across the grass, or catch the faint far-away triple note of the whippoorwills. There was nothing to be interested in since Dean had gone from her scene. Oh, to be back in the city! She yawned and yawned again.

When at last her mother was willing to save some of the details of her sick headaches for another day, and they had gone upstairs to their room, Nora reproached her.

"You certainly picked a good place, mom. It's as lively as a morgue."

"I like it fine."

"Not so much as an evening paper. We're out of the world."

Mrs. O'Neill was moved to acute analysis.

"You're peeved because you dressed up for that young fella and he didn't come round."

"Yes; you know how crazy I am about farmers and hicks and boobs and goofs and all the rest of the human oil cans." Nora came back with heavy sarcasm; then added irrelevantly, "Wonder what his sweetie's like. I'll bet she came outa the comic strip."

Then sleep claimed her, a sleep so sound she did not hear the chuff-chuff of the flivver when Dean returned. His mother was waiting for him.

"How's Jen?"

"All right."

"What did you think of the boarders?"

Dean yawned. "Lightweights."

"Dean Jarvis, they are not. The mother's a real nice woman and she's had a hard time. She's got weak ankles just like mine, and shooting pains in her side ——"

"How's her lights and liver?"

"You stop poking fun at me. The girl's real pretty, too, and real lively. I 'spect she'll find it kinda slow here. You'll have to take her in town now and then."

"Sa-ay! I'm a busy man. I got no time to fool."

He stamped off to bed indignantly, paying no attention to his mother's "Sh-h! You'll wake 'em up." He didn't care if he did wake 'em up. They made him tired!

He had done three hours' work in the field before they straggled down to breakfast

Continued on Page 96

Real and Synthetic Cowboys

By PHILIP ASHTON ROLLINS

JUST how did the actual puncher of the old-time range differ from the majority of his modern imitators who are created by the text of novels or by the pictures upon the movie screen?

For one thing, the actual puncher was not blatant in his conduct with a gun. His gun was his companion for the purpose of freeing the range from predatory animals and debased livestock, rather than for waging human warfare. Though conspicuous in his equipment, it was incidental in his thoughts. Murder was not favored as an industry in the Texas and West of olden days because, as Jim Scott remarked, "Homicide, when a habit, is bad for the nerves."

Only a very small proportion of the punchers, at any time in their lives, fired at human beings. Circumstances but rarely called on them for so drastic an action, and the average cowboy was at heart no more bloodthirsty than the average senior in any American high school of the present day.

However, when circumstances attained austerity of mood, the cowboy marshaled all his sternness and gave free rein to it.

Riding a Bad One in the Annual Rodeo at Prescott, Arizona. Harry Henderson on Bolsheviki

Vigilance Committees of the Early Days

IN MANY localities and during many years, the vigilance committee, owing to the local paucity of formal courts of law, was essential to the maintenance of order. Every cowboy, when called upon to do so, would serve on a committee of this character, and would aid in the discharge of its verdict.

A cowpuncher would not have any relish for the task, but he accepted it as a duty incident to his range citizenship; a duty so fundamental and momentous that he felt unjustified in attempting its evasion. In this he had no element of blood lust. His obligations, his motives and his actions were on all-fours with those which today, in criminal cases, are exhibited by the prosecuting attorneys, the judges and the sheriffs throughout America.

More than an occasional cowboy unlimbered his artillery at horse thieves or at sheepmen; and this without his being at the time a member of any vigilance committee. He had legitimate excuse for attacking horse thieves, in as much as, in every part of Texas and the West, horse stealing, because it insured for the robbed man a death from thirst in an arid country, was ranked as tantamount to murder, and was allotted the same punishment.

The puncher's assault on sheepmen was indorsed by cattlemen in general, provided his shooting had been done for the purpose of driving the grass-destroying, cattle-stampeding sheep from such sections of the grazing lands as the cattlemen had previously decreed to be reserved exclusively for cattle and horses. Range cattle regarded sheep as enemies; and not only would not graze in their vicinity, but also would stampede at sight or scent of their woolly bodies. The cattlemen, having been the pioneers upon the ranges, regarded the later-arriving sheepmen as interlopers.

However, in the vast majority of the disputes between cattlemen and sheepmen, not bullets, but chin music, burning of grass and stampeding of livestock were the weapons used.

So intense was the cowboys' prejudice against the bleating flocks, that many of the men disdained to eat either lamb or mutton; "sheep meat," as they contemptuously styled these viands.

Now and again, punchers drew their guns and committed murder; but these killings, ordinarily a distillate of drunkenness, were relatively few enough to warrant only the scantiest of present-day attention. If the unanimous opinion of many old-time ranchmen be credible, murders on the old-time cattle range were, in proportion to its population, less numerous during the cowboy's era than they have been in more recent years.

It is true that here and there in Texas and the West were persons who exercised unpleasant liberality in the dispersal of their missiles, and were entitled to notches on their gun butts. These persons were the so-called bad men, some of them two-gunned, some of them long-haired. But there were not many of them at any one time; and, save in markedly isolated instances, the career of none of them was more than very brief. In the main, they were products, not of the cattle range, but of the slums of Eastern cities, of the exits of penitentiaries, and of the bummer contingents in the armies of the Civil War. So far as they were of Texan or Western origin, they not uncommonly were the result of the mating of degenerate white men with debased women of either Indian or negro blood. Modern psychology would class most of them as feeble-minded.

So long as in their murders they limited their victims to people of their own stamp—and this they were apt to do—the public offered no interference; but, if and when they slew anyone of good repute, the public promptly produced either some noisy hardware or a bit of rope. And thereupon, our long-haired friend, if hardware were the instrument invoked, received a third eyehole. Otherwise he would be "guest of honor at a string party," and would there "play cat's cradle with his neck."

How the Puncher Got His Reputation

WITH the exception of these bad men, Texans and Westerners were not disposed to bloodletting. Even such of them as were horse thieves refrained ordinarily from shooting, unless it were done in self-defense. They appreciated that shooting was apt to be an invitation to the vigilance committee, and that oftentimes the doings of this committee were incurable.

As one brand blotcher observed, "Bein' dead is kind o' crampin' to a feller's style in rustlin'."

The punchers earned a stigma through their occasional shooting up of cow towns; but they were given, on this score, a stigma blacker than the one they merited, because the motive of their shooting was almost universally not to kill or injure people, but merely to make noise. With the exuberance of youth, a puncher demanded immediate outlet for his nerves as soon as he, by arriving in the cow town, had completed the cattle drive. Thus impelled, the aiming of his gun was frequently perverted by liquor, and still more frequently by the auto-intoxication derived wholly from pleasure and excitement.

With pistol aim perverted, and with carefulness temporarily dethroned by rampant enthusiasm, he, at times, unthinkingly caused death or suffering. However, he was not unique in this quality of recklessness; for, since his day, have not students at various American universities been known, after an athletic victory, to do things that far from commended themselves to the professors, the police and the fire-insurance companies?

Real Cowpunchers at Real Work in a Real Cow Country

If the puncher is to be accurately evaluated, he must be measured in terms not solely of his occasional days of roistering in the towns, but also of his continuous months of manliness upon the range.

Unlike the bad man, the cowboy almost never packed more than a single gun. Not only was a second gun cumbrous, but it denoted a state of war or of armed neutrality. The wearer of two guns had, when among strangers, to be most circumspect in the motions of his hands.

Getting the drop, and then not firing, was what the Texan and the Westerner, unlike the synthetic puncher,

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Getting Ready for the Fourth of July at Mandan, North Dakota

rarely bothered to attempt. Usually the Texan or the Westerner when he seriously drew a weapon did so with the purpose of giving "a lead ticket to Gehenna Junction."

The employment of the pistol as a means of admonishing strangers' feet and inviting them to dance, or as an instrument for either lancing hats or snuffing barroom lamps occurred so seldom as to have amounted to little more than the foundation of amusing legend; but it has become, upon both the movie screen and the printed page, one of the cowboy's diurnal functions.

Uneconomic

PERSISTENT tradition among cattlemen limits its occurrence to the Mexican border, and to such other places as either held a drunken frolic or harbored a tenderfoot of unbearable self-assertiveness.

The subject of shooting at people's feet was thus disposed of by Jim Maginness: "Happen much? Naw. With boots fifteen dollars a pair an' ca'tridges six bits a box, it warn't economic." Jim also circumscribed the legend of the lamp snuffing. "Occur often? Naw, acause the boys wasn't interested none in the likker the shooter was freightin' in his crop; an' they couldn't chamber their own likker comfortable in the dark."

In his treatment of the pistol, the actual cowboy differed in another respect from the synthetic puncher. The actual cowboy seldom touched his weapon or its holster unless to draw and shoot. Witless fondling might invite a shot from elsewhere.

As Tazewell Woody remarked, "Fingerin' the gun you're totin' isn't motion, it's suicide."

The actual puncher, unlike the synthetic cowboy, made no exhibitions of fantastic, profitless noosings with a *reata*. In fact, the *crinolina*, as well as the catching of several animals within a single noose, and all the other ingenious but futile loops and spirals of present-day Wild West Shows had not been as yet invented when the open range was in its heyday.

The real cowboy, unlike his synthetic rival, spent little if any time in rescuing maidens. His abstention from this delectable pastime was due in no way to absence of chivalric impulse, but wholly to lack of material available for melodramatic succor. The fact was that, save upon the ranches in Southern Texas and within the limits of the cow towns, there were very few women in the cattle country. The cattle country was overwhelmingly masculine in population.

Nevertheless, when the women of the ranches, whether Texan or elsewhere, needed aid, the men of the range rallied to them. Feminine need for relief rarely arose except during Indian forays, or when illness or injury struck home. Nowhere could there have been found nurses more solicitous than in the little group of punchers who engineered a travois throughout its snow-swept bumping journey, and insured that the travois' burden of an uncomplaining pain-racked woman should reach the hospital, a hundred miles or more away. Toward pure womanhood the actual puncher had what amounted to reverence.

Because of the lack of women on the range, the interior of the average ranch house was as woefully untidy as any man could wish. Sweeping was practiced in homeopathic fashion, but dusting was an unknown art. And as for cooking—at most of the establishments, the cooks were amateurs. Selah! Because of his athletic life, however, the cowboy had an indestructible digestion.

The actual cowboy though not equaling the synthetic puncher in alcoholic drinking, kept pace with him in gambling and outdistanced him in profanity.

In alcoholic drinking, the actual cowboy was under a handicap, for he was given but infrequent chance to gratify his bent, if any. There ordinarily was little liquor at the

PHOTO BY COURTESY OF NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILWAY

Vesuvius Registering an Objection

ranches, since the life there was too dangerous to permit of inebriety. The puncher's only opportunities for drinking were the visits to town, made, as a matter of course, immediately after the fall round-up and occurring at rare intervals at other times: the semiannual visits to other ranges to assist in their round-ups, and also the very occasional holiday celebrations at the ranch where he was employed, or at another ranch within attainable distance.

A Long Time Between Drinks

DURING these semiannual visits to other ranges, he was accorded a modest amount of alcoholic welcome by the local ranch owners; this partly out of these owners' innate hospitality that extended to all visitors, and partly out of their hope that he, as rep—representative—of an alien outfit, might be the more forgiving toward whatever bad treatment the straying livestock of his ranch had received upon the ranges of his hosts. For this combined purpose of entertainment and of prudence, each ranch, before its round-up period, was apt to acquire a small amount of drinkables. But, all in all, the average cowboy was no more prone to inebriety than was the average American of his day.

The actual cowboy tended to gamble recklessly: because, after saddle, bridle, rope, quirt, slicker, bed roll, chaps, hat, spurs and gun were paid for, there was nothing necessary to purchase except tobacco, cartridges and, from time to time, a renewal pair of boots and pants—pants they were, he scorned to style them trousers. He was not called upon to buy any of the horses that he rode. His employer provided them. Consequently, his money was of so little value to him that he threw it to the winds. He was

(Continued on Page 213)

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American Riders Arriving at the Wembley Exposition

FADED AND GONE

By Frank Condon

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

A TRIO of adventuring gentlemen sat in the Mexican sunshine, thoroughly becalmed and thoroughly convinced that there was no truth in the report that Tia Juana was seething with money and easy profits. One of the gentlemen was Harmony Childs, another was Omar Gill, I was the third; and the three of us were ready to return to America.

"I think we'd better go to San Goleta," Harmony ruminated, sitting on a cracker box and looking at the scenery.

"What for?" Omar demanded.

"Well, it isn't far. That's one reason. I know Bill Donovan. That's two. We may again in San Goleta resume the quaint custom of eating. You want any more reasons?"

"Maybe you're right," Omar admitted. "I know one thing—I don't care for Mexican women. I used to hear a good deal of blather about the lovely señoritas, but as far as I can see, these native daughters are just heavily brunet persons that want to sell you rugs."

"So it will be all right with you if we leave?" Harmony asked in wasted sarcasm.

"Sure," said Omar. "Let's go."

That night we were on our way back to the U. S. A., which, in spite of all that has been said, is a pretty fair spot to come back to. Arriving at San Goleta on the stroke of noon, we looked up Bill Donovan, found his real-estate office, but missed him. He had gone to lunch, they told us, and it had a cheerful sound, because at the instant lunch was to us merely a five-letter word meaning something associated with noon. We said we would return; and started for a stroll to see what manner of town this was.

In the minor supplementary statistics, San Goleta is given a population of twenty thousand, and most of them own motorboats and catch fish for a living, or otherwise traffic on the sea, for San Goleta is a bustling port, with one main street which wanders along the water's edge. On one side are the town's shops. On the other, you notice piers, smacks, fish nets, anchors and marine impedimenta of a miscellaneous character.

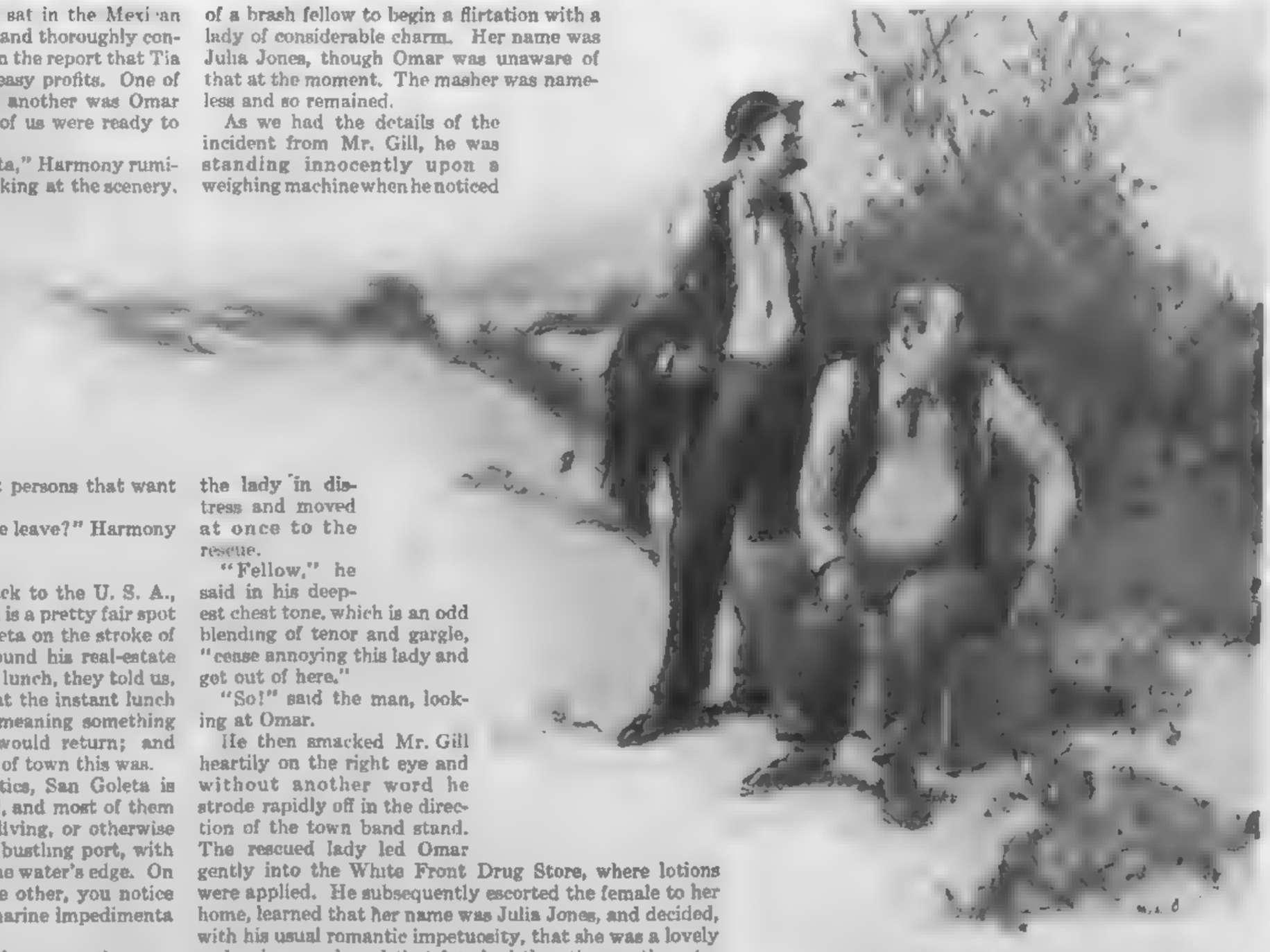
Harmony and I lingered to study a large swarthy man in overalls while he weighed a whale, or at least what seemed to me a whale. And while we were thus pleasantly occupied, maybe for the space of six minutes, Omar Gill stepped into his first embarrassment in San Goleta. He disappeared dramatically, and later, at the main corner of the town, he observed with stern disapproval the attempt of a brash fellow to begin a flirtation with a lady of considerable charm. Her name was Julia Jones, though Omar was unaware of that at the moment. The masher was nameless and so remained.

As we had the details of the incident from Mr. Gill, he was standing innocently upon a weighing machine when he noticed the lady in distress and moved at once to the rescue.

"Fellow," he said in his deepest chest tone, which is an odd blending of tenor and gargle, "cease annoying this lady and get out of here."

"So!" said the man, looking at Omar.

He then smacked Mr. Gill heartily on the right eye and without another word he strode rapidly off in the direction of the town band stand. The rescued lady led Omar gently into the White Front Drug Store, where lotions were applied. He subsequently escorted the female to her home, learned that her name was Julia Jones, and decided, with his usual romantic impetuosity, that she was a lovely and unique soul, and that fate had thus thrown them together. Fate has been throwing Omar together with women for twenty-two years this autumn, and, if it really is fate, I would say offhand that as a thrower fate has plenty of speed but not much control.



"I Think We'd Better Go to San Goleta," Harmony Ruminated, Sitting on a Cracker Box

It was Harmony's innocent intention to approach Bill Donovan, borrow a small sum of money, if possible, and leave San Goleta with the last rays of the declining sun. The three of us, Omar staggering along behind with his new purple eye, entered the Donovan office later in the day and caught him red-handed selling bungalow sites to a Cincinnatian.

"My old friend, Harmony Childs," roared Bill, in what seemed to be tones of enthusiasm.

"The same," Harmony admitted. "And flat broke. These two are Omar and George."

"You need money?" boomed Bill. "You always did, Harmony. And you sure hit the right town when you came to San Goleta, the fastest-growing city in America today, where opportunity beckons the young, where dimes turn into dollars overnight and where a small sum judiciously invested now will reap a reward ——"

"Listen," said Harmony, interrupting. "You're not selling anything to us, you know. If real estate was five cents a block, the three of us combined couldn't buy a home site for a telephone booth. That's the way we are. How are you fixed financially?"

"Fine!" said Bill. "But I am not going to give you money. Instead, I will open to you the doors of magnificent opportunity. What, do you suppose, does this town need most that it has not now got?"

"Policemen on street corners," said Omar bitterly.

"No," said Bill; "a newspaper."

"A newspaper?" we said in unison.

"A daily newspaper," continued Bill, "which will proclaim to the world the true glories of San Goleta. This town is growing. I own vacant real estate. I am a local booster and I am prepared to pay the bills, which will not be large."

"You don't mean you want us to run this newspaper for you?" Harmony demanded.

"Exactly. We have a vacant store waiting, and a press; not a new or modern press, but one that will work, and it was left where it is by a competent but slightly alcoholic printer, who is still hanging around town. I will see that your living expenses are paid. Advertising can be had from the local merchants. With industry and intelligent effort you can make the paper pay."

"You're a cockeyed lunatic," said Harmony.

"All right," said Bill. "I am trying to help an old friend and his friends. You reject my offer. The door closes on a catch without slamming."

"One moment," interrupted Omar, removing his hand from his bruise and looking as thoughtful as a one-eyed man can look. "You say you'll pay our room rent and arrange our board, Mr. Donovan?"

"Until the paper begins to make money."

"Well, if I can be the editor of this newspaper, I'll go into it. I never was an editor and it sounds interesting."

"No," grunted Harmony, who is usually our deciding voice.

I had been reflecting.

"Yes," I said suddenly.

"Why?" our leader demanded.

"Because I'm tired of moving around on an empty stomach. Let's settle down here a while and be respectable."

There ensued a hot discussion of whether we would or whether we wouldn't, and Harmony was outvoted. He threw up his hands and the verdict was to remain in San Goleta, take charge of the daily newspaper and run it in the interest of civic betterment and, incidentally, Bill's vacant lots.

We decided to call our newspaper the San Goleta Sun, and Bill helped us get it ready for the public. Harmony, of course, was to be the actual editor, and began writing editorials immediately, although Omar Gill stuck to his original demands and insisted that he be the recognized official head no matter who did the work.

"You are Not a Fighter, Omar," She Said

We found the dissolute wretch who had previously owned the press and knew how to run it, and on a certain brilliant Monday morning the enterprise was launched and the leading editorial informed the townspeople that they now had a regular paper, the same as Sioux City, Boston and Akron, Ohio.

Meantime Omar waxed pop-eyed and enthusiastic over the charms of Miss Julia Jones and began officially calling at her home, carrying flowers. We settled in comfortable rooms, bought new clothes with advance money and began to feel quietly decent like a notary public or a letter carrier.

Our new business moved along without untoward incident until we came to our first effort to improve San Goleta. Harmony surveyed the local situation, consulted with the buxom president of the San Goleta Women's Club, and decided that the town might be more sanitary than it was, and that one of the eyesores was the fish shop owned by Abraham Black, a retired sea captain. The captain was undoubtedly careless about what he did with deceased fish and parts of fish which remained unsold, and one was aware of Abraham's place of business while still far off and coming down the street.

Harmony wrote a vigorous editorial headed Clean Up San Goleta, and in it he declared in so many words that if Captain Black did not improve his fish manners and cease from messing up the town, certain steps would be taken. They were.

Mr. Black, who was a hoarse, rosy-cheeked mariner, walked into the office of the Sun.

"Where's the editor?" he asked, in a deceptively pleasant voice.

"Right here," replied Omar, who by chance happened to be alone in the office at the time.

"And that's all I said," Omar stated hours later, piecing the plaintive tale together and moving querulously beneath his bandages.

It transpired that Captain Black was a person of few words. He threw his right fist directly at Omar and it landed. He then threw the other fist, and without removing either his hat or his coat, he slapped Mr. Gill around the room with great gusto, knocking chairs from the moorings and breaking ink bottles.

"That'll learn you to talk about me," said Captain Black, wiping his hands and leaving the office. Omar remained in a reclining posture beneath a carpenter's bench where he had been tossed by the cyclone. He was picked up by Joe, the printer, who wiped him carefully with press waste and spoke kind words. Harmony and I returned from a business conference.

"They can't intimidate me," Harmony remarked, when he had heard the story of assault. "We started to run this newspaper and we're going to run it."

"Sure!" said Omar thickly. "Whether I get killed or not."

In no time at all, the whole town was talking about the thrashing given the Sun editor by Cap'n Black. Julia Jones heard of the outrage and observed the signs of recent skirmish on Omar when he called with his flowers.

"Never mind," she consoled him. "You were trying to do what was right."

However, there must have been a wistful something in her manner, for, after all, no lady wishes to see her swain of the moment battered up by any irate passer-by; and Julia had twice seen Mr. Gill socked without visible reprisals.

"You are not a fighter, Omar," she said.

"I am not a runner, either," he replied. "Which makes it hard to answer."

Nothing further of an ominous character happened until the incident of the Ginsburg lodging house on Descanso Street. The newspaper business boomed meantime. I collected advertising and news items. Omar bossed our printer. Harmony wrote editorials and began an ambitious serial story, which was a rattling good idea and aroused considerable interest among the townsmen, especially when the serialist finally got all his characters together in a room on the roof of a high burning building with no possible way of escape and left them there to roast en casserole.

"This serial is now ended," he said suddenly. He had been dashing it off from day to day, one leap ahead of publication.

"You can't end a serial that way," I observed mildly.

"I can't, hey? It is ended, I just told you."

"I've read a lot of serials in my time," I said, "and I don't remember a single one of them that ended with all the people frying on a tin roof."

"All right," snorted the boss. "If you're so touchy, you end it. I know when I'm through. I'm going to say, 'To be continued later,' only I don't have to say how much later."

"There will be no more serials," remarked Omar, who was slowly recovering his spirits. "Somebody will be poking me in the eye for not winding it up right. From now on you stick to editorials."

So Harmony gave up serials and penned an impassioned editorial about the Ginsburg lodging house, which was certainly a disgrace to San Goleta and would have been closed up except for political reasons. The editorial urged the police department to put an immediate end to the vicious activities of Mr. Rudy Ginsburg, and Harmony was quite justified in everything he said. There were suspicious doings at Rudy's. Sailors were mysteriously chucked aboard outgoing ships—sometimes by force, it was said. There was a bootlegging atmosphere about the place, and there was not a bathtub in the building.

Harmony wrote a strong denunciation of the man and his malodorous institution and went home early in the afternoon for a nap, and Rudy Ginsburg sauntered into the editorial sanctum. Without even bothering to ask Mr. Gill if he was the editor, he took an easy stance and hit Omar with what was later described as a short hook to the jaw.

In his youthful days Mr. Ginsburg had been a professional pugilist and had enjoyed considerable repute. It was seen that he had forgotten virtually nothing of his art, and in five minutes the Sun office again looked like a shambles, with paper weights sticking in the ceiling. Omar knows nothing about dodging uppercuts. Every punch started by the indignant Ginsburg landed on something, and when the ceremony was over, Mr. Gill, in ring parlance, was out, a pale, battered figure, flat upon the floor, with his suspenders broken in three places.

Rudy went back to his lodging business, and this time it was actually necessary to remove the stricken editor to the Mercy Hospital, where deft surgeons sewed him together and light-fingered nurses helped him sit up in bed and sip warm milk. He was discharged when able to walk and reported at our office

"I quit," he said, limping in and falling into his chair.

"What for?" Harmony asked.

"I'm not rugged enough for this job," said the little man. "I like San Goleta. It's a good town. I've got a girl here, a nice girl, too, but I can't go on. I'm all through being editor of the Sun."

"There is something in what you say," Harmony admitted. "Still and all, Bill Donovan hasn't advanced us any money and we can't go away. He wouldn't like to have us step out."

"If we don't step out, they'll carry me out," Omar continued gloomily. "You can be the editor. I will, from now on, be an obscure figure in the printing business."

Again the town smiled cheerily over the minor mishaps of modern journalism and Bill Donovan came in to discuss this and that.

"We're about to quit," Harmony said in a discouraged tone. "We feel that the business has too many complications; and anyhow, Omar is gradually wearing out."

"Yes," murmured Omar. "You didn't tell me part of the job was spending the week-ends in hospitals."

"Oh, shucks!" said Bill. "You're taking this thing too seriously. You have a sweetheart here, haven't you?"

"I had," mourned Omar. "I probably lost her by now. No self-respecting girl is going to be friends with a person that gets socked by anybody who happens to feel strong. I'm no fighter. I never was."

"I certainly hate to see you boys quit," Bill asserted. "San Goleta is a grand town and it needs a newspaper."

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Mr. Gill, in Ring Parlance, Was Out—a Pale, Battered Figure, Flat Upon the Floor

RASCOVAR, CITIZEN

Behind the Door Stood Three Men, Their Ears Bent and Their Air Sly. One Was the Bridegroom of the Night Before

By Maximilian Foster

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

THERE had been a party the night before—a wedding in the back room of a saloon around the corner; and today being Sunday, Rascovar slept late in his furnished room down by the railroad yard. Noon long had passed before he ungummed his eyes and awoke. As the big Slav—he was one of the Central Europe sort—rolled over on the bed a growl escaped him, the growl thick. Having been up most of the night, he had planned to sleep the clock around, perhaps till the morning following; and now under his window a yard shifter had gone to work, sorting out a string of empties for the steel plant. True, had he been as drunk as he was usually on Saturday nights and Sundays, he might have slept on through the racket. But that was the trouble, he wasn't—not drunk enough anyway; and as the engine clattered to and fro over the switch points, the brake beams and couplings of the train clanking thunderously as the cars crashed together, Rascovar swore again. He was a loader at the blast furnace down the river bank.

The bedroom was at the back, up a flight of dark, rambling stairs. There were a bed and one chair in the room; and light and air were supplied to it by a single window, this, as has been indicated, opening on the railroad yard below. However, since the twin hygienic needs of sunshine and ventilation seldom concerned the roomer, the window is mentioned only as a detail. Knowing that night air is dangerous to a sleeper, Rascovar kept the window shut tight while he slept; and as for sunshine—or any lack of it—that was unimportant. The room was used only to sleep in, under which circumstances the less sunlight the better, what? So Rascovar figured, anyway, and the feeling was shared by his roommates.

There were two of these, each his own nationality. A Slav and thus endowed with the strong pride of racial superiority, naturally it's not to be supposed he would demean himself by rooming with—wops, say, or much less, hunkies. In fact, the mere sight of a hunky filled Rascovar with hate, though why he could not have told. The feeling was perhaps innate, an instinct bred through ages of tradition, not to mention war and rapine. Like others of his traits, it was a proud heritage, though for other nationalities he felt only contempt, this including the native-born, the Americans. Swine, fools, these last. Some day, he, Rascovar, meant to show the fat pigs something, though let that go now. What one might wonder at the moment was that even if one of such high heritage should share his bedroom with others, how the bedroom let it be possible. However, though there was but one bed—this, too, a single bed—the solution is simple, it being that the steel works operated on a three-shift day, each shift a span of eight hours; so that when one sleeper rose to go to work another took his place in the bed.

In short, the bed was never cold. It was occupied, as were all beds in the house, every hour in the twenty-four.

One might pause to dwell on this. Here in the United States, anyway, the native looks on the bed he sleeps in daily as something his own, strictly personal; but in the lodging where Rascovar lived the viewpoint was less restricted. There were eight rooms in the house, these including the kitchen; and in the eight, the kitchen included, were fourteen beds. All in turn were fully utilized, the place housing thirty-eight lodgers, not counting Steve Cavvitch, the proprietor, Mrs. Cavvitch and her seven offspring also. In fact, after a round of the house one felt like the well-known traveler to St. Ives—the one who met the man accompanied by his wives and their cats; though this, perhaps, has little to do with Rascovar. A detail that also requires explanation is that he still was occupying the bed when his allotted eight-hour use of it long had expired. However, this is as simple as the other. At eight o'clock that morning when the rightful tenant had tried to get into the bed with him, Rascovar had kicked him out on the floor. Now, using his boots for a pillow, the fellow lay snoring in a corner; though this, too, is merely a detail. His eyes sulky, Rascovar glowered at the cracked ceiling over his head.

He had not bothered to undress—not much, anyway. Having removed his coat and pants, drowsiness had oppressed him, so that he had flung himself on the bed as he was. He still had on his shoes, though he usually removed these when he slept. Now, as if conscious of it, he abruptly wriggled his feet, at the same time glancing down his nose toward them with a perplexed scowl. Had he been drunk when he turned in, he would have understood why he still wore the shoes; but no, that was the trouble again, a reason for both his perplexity and surliness. Never had a wedding been so stupid—little to drink, the little, weak slops at that; and there had been, too, only a couple of fights to help pass the time. True, in one of the fights Rascovar himself had figured; though it hadn't amounted to much.

The fight, it seemed, had been with the bridegroom, a skip loader at the blast furnace. It happened when the beer ran low. The bride, a fat square-faced girl, served the drinks. She had a pitcher in one hand and a soup plate in the other; and to get a drink you first had to put a quarter in the plate. It was the same when you had a dance with her; though that was nothing unusual, it being the practice at these weddings. What enraged Rascovar was the quality of the beer. A glass wasn't worth a quarter or anything like it; besides which, he was nearly broke, a big drunk the week before having cleaned him out. However, that hadn't kept him from getting a lion's share of the beer, flat and weak as it might be, and even though he was almost broke.

The quarters collected by the bride were to help her go to housekeeping; and, as Rascovar saw, when she danced she emptied the soup plate into a pocket in her wedding dress. It was quite full of nickels, dimes and twenty-five-cent pieces; and asking her to dance, he found he could slip a hand into her pocket and help himself to a handful. She was too tipsy to notice anything; but just as Rascovar was helping himself to a second handful of her dowry, the bridegroom detected what was taking place. With a roar he'd flung himself on the guest.

Stretched out on the bed, Rascovar gave another grunt. Then he yawned. A head taller than the bridegroom and

about twice as broad, he was methodically battering the fellow to a pulp, meaning to leave him wondering whether it was his funeral instead of his wedding he'd attended, when the other guests had taken a hand. In fact, it's hard to say whether Rascovar had been more outraged than bewildered. It was his fight, wasn't it? If you fought, too, others stood and looked on, didn't they? Last night, though, when he had felled his man with a skillful kick the whole crowd had made a rush.

Stupefied, Rascovar had fallen back against the wall. Still stupid, he was gaping at the others when someone snatched the beer pitcher from the screaming bride and hurled it at his head. The pitcher crashed against the wall, drenching him with sour slops; and dazed, he'd wiped the liquor from his face. What was wrong with the fellows? Why was it they should try to stop a fight before it finished? Were they crazy? There had been another fight earlier on, he remembered; and this, too, they had stopped. They must be getting soft, Americanized! Snatching up a chair, he had begun to lay about him right and left when there was an uproar outside, a banging on the door. Then someone yelled, "*Politz!*"—the police; and as the lights blinked out, the crowd made a rush for the back door and windows.

Rascovar went too. He had no wish to fall afoul of the police; they might ask to see his papers. Anyway, having landed originally in Canada on a forged passport, afterwards he had sneaked across the border into the U. S. without any papers at all. The police raid, however, turned out to have been a false alarm. It was merely Big Mike, the barroom proprietor, who had banged on the door to make them quiet; and discovering this and discovering, too, that the beer keg was empty, in his disgust Rascovar kicked over the table on which was spread the wedding supper of sausage, bread, sliced onions and coffee cake. Then he slouched up the alley and went home.

It was some satisfaction, of course, to have wrecked the wedding—the party, anyway, was no *dobrij*—no good. But what his mind dwelt on most was the way they'd stopped the fight. Was it really so that they were getting soft, *Amerikanisch?* Bah!

Of late he'd often debated this. Soft, eh, what? Well, you might think as much. Some, at any rate, were as if they could no longer call themselves men. If they got drunk it was in private only—behind doors and, so to speak, as if afraid. The same was true, too, when they beat their wives. You had to beat a woman, didn't you, to make her respect you? Only a while ago a fellow he knew had given his woman a little dressing down to teach her something; and as soon as she'd been able to stand up and walk she'd gone to a court and had him arrested. When he got out he had been so scared he hadn't given her a real thrashing, what she needed. Why, if he'd been an American it couldn't have been worse!

For a third time Rascovar grunted in disgust. It would have been difficult, in fact, to measure the depth of his contempt. He knew these Americans. At times, too, when he had nothing better to do, just for the sheer enjoyment of his disgust he slouched uptown to the quarter where they lived. The sight increased his contempt. All of them looked washed out, unhealthy—as if they spent most of their days scrubbing off themselves the last crumb of honest dirt. He'd heard, too, that they even had tubs in their houses into which they got sometimes as much as once a week, sometimes more. And as if this didn't satisfy them, there were their houses which they seemed to scrub the way they scrubbed themselves. How he had laughed once at a sight he'd seen! It was of a woman with a bucket and a mop scrubbing off a set of front steps; and when she'd finished this—she had mopped off the public sidewalk also! How he had laughed. Think of washing off a public sidewalk, a street! As if streets and sidewalks weren't a place to throw things people didn't want. After that, Rascovar lost any fear he may have felt of such people.

He had still to be careful, of course—there was, for example, the matter of his papers. But when one of the fools spoke to him, even if it was a boss at the furnace, he no longer cringed. In fact, a couple of times already he had shown what a man he was by elbowing some of them off the sidewalk into the gutter. They were alone of course; and they weren't such big fellows maybe; but he felt satisfied. It showed what he felt, didn't it?

It did of course; and though, had he tried anything like that on anyone above him in the Central European place he came from he would have been beaten to a pulp, here it proved different. This—bah!—was America

One thing leads to another; and naturally, with his contempt, his sense of dominant race superiority now assured, Rascovar thought other thoughts. Who were these fellows that they should enjoy ease while he must toil? Why, in brief, should fellows like these have their pockets lined with dollars when he must sweat just to keep himself in beer? Thus, at nights and on his days off now, Rascovar had taken to pounding the tables in the back rooms he frequented, his huge fist crashing an emphasis to the question he asked his mates. Were they men or not? Had they themselves not created by their work what these others enjoyed? Should they go on toiling, or should they take what by right was theirs?

Right, yes—might also. Let men like himself, like Rascovar, stand up together once; and these washed-out, no-good Amerikaners would run squealing. Besides, were they not far outnumbered? You could see it for yourself at the blast furnace, the rolling mills, the automobile plants and other works where for every one of them there were a hundred good fellows like himself. True, of late, the Amerikaners, becoming afraid, had shut down on letting good men like Rascovar come into the country—yes, as if they had any right to say whether he and his friends shouldn't come if they liked!

Just the same, these countrymen of his still were getting in—fine fellows like himself and others; and they would show the fools something pretty soon.

First, he would help himself to a good house. In his rambles uptown he had picked out the house in fact. It was a big place, with lace curtains in the window, and outside was a porch with chairs. He wouldn't live in the house of course—not long anyway; since who but a fool would wish to dwell in any stupid country like this? Once he had helped himself to what he wished and was rich, he'd go back to Central Europe. Over there he meant to buy himself a place and become a noble. People would have to work for him and he would make them sweat, too; trust Rascovar

It was fine to be a noble. All you did was to eat and to fill your skin with wine, and everyone you met got off the sidewalk into the gutter to let you pass or, if they didn't, you kicked them into it. Just the same, before he went home this house he'd picked out for himself uptown would be useful. He would live in it while he was helping himself to the things he wanted, enjoying himself while he did so.

Outside, with a final hoot the yard shifter had snatched the empties out of the storage track; and now at full tilt it was scuttling up the line, heading for the steel plant. Beyond that a streak of blue water glinted and rippled in the sunlight—the river; while across was the Canadian shore, another town on its bank and, far in the back, a glimpse of green countryside. The river, the sunshine and the fields did not interest him though. Below the window was the back yard belonging to the boarding house.

Rubbish filled it—the garbage and other waste flung from the door and windows overlooking it—and in the center was the pump where the boarders washed and from which the house supply of drinking water was drawn. Rascovar's eye wandered on. Against the board fence at the back stood a packing case faced with slats, and in front of the crate was a small boy, one of Cavvitch's brood. He had on a wide-brimmed felt hat, short khaki trousers with the knees bare, and a khaki shirt, the collar of which was knotted round with a red polka-dotted kerchief; and grunting, Rascovar peered down at him.

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"You No Fool Me!" Cursed the Fellow Again. "You Row That Way, Not This!"

GAME IN THE FOREGROUND

By Hal G. Evarts

The Parker-Brown Expedition Climbing Mt. McKinley, Alaska

THAT many of the outstanding characteristics of interior Alaska were unknown until a comparatively recent date is attested by the fact that not until 1896 did W. A. Dickey, a prospector, view the highest peak in North America and name it Mt. McKinley. In 1902-3 Alfred Brooks made a reconnaissance of the vicinity.

It was in 1903 that the polar explorer, Doctor Cook, penetrated the region and attempted to scale the peak, the expedition resulting in failure. Judge James Wickersham, accompanied by two others, made a trip to the mountain that same year and ascended to a fair height among the glaciers that clothe it, but without any intention of scaling it. Cook claimed to have made the top on his second trip in 1906. Bellmore Brown, Herschel Parker and Merl La Voy made the ascent in 1912, checking Cook's data and rephotographing certain scenes en route, establishing to their own satisfaction that Doctor Cook had scaled only the lower levels.

The crest of Mt. McKinley is more of a dome than a sharp peak. A severe storm caught La Voy and the others out on this dome and they wandered round, unable to see. Knowing that they had been out on top, yet believing that there might be some slight eminence on the dome that would prove to be a few feet higher than any attained during their investigation of it, and with Cook's statements fresh in mind, they did not claim to have made the actual top. Nevertheless mountain climbers generally credit them with the first ascent of McKinley.

Meanwhile, in 1910, Taylor, Anderson and Lloyd set forth to climb the North Peak of McKinley. Two of them made it; but, unfortunately, the one who remained in camp without attempting it returned first to the mining camps and claimed that the three of them had climbed it together, although admitting privately to his friends that he himself had not made the top. This threw some discredit on the statements of the others when they returned. This is the only ascent of the North Peak up to date.

In 1913 Harry Karsten and Hudson Stuck made the top of McKinley. This is credited as the first ascent except in such quarters as it is conceded to Brown, Parker and La Voy. During my stay in Alaska I put in considerable time with Judge Wickersham, Harry Karsten and Merl La Voy, and camped one night with Taylor, so I was treated to a first-hand account of each of those four expeditions.

Plenty of Four-Footed Scenery

MT. McKINLEY is the most northerly of our national parks. Savage Camp, on the river of that name, is located some fourteen miles from the railroad that stretches from Seward to Fairbanks. The dozen or so tents of the camp stand in the wind-swept open. The proposed road to somewhere near the base of the mountain is completed to a point only a little beyond Savage, and the average trip to the park at present consists of covering that stretch of road by auto, taking one meal in the dining tent of the camp, viewing the tip of Mt. McKinley, some eighty-five miles distant, and back to catch the train.

As one somewhat traveled man observed: "It's rather similar to being unloaded in the foothills near Pueblo and having Pike's Peak pointed out to one; or disembarking from the train near Great Falls, Montana, and being assured that the marvels of Glacier Park and the Canadian Rockies lie somewhere on beyond."

The countryside for many miles round Savage Camp is not scenic, but rather the reverse, which is also a matter of disappointment to some of the tourists. This is unavoidable in the case of half-day visitors, and will remain so until the road is completed; but it is rather an unfortunate state of affairs, since a fair percentage of the very few tourists depart with the erroneous impression that there is nothing much to see in Mt. McKinley Park.

In my own case, however, a marvelous scenic effect without game somewhere in the foreground has far less appeal than countryside that is drab scenically but which affords a view of game in the landscape. It was game, not scenery, that I had come to see; and within an hour of my arrival at Savage Camp I had located eighty-odd mountain sheep on a steep hillside some two miles distant. Training my glasses in the opposite direction I picked up two caribou. Son strayed into the brush and flushed two bunches of ptarmigans.

We were informed that there was a fox den a mile or more from camp, so Mrs. Evarts, Son and myself started out to locate it in the early evening. A red fox pup, more than half grown, was amusing himself on a rock bar. He retreated to the edge of the brush when we had approached to within fifty yards, another joining him there, and they regarded us curiously. Harry Karsten, superintendent of the park, joined us and we entered the brush near the den, which had several exits. One of the parent foxes slipped discreetly away; but the pups, accustomed to human proximity, since the den was so near the camp, paid small heed to us, but circled through the brush in their hunt for any small game that might come their way. One appeared within a dozen feet, viewed me with his head cocked on one side, then went on about his business. They were tense and alert in their hunting operations. Ground squirrels, rabbits and ptarmigans formed the greater part of their prey, as the evidence round the den revealed.

Almost as Surprised as the Cameraman. A Rocky Mountain Goat Study in a Canadian National Park

Twilight Serenade, by Ptarmigan

ON SUBSEQUENT occasions I tried to photograph these youngsters by stationing my camera and retiring to a point of vantage with the end of a thread trip in my hand. But even though I baited the vicinity with tempting delicacies, the pups declined to emerge from the den until there was insufficient light for a picture, and I had no flash-light apparatus with me.

This particular den had five pups, four reds and a cross, and there was another den of ten pups some four miles beyond; but these were wilder and could be viewed only through glasses from a distance.

That night a group of ptarmigans stationed themselves round our tent, at an hour when other birds had sought the roost, and indulged in all manner of tonal experiment. The vocal range of this bird is amazing. Its utterances in guttural effects put both the bittern and the bullfrog to shame. A man with a deep voice and a cigarette cough may imitate two of the ptarmigan's slang expressions by forcibly croaking in swift repetition: "Come here! Come here! Come here!" or "Look out! Look out! Look out!" By varying his inflection, sometimes with a trace of inquiry and a rising note at the end, again as a flatly voiced command, he can tune in harmoniously with a ptarmigan chorus—that is, he may carry the air, but the expert variations will still be beyond his range, and his efforts may call forth either a surprised note of approbation or a derisive chuckle from one of his fellow musicians.

Having seen a considerable amount of game during the day, including hares, squirrels and porcupines, besides the others enumerated, I listened to this booming ptarmigan serenade and was in no mood to fret about the unscenic aspects of the countryside.

After we had spent a few days at Savage, Harry Karsten returned in a small roadster stripped of everything that was detachable, including the fenders, and we headed off up the Savage River. One does not expect to hunt mountain sheep from an automobile, yet the nature of the country is such

that Karsten's car, by expert driving, was maneuvered upcountry for nine miles. The Savage was low, the bed solidly though roughly paved with rock bars, and the travel was largely by water, Karsten following the shallows, occasionally climbing the bank to crawl over a thicket of willows. I had done considerable driving through roadless areas in rolling sagebrush country in Wyoming, desert country in the Southwest, hunted by car over both prairie and sand-hill country in Western Kansas, mountaineered over mere trails, and so on, and was therefore familiar with the fact that a car can navigate almost any kind of country save bogs and marshes. The unique feature of this trip rested upon the fact that Karsten's flivver seemed perfectly at home in bogs, where I confidently expected to feel it settle and lose traction; but it slithered through to the sheep country at the head of the Savage.

PHOTO BY COURTESY OF CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

Two Brown Bears in Mt. McKinley Park

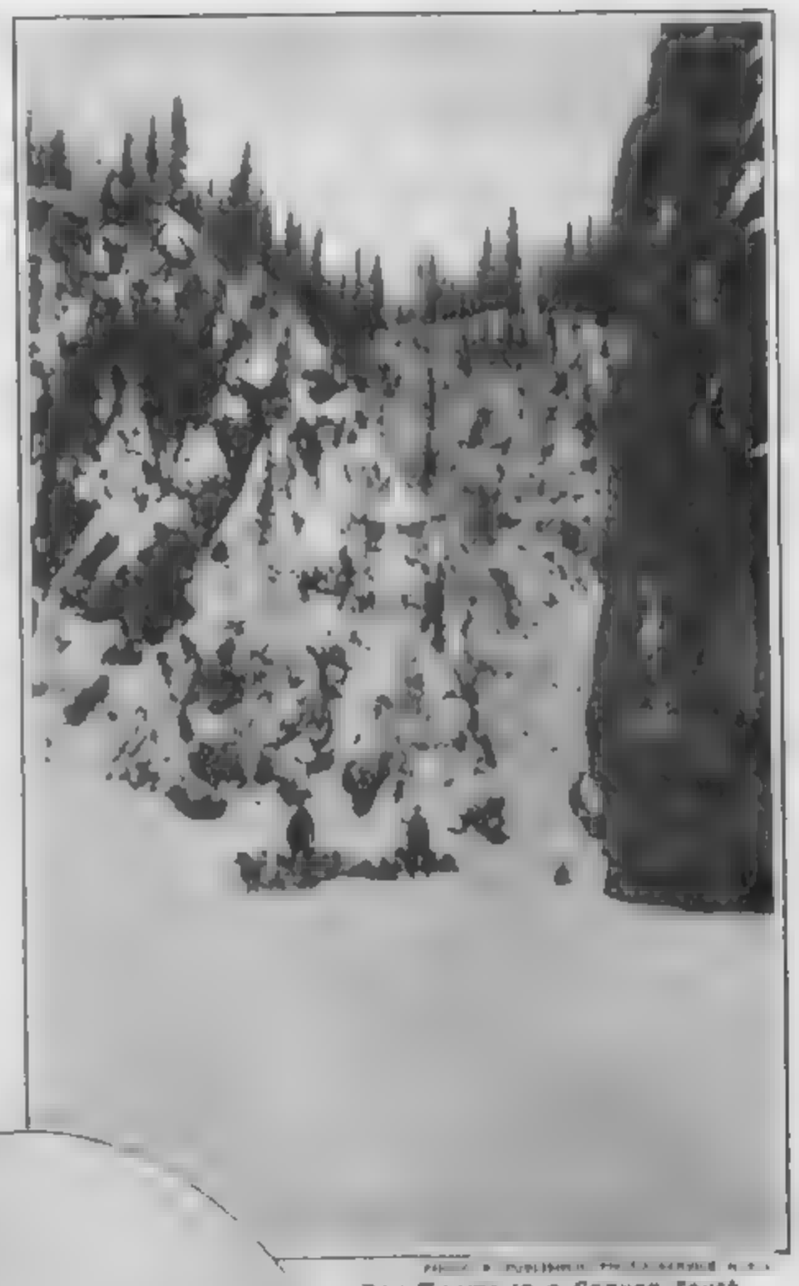
A Bureau of Biological Survey party had left a tent at this point, and Karsten deposited us there with sufficient food for several days. The hills rose in fan-shaped formation about us and every ridge held its quota of sheep. They left the rims and higher points and began feeding toward the bottoms, some of them within a few hundred yards. Here and there darker shapes moved about—caribou, scattered all over the landscape. A big bull with a gorgeous set of antlers sky-lined himself on a ridge to our left, another on an eminence back of camp. Thirty-odd caribou fed in a little side-hill basin a half mile away, and I could count some three hundred sheep from where I sat, none of them more than two miles distant.

Raising Wild Life on a Ranch

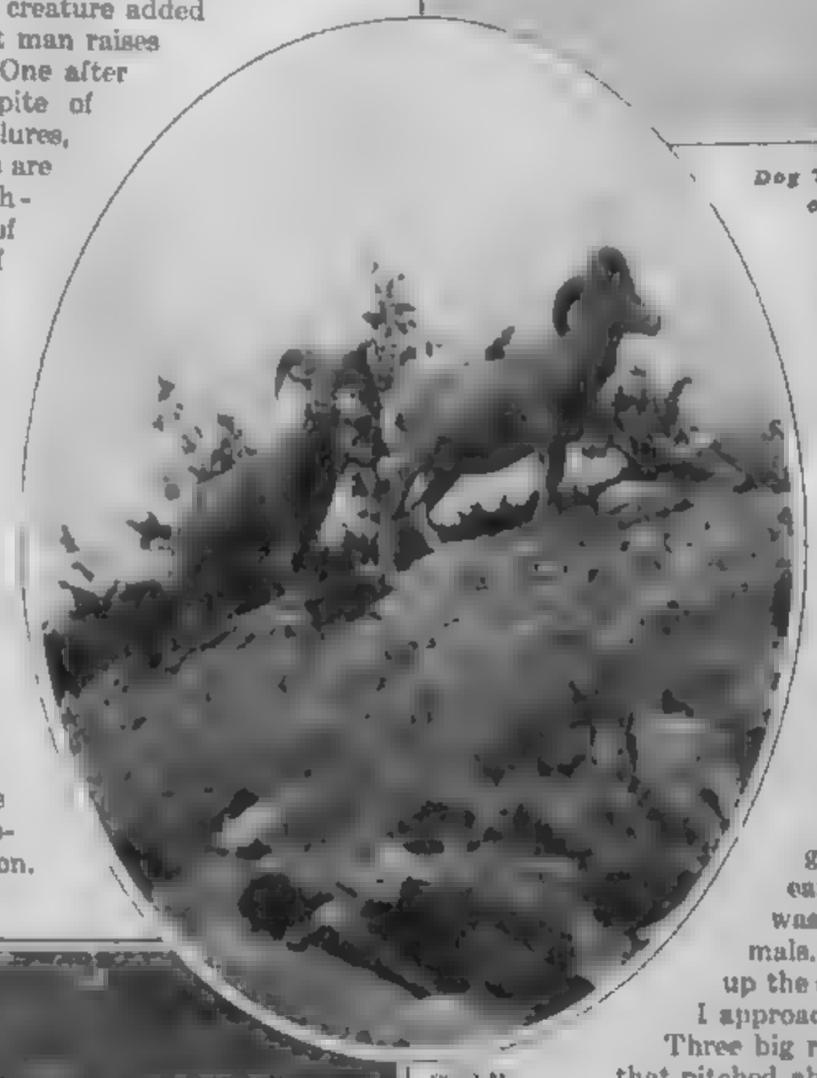
BRUSH had been stacked in two piles in the rear of the tent and upon this we bedded. A parka squirrel, fat and paunchy from good living, had made his burrow under the brush upon which Son was sleeping. With the first light this merry fellow emerged. I opened one eye; he stood within six inches of my nose and trilled a piercing note of inquiry. He visited all of us in turn and romped across our blanket-swathed forms. During breakfast his sensitive muzzle writhed ecstatically as he sampled the various odors of cooking; and before the meal was over he had overcome his shyness to the point where he would take food from our hands. The brush outside was alive with parka squirrels and I put out a bit of food in convenient spots. These fellows were somewhat more wary than the tent-dwelling squirrel, but I knew it would be only a matter of hours before they would accept us as friends.

We started up the main stream, holding to the bottoms and looking for game. The camp itself was above timber line, but not above brush line. Not many hundreds of feet above us, however, the brush played out, the green grass stretching on up beyond, then giving way to naked rock, which in turn was capped with snow at still higher levels. This is a great caribou crossing, and the camp had been established by the Bureau of Biological Survey in the hope of capturing a number of caribou bulls. The reindeer, imported from the Old World, cross freely with the native caribou, the latter being a much larger and finer animal, and it was the purpose to introduce these magnificent wild bulls into the domestic herds and so breed up the stock. The first attempt resulted in failure, as the bulls were so wild that they could not be handled successfully with the equipment at hand.

Every domestic animal known to man is the result of similar experiment with wild stock. Every year sees some new species of creature added to the list that man raises in captivity. One after another, in spite of numerous failures, our fur bearers are being ranch-raised. Scores of varieties of ducks, geese, pheasants and other birds, both foreign and native, are now successfully raised in captivity. Deer and bison—the latter animal even crossing with domestic cattle—are now raised under fence. Therefore, there does not seem to be any insurmountable obstacle to prevent the introduction of a few wild caribou bulls into herds already domesticated. But every such initial failure of an experiment rouses a sense of comedy among the skeptics, and this was no exception.



Dog Teams in a Canyon South of the Alaskan Range



As a matter of fact, caribou bulls frequently join reindeer herds. Lee Consadine, an Alaskan guide who had charge of a large reindeer herd, told me of several such incidents that had come under his own observation and showed photographic evidence in support of it. That reindeer desert to the caribou is equally certain, and I saw several such cases myself

We passed the wings of the caribou corral and a magnificent bull stood in a patch of moist trampled ground, his muzzle to the earth, evidently a salt lick that was visited by hundreds of animals. He lifted his head and raced up the slope, his flag waving aloft, as I approached to examine the spot.

Three big rams were bedded in a gulch that pitched abruptly down the face of the mountain. They held their ground as we passed within easy rifle range. Scores of sheep were sleeping on the bare black rocks above the grass line, their white coats looming distinctly against this somber background. We mounted the ridge and circled the heads of two small tributary creeks. For several hours we were never out of sight of both caribou and sheep. I failed to find any evidence of foxes, but did find a bear track that appeared to be several weeks old.

On the Trail of the Vanishing Grizzly

A FINE species of grizzly ranges this country. Some of their pelts are a very light cream color, others of a silvery hue. I saw skins in Fairbanks that were things of beauty, which is seldom true of bear hides, and I was anxious to view these creatures on their native heath. They were once very abundant in the Mt. McKinley section, but the open character of the country renders them a comparatively easy prey, and they have been shot down indiscriminately on the somewhat trifling grounds that, by breaking into prospectors' caches, they inflict sufficient damage to justify their extermination. This seems to have been very nearly accomplished in Mt. McKinley Park, for their numbers are few. We returned to camp at dusk, having seen several hundred head of sheep and caribou

(Continued on Page 226)

A Hunter Preparing to Take a Caribou to His Camp Near Mt. McKinley. In Oval—Mountain Sheep

THE FOX AND THE EGGS

Round and Round Went Hands—Swung by the Nose—Round and Round, Then Splash!

Being the Tale of a Man Who Couldn't Afford to be a Sportsman—By Roland Pertwee

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE TURNER

MANY of the inhabitants of Little Dole-Keynes were of opinion that Captain Greville's rash temper had been caused by the roughening influences of four years' active service. They were wrong. Captain Greville looked back on that time of travail, hardship and quick promotion with feelings of the liveliest regard. The mean postwar years were responsible for his ill humor. Since the Armistice, the world had treated him scurvily. Like many other brave men cast from the army, he had put his faith and his gratuity into a poultry farm and looked upon a company of three hundred buff Orpingtons to provide him with those creature comforts a man has a right to expect in a country that politicians had assured him would be fit for heroes.

His optimism was dismally ill-founded. Profits arising from the sale of eggs, the small wound disability pension he received from a grateful country and his private income of eighty-five pounds a year, all combined, provided barely enough revenue to meet with current expenses, and no margin wherewith to send his son to a decent school. Now Greville adored his son Michael with that adoration peculiar to widowers whose province it is to supply the love of both father and mother. He wanted his son to have a chance, a decent education and a background.

Greville himself had been to Burton, and though the fame of Burton in some measure is eclipsed by the greater fame of Eton, Harrow, Winchester and Rugby, Burton was a tradition in the Greville family, and it is a pretty damnable thing if a man must deny his own flesh and blood advantages that he had himself enjoyed.

As he told Amardis' grandmother—Amardis was the little girl who lived at Cooden, next door—"It makes me mad that Michael should not be able to go, while that pawky skrimshanker, Hands, who never did a darn thing during the war, is sending his boy up to Burton tomorrow without a second thought."

Captain Greville was irreconcilable to his neighbor, Henry Hands, who had accumulated a pile before, during and since the war out of the industry of dry-cleaning. Henry Hands lived at the Yews, on the other side of Cooden, in a state of increasing prosperity.

"A pawky skrimshanker, and one of these days I'll tell him so." To emphasize the threat Captain Greville banged the table noisily.

"I shouldn't," said Amardis' grandmother. "Even if one is sure of being right in what one tells people, it's pleasanter not to tell them anything."

"Mrs. Mead, I love my boy, and it breaks my heart not to give him a fair show. Only this morning I cursed the hide of him for smashing a couple of eggs. And it wasn't what he'd done—the carelessness—it was because even the fivepence they might have fetched would have —— Oh, you see—every penny, I mean. Scrape—scrape—makes me feel contemptible. And look at what'll happen. Young Charlie Hands'll come back from Burton and patronize my boy. Damn it, a Greville patronized by the son of a fat rabbit—a Cuthbert, an infernal *embusqué*, who took to the Tubes at the sign of an air raid. I don't know what the country's coming to."

"It's just going on as usual," said Amardis' grandmother. "I'm forty years older than you are, and it's always been much the same."

"Then all I can say is it's a rotten lookout."

Michael Greville met Charlie Hands in the road the following morning. Charlie was waiting for the hired car that was to take him to the station and the great adventure of a public school. He was wearing, for the first time, part of his new school outfit—a short black coat and vest, gray trousers and a tessellated straw hat. Charlie Hands was painfully aware of his splendor. He disposed himself against the gate in an attitude of unusual grace.

Between these two boys had existed a friendship of warmth and long standing. Michael Greville was plucking with his teeth at a rubber band tightly stretched between his thumbs. Over the top of this unattractive musical instrument he regarded his friend with critical hostility.

"Oh, gum!" he said. "You do look a rotten ass."

"Ass yourself," said Charlie, with fluent repartee.

"'Spect they'll give you a foul time up at Burton," Michael speculated. "Jolly bad not having had any of your people there before you. They're sure to ask what your old man did in the war."

"He had flat feet," said Charlie, "and couldn't go. And anyway, I'm not to blame for what he didn't do."

Michael melted a couple of degrees.

"No, you're a fairly decent chap, Chas; but it's rather bad luck. Let's take a turn up the road."

Arm in arm, they wandered and stopped before the gate of Hill 60, the bungalow where Michael and his father lived.

Captain Greville was sitting in a room with an open window. The boys' talk drifted through to him.

"Tell you what," said Michael, "as there's no chance of my going to Burton—tell you what you might do."

"What?"

"Well, you know my guv'nor's record as a soldier and you know pretty well some of the scraps he was in. Why not bag them and pretend they were your old man's?"

"Oh, I couldn't," said Charlie. "But it's a sporting offer, Mike, and I won't forget it."

"Rot!" said Michael, who did not approve of gratitude. "There's Amardis. Better go and say good-by to her."

"Wonder if she'd give me a kiss," said Charlie, with a kind of novel sentiment.

"I'll ask her if you like," said Michael. That day he would have done anything for friendship's sake.

Charlie shook his head.

"Doesn't matter."

Then the car came, with Mr. Hands opulently spread out on the back seat.

"Luggage aboard," said he. "Hop in, my boy."

Amardis came and kissed Charles because he was going away and kissed Michael because he wasn't. Among other

sensations of a more pleasing kind it made them feel frightfully lumpy-throated and foolish.

"Best of beanoes," said Michael, grinning.

"Best of beanoes," said Charlie.

And then he was gone to Burton and Michael was standing in the road.

Amardis said, "Grannie has pork for lunch, so she'd like you to come and have some."

Michael said, "Hate pork." But he went into the house just the same

Captain Greville banged his fists on his knees.

"My boy shall go to Burton," he said, "if I save every farthing—if I sell every rag. My boy shall go to Burton."

And as if in defiance of his boast, a fox, under cover of darkness, entered the small estate of Hill 60 and in a single night destroyed or devoured no fewer than twenty-two buff Orpingtons.

There is no doubt that Greville was a sportsman, but thrift and the sporting instinct do not always make fair partners. Granted a decent income, Greville would have snapped his fingers at his misfortune and tallyhoed the louder when next the hunt met and gave chase. But this he could not afford to do, and the letter he wrote to the master of hounds demanding instant compensation was not perhaps in his most tactful mood. Greville possessed a curious faculty with the pen which he himself was the last to recognize. He wrote as he felt—indignantly—forgetting for the moment that the outsider is very rarely concerned with the cause of another man's indignation.

It was unfortunate that he should have met Henry Hands as he returned from posting the letter. Henry Hands was in the bonhomous mood of a man whose affairs are going well.

"'Morning, Greville," he nodded. "Hear the fox got some of your birds last night "

"Some of my birds!" Greville retorted. "Twenty-two!"

Henry Hands made an airy gesture

"Well, well," he said, "what's it matter so long as the hunt gets a show?"

"Hunt, my eye!" said Greville.

Hands lifted a shoulder.

"These old English traditions mean a great deal to some of us," he boomed. "But p'raps you're not country stock, Greville, but a town bird."

Not country stock—and he a Greville! Not country stock! For the moment he boiled over.

"Grevilles were riding to hounds in this county," he shouted, "when you were sweeping factory floors in the Ratcliffe Road." He could have bitten out his tongue for saying it

Beneath a fine overglaze of perspiration, Mr. Hands colored a deep purple.

"You're a bounder, sir," he said, "a bounder and a fool. What's more, you're a disgrace to a sporting community "

Captain Greville pointed a quivering finger in the direction of the Yews.

"Go inside," he said, "and stay inside. If I met you again today, anything might happen."

And that night the fox paid a return visit and polished off another seventeen hens

The following day Captain Greville spoke to no one. He had received no reply from the master of hounds and a sense of savage indignation gathered within him. In the late evening, when Michael was going to bed, he saw his father piecing together a twelve-bore gun. To Michael's inquiry, "What's up, guv?" he made no reply, but marched out into the garden. There was a moon, and looking from his window, Michael saw his father astride the roof of the largest henhouse. The barrels of the gun gleamed like a sliver bar across his knees.

At about two A.M. a deafening report, followed by an agonized yelp, pierced the stillness of the night. Sally, the fat spaniel that belonged to Amardis, was the first to discover the dead body of the fox. The poor thing had managed to drag through the hedge and had died behind a laurel bush at the foot of Amardis' garden. It was here Sally came upon the body.

Now Sally had been born and bred in a hunting county and was wise in its ways. She was shocked. Once or twice she had been present when a keeper, overzealous for the welfare of his young pheasants, had trapped or shot a fox, but in each case interment had swiftly followed execution. Nobody in his senses would be found with a dead fox if he could avoid it. For that to happen would be to excite the contempt and hatred of all honest men. Better far to run down a cyclist or shoot a beater than kill a fox. Of all this Sally was aware, and since it is the duty of dogs to protect the interest of their masters or mistresses, Sally unobtrusively towed the corpse through a gap in the hedge that separated Amardis' garden from Mr. Hands' and left it discreetly concealed behind a tall screen of that worthy gentleman's Brussels sprouts. This done, Sally went and lay down in the middle of the road, which was her place.

It was not long before a clatter of hoofs and the patter of the feet of hounds caused Sally to sit up and take notice. The hunt was coming down the road—white, black and tan—tails erect like the rifles of soldiers—scarlet coats shine of sunlight upon horses and the glowing faces of men and women. Amardis ran to the gate. Mr. Hands lounged to his doorstep and waved encouragingly. The master, Colonel Tighe, reined up before Hill 60.

"Going to draw the wood at the back of your place, Greville," he shouted.

Greville, in whose hands was a bucket of chicken meal, nodded and said "Hm!"

Several very well-to-do members of the hunt could not pretend to understand such apathy—until later

"We're devilish short of foxes this season," said Tighe, "so your letter was a godsend."

Greville repeated "Hm!"

The hunt passed on, wheeled to the left down a muddy lane and began to draw the cover that stretched beyond

Captain Greville went into his bungalow and drank a glass of water. The brow of that sorely tried sportsman was hot with shame.

"Burton!" he said to himself. "Burton!"

But even that magic name failed to relieve his conscience

It was the hound Royal Hart who, in defiance of shouts from a whip that he was following a stale scent, insisted on turning up the hedged path that led from the wood to the cottage where Amardis lived. Royal Hart knew his business.

"This way!" he announced. Other hounds followed

"Keep 'em out of the gardens, damn you!" roared the master. But he was too late.

Royal Hart went over the wire fence into Hill 60, ranged round, returned and snuffled behind the laurels at the foot of Amardis' garden. Here he paused—puzzled, lifted his head, caught an unmistakable scent and went headlong through the privets. "Take it from me!" he bayed

(Continued on Page 194

The Attackers Were Out of Hand Now—Hysterical, Half Angry and Half Crazy With the Fantastic Joke of It

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A. D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U. S. A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

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PHILADELPHIA, MAY 22, 1926

State Unity

THE old issue of state as opposed to Federal control and power, flaring up again in more than one new guise, suggests this to be a propitious time for the states to put their houses in order. If functions of government are not to be increasingly concentrated in Washington, the states naturally must prove themselves equal to their own internal tasks. This is a tall order, if for no other reason than because harmony and unity within the state itself are so often lacking.

It is not suggested that political unity is always desirable, but more agreement on economic needs and aims cannot be overemphasized. Fortunately there is a strong movement in this direction. State chambers of commerce, development boards, industrial congresses and similar bodies are making an honest and earnest effort to serve the highest needs of their commonwealths.

In these days of specialized interests and industries a thousand obstacles are opposed to state unity. Often there is a city and a rural problem, as in New York, where metropolis and upstate do not see eye to eye, with opposition intensified by rival political control in the two sections. Or the mere size of the state may present a handicap, as in Texas and California. In the latter case the disproportionate growth of one section has magnified differences and raised questions of legislative reapportionment.

Yet the grounds of common action in any of our forty-eight major political subdivisions will be found to be greater than the reasons for disagreement. Conference of all interested parties will usually iron out part of the differences. State chambers of commerce can invariably promote the conservation interests of all sections. The lessening of forest fires, the protection of watersheds, the development of scenic and resort attractions—these are activities upon which all can agree, and in the handling of which a body representing diversified economic interests is able to cooperate with and aid Federal and state officials.

Then, too, there is hardly a state in which further study of local tax problems is not required, preparatory to the formulation and advocacy of an equitable tax system. This is another activity in which a state-wide chamber of commerce should play a part, and has in a number of cases, among them Virginia and Pennsylvania.

There are extremists deluded by dreams of economically self-sufficient states. Others, appalled at the variety and extent of imported manufactured goods, work frantically to build up local factories. The artificial attraction and promotion of industries is no sounder in a state than it is in a locality. But through mere hidebound custom or sheer ignorance, the consumer often sends away for products which he could buy as well at home. Here is another legitimate field for the expenditure of all the energy and talent which state chambers of commerce possess.

It is gratifying to find that in several states where the elements of economic or geographical discord are most pronounced, efforts to draw out the actual dollar-and-cent values that lie in concord are most persistent, and in way of being most successful. It is not in the American tradition to give in to difficulties. Each of the forty-eight states is great in its way. Each has undeveloped values, the unfolding of which promises in the aggregate a national future at least the equal of the past.

Fish Stories

AS POPULATION increases and congests in towns and cities the demand for outdoor recreation grows apace. The more that men are cooped up in offices and shops the stronger becomes the outdoor urge. Pleasures denied, or hard to capture, are the more sought for that very reason. Hunting and fishing beckon with all the greater zest to city dwellers as game and fish become scarce.

Fishing vies with baseball and golf in popularity, and fortunately. For edible fish form an exception to man's general inability to reproduce many of the gifts of Nature. Trees we have not yet learned to grow on anything like a commercial scale, and it is much the same with wild animals. But fish can be turned out of hatcheries by the million, making possible the restocking of depleted waters.

Like any other industry requiring technical skill and minute care, fish culture cannot be indefinitely expanded beyond the limits of human ability. But within these limitations it has become a valuable asset to a state or community, and will certainly expand in the future. Remote and sparsely settled regions cannot support hatcheries, not only because the market is lacking but also because their streams are not fished out.

There is a real future not only for the hatchery, but for that which is likewise an angling resort or club, within reach of large centers of population. At first glance it seems foolish to fish out of a hatchery, but this is a superficial impression. Natural conditions are reproduced as nearly as possible in the artificial pools and streams. For the tired business man who has only a few minutes to spare, or for the amateurish angler, easy places are provided, where to catch the fish it is hardly necessary to do more than whistle. For the expert and sporty, harder spots are arranged. The eighteen and twenty inch fellows are never easy to catch, even at an angling club.

There are no hardships attached to such places. The fish are cleaned by employes, and so are the dishes. Firewood, matches and utensils for the cooking as well as fishing tackle are provided. Indeed, the cooking also is attended to if that be desired. For fishermen who can come only at night there is electric light; for those who desire to spend the night in sleep comfortable bungalows are ready; and for those who do not want even the bother of holding a frying pan regular meals are served.

There are men who scorn such a life of ease, but the modern angling club is really engaged in the sale of recreation. Even with dues and with fees for each fish, the cost is sometimes less than in nature. To land a big fellow gives the same tingling sensation as under any other conditions. Thousands of men cannot afford the time or endure the hardships to fish in the old-fashioned way. An angling club must be within a few hours of the city, but that does not preclude a scenic and delightful location.

Fish culture is a real factor in conservation. In nature trout often bury their eggs where smotheration is the only result. The efficient hatchery gets a much higher percentage of fish than Nature herself. From a hatchery in the mountains of a Western state a hundred thousand eggs were shipped to the interior of Japan, through every conceivable temperature, with a loss of only nine per cent.

For localities that want supporting industries and yet shy at the disagreeable features that come with factories, the hatchery with an angling-club attachment is suggested as a possibility worth looking into. It brings people to the community, it provides recreation and it conserves and multiplies a valuable natural resource.

The Low State of Shipping Returns

AMERICANS interested in the annual deficits in the operations of merchant ships under the Shipping Board are too inclined to regard the unsatisfactory returns of these operations as a purely American failure. This is unfair. The government operation of shipping is a failure. But it must still be kept in mind that shipping in general, the world over, continues in bad straits. This has been again emphasized in a recent survey of conditions in 1925, printed in the British shipping journal Fairplay.

Of the group of cargo-ship companies included in the report, fifty-nine paid small earnings, but set aside nothing for depreciation or reserve, forty-one paid no dividends and eighteen showed an operative loss. The dividends paid during the year represented 3.6 per cent on the paid-up capital. Twenty-seven liner companies paid 3.9 per cent on invested capital, but returns from investments made with war profits brought up the return to 5.8 per cent. The companies included in this report have much lower overhead and operating costs than the boats of the Shipping Board, yet the profits in an undertaking as hazardous as ocean shipping are no more than the interest rate of savings banks.

There are reasons for thinking that separate accounts of new freight boats driven with Diesel engines would show a notably higher rate of earnings than the averages reported. Also, it is believed that the new boats of the German merchant marine rank among the high earners. The shipping business is still overextended, and precisely in this situation the efforts of the low-cost carrier stand out.

Help for the Doctors

THE Medical Society of the County of Kings, Brooklyn, one of the oldest in the country, has just established the interesting precedent of admitting laymen to associate membership. The avowed reasons for this novel departure are that the inclusion of influential citizens would create friends of medical progress and enable the public to assist the profession in its efforts to restrain unqualified practitioners and prevent the employment of harmful methods. Whether or not this plan will work out as effectually as its sponsors hope still remains to be seen. In the meantime it can scarcely be regarded as anything but a step in the right direction.

There are other fields than that of popular medical education in which laymen can do much to further the efforts of physicians. Thousands of lives and vast sums of money are annually exacted as tribute to unscrupulous nostrum venders. There are dozens of so-called consumption cures and cancer cures which do a tremendous amount of harm, owing to the fact that faith in them keeps persons away from competent practitioners until it is too late to save their lives. There are means of coping with this growing evil, but they are in the hands of legislators and business men and not in those of the doctors.

There is another matter in which physicians stand in grave need of the cooperation of the lay public. Compulsory vaccination laws are under fire. Bills have been introduced in state legislatures which, if they became laws, would prevent the manufacture of smallpox vaccine, diphtheria antitoxin and most other biological products which play so large a part in modern medicine.

If the comparative inactivity of physicians and men of science is a trustworthy index of their reaction to these attacks, even they do not perceive the reality of the menace which threatens their calling and all the millions whose lives depend upon its free and proper exercise. Unless the situation is promptly and vigorously taken in hand it will inevitably become worse before it can become better.

The Cabinet of Doctor Calcooly

A Legend of Sir Andrew Mellon—By Wallace Irwin

CARTOONS BY HERBERT JOHNSON

Sir Andrew Taketh a Walk

SIR ANDREW MELLON, First Lord of the Treasure,
Boss of our shekels and pieces of eight,
Lived in simplicity, shunning all pleasure
Often indulged by the chiefs of the state.
Others took caviar; Andrew took porrage.
Keen was his eye
For all pilfering sly
Down in the vaults of the nation's gold storage.

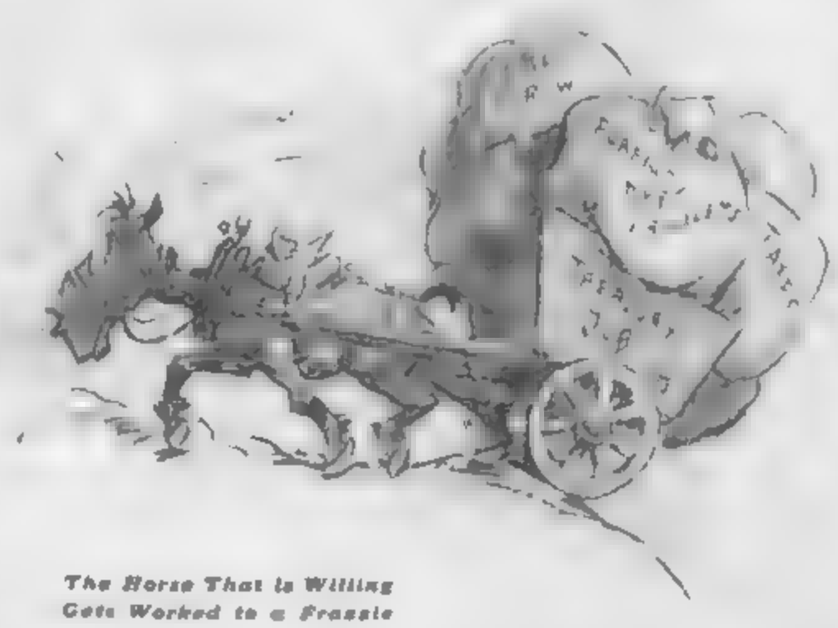
So you would think—would you not?—yes, you would—
That a man so devoted to general good,
A mind so illustrious,
Also industrious,
Ought to be tranquilly calm. So it should.

But I'm forced to admit, in the world's razzle-dazzle,
The horse that is willing gets worked to a frazzle.
Alas for the days of the man who is handy!
Others might dally
Or shilly or shally,
But all the odd jobs were just piled on Sir Andy.
He had to run fleets from Key West up to Maine
To break Johnny Barleycorn's long daisy chain,
To corner the rum boat,
The gin boat, the bum boat,
And sprinkle the seas with illicit champagne.
In addition to this he must be at the docks,
Waiting for ladies with pearls in their socks;
Scold them severely,
Fine them quite dearly
Or put them, perhaps, behind government locks.
When large foreign nations, who'd got into debt to us,
Came with a promise to pay zero net to us,
Who was the man drew
The heft of the wrangle?
Sure it was Andrew.
From every angle
Sir Andrew Mellon, though patient and brave,
Was a most unrewarded and hard-working slave.

And I earnestly swear that throughout the broad nation
The goriest victim of overtaxation
Was Sir Andrew Mell.
Though others might yell,
Cursing a surtax that never would jell,
Their burden was light, if you'll only suspect it.
Theirs but to pay;
His—lackaday!—
Was to collect it.

Now the legend reads thus:
Like the Caliph Harun,
Wandering forth 'neath the glimpse of the moon,
In byway and shy way
And dimly lit highway
And drug stores where once stood the corner saloon,
Sir Andrew Mellon went strolling alone,
Pondering thoughts which involved the unknown.
And he said to himself as he walked in the haze,
"Gol-durn the income tax seventy ways!
When I scale the thing down
Senators frown.
When I scale the thing up,
Like a big poison pup
The general public begins for to swell
With a pain in its purse and a hideous yell.
How I wish by the ring
Of the very high jing
That no one had ever invented that thing!
As I live, I would give a magnificent prize
If one of those guys who are wise would devise
A substitute easy,
So slick and so greasy
'Twould work by itself without trouble and fret,
And pay off the bulk of the national debt."

"Here, here!"
What was that? Pitpat—
Steps to the rear, soft as a cat,
Half in the midair, half on the ground—
Someone was following Andrew around!
Was it his shadow that walked as he walked?
Was it an echo that talked as he talked?
"Who are you? What are you?" Vain was the query,
As the stranger clicked twice in a way that was eerie:



The Horse That Is Willing Gets Worked to a Frazzle

Sir Andrew Listeneth to a Queer Dick

"SIR ANDREW, Sir Andrew, I heard what you said!"
The spook wore a derby in place of a head.
"You offer a prize for advice, but in me
You find an adviser who's perfectly free.
You ask for a measure
To fatten the treasure
And make tax collecting a passionate pleasure.
In me you observe both a sterling repub
And member-at-large of the Nuisance Tax Club,
With a program so rational,
State-wide and national——"

"Shucks!" puffed Sir Andrew. "Is that all you've got?
The nuisance tax died in its own vacant lot.
We had to reject it.
We couldn't collect it."

"Ha!" said the spook. "We will now resurrect it.
No wasting our time with a catch-penny daffy
On movies and chewing gum, soda and taffy,
But a monster campaign without weakling remorse,

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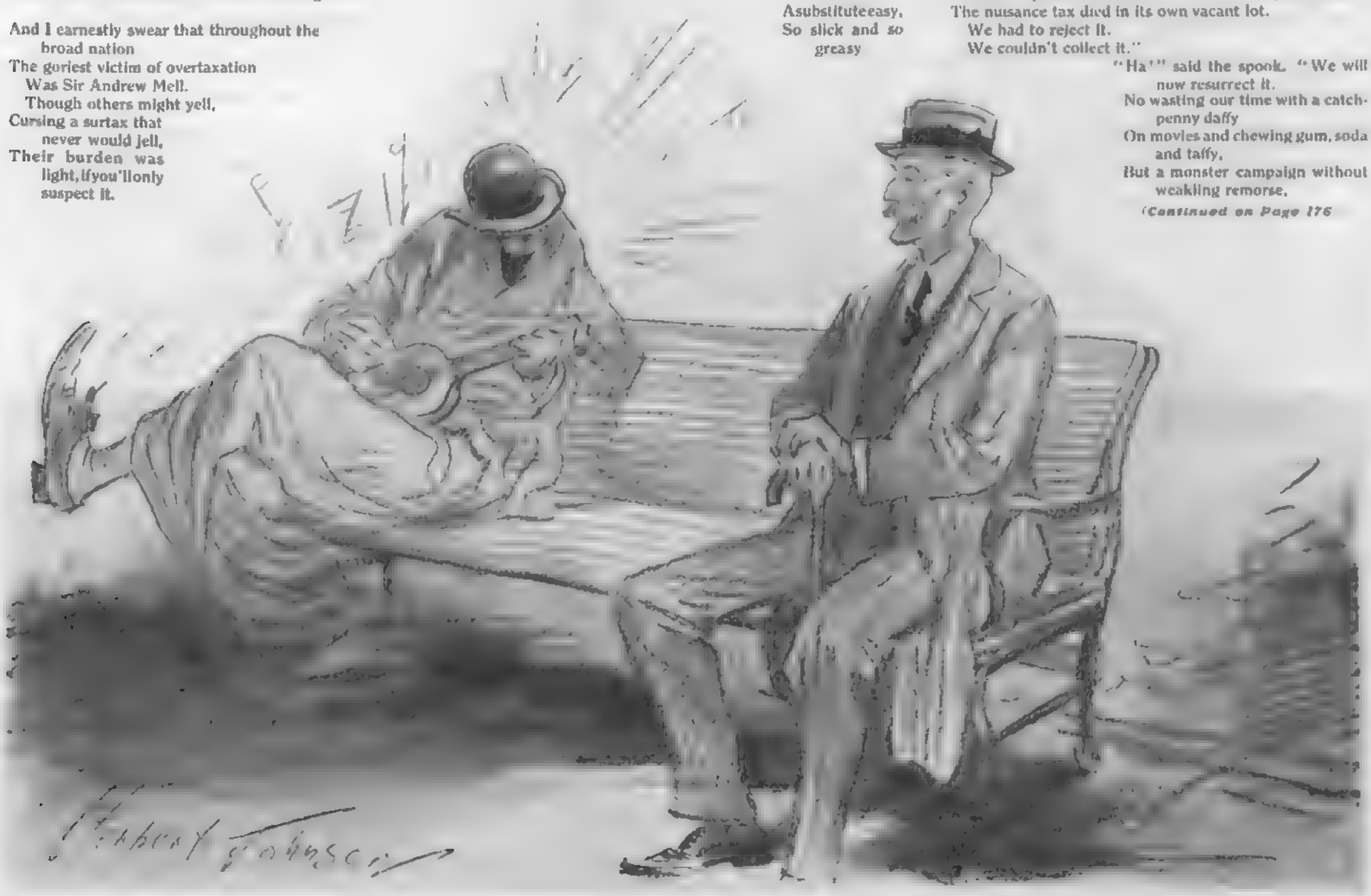


"Your Voice Is Good, Though a Trifle Thin," the Lord High Treasurer Butted In

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Mr. and Mrs. Beams

"Yes, Mrs. Highland, Beans is the Ideal Father. He Does So Enjoy Entertaining the Children"

"We Must Run Out and Look at Them All Together! You've Arrived Just in Time to See a Lovely Domestic Picture"

"Lookahere, Vi! This Domestic Stuff is All Right for Our Own, But When Those Kids Up at the House Join in, Look What I Get!"

Bunk

"OH, WRITER MAN," the Critic cried, "reform your
inky ways!
Evolve the lofty sort of book that people ought to praise!"
"Perhaps I should," the Writer owned; "I know I should,
indeed."
And then he wrote the kind of tale that people like to read.

"Come, Dramatist!" the Critic called, "ameliorate the Stage!
Produce the heavy tragedy that ought to be the rage!"
"I will!" replied the Dramatist. "In fact, I shall," quoth he,
And went and did the kind of play that people flock to see.

"Arise, Oh, Bard," the Critic said, "and eloquently toll
The sort of thing that hurts the ear but elevates the soul!"
"I must—I must!" the Minstrel sighed, and dropped a fervid
tear,
And sweetly sang the kind of song that people love to hear.

The works on which those erring men were sordidly em-
ployed,
The Critic read and saw and heard and thoroughly en-
joyed,
But thought of what he ought to say, and put in purple ink
The kind of thoughts that people think they really ought to
think. —*Arthur Guiterman.*

Science for the Nursery

The Ugly Oyster

ONCE there were a lot of oysters all lying together in their oyster bed at the bottom of the sea off the Malabar coast. They were oysters of the species Meleagrina margaritifera of the family Aviculidæ. They were all very happy except one poor oyster named Joe Aviculidæ, who was sluggish and stunted, and was always feeling bad because of a pain in his little inside. And the other oysters opened and closed their shells mockingly, and said, "You have eaten a larva of the species Trematode of the genus Leucithodendrium. It has settled into a sac or cyst situated beneath the epidermis of your mantle and lined by an epithelium derived from your internal connective-tissue cells." So no wonder the little oyster felt bad, knowing that it was not like other oysters. But it liked to lie in its oyster bed and dream of a happier day to come.

Then, one day, a man came plunging down through the water. He looked rapidly over the oysters and smiled when he saw Joe, and he took Joe with him, but scorned all the others. For Joe's disease was nothing but a lovely shimmering pearl, and now his disease hangs around the neck of a society leader of Indianapolis.

Now the next time some lady friend of your mother's comes to your house wearing a beautiful necklace of glowing pearls, you must say to her, "I see you are wearing the nacreous secretions of a diseased oyster. It is interesting to reflect that the dead body of the larva still remains embedded in the center of each specimen."

I should be interested to know whether she pats you on the head. —*Morris Bishop.*

Ballade of Old Actors

WHERE are the stars who used to shine
When the blithesome musical play was new?
The swaggering prince with his brimming stein?
The burlesque king with his crown askew?
Where is the naval lieutenant who
Would stroll in the midst of a Sioux powwow,
To sing a duet with the ingénue?
They play small parts in the movies now.

Where is the heroine, half divine,
And the hero, entirely so, who drew
From lachrymose maidens a flow of brine,
In quantities up to a tub or two?
And the scowling villain, who loved to chew
His stage mustache? And the beetling brow
Of the heavy tragedian, fled from view?
They play small parts in the movies now

Gone are their names from the blazing sign;
Their ears are deaf to the prompter's cue;
They've ceased their thunderings leonine;
The clown has deserted the footlights too;
The stage door rings with their last adieu.
Witnesseth, this is the why and how:
Two dollars are blooming where one once grew,
They play small parts in the movies now.

ENVOY

The former soubrette with a single line,
As a cinema vamp is the season's wow.
But the stars who shone in the auld lang syne?
They play small parts in the movies now.

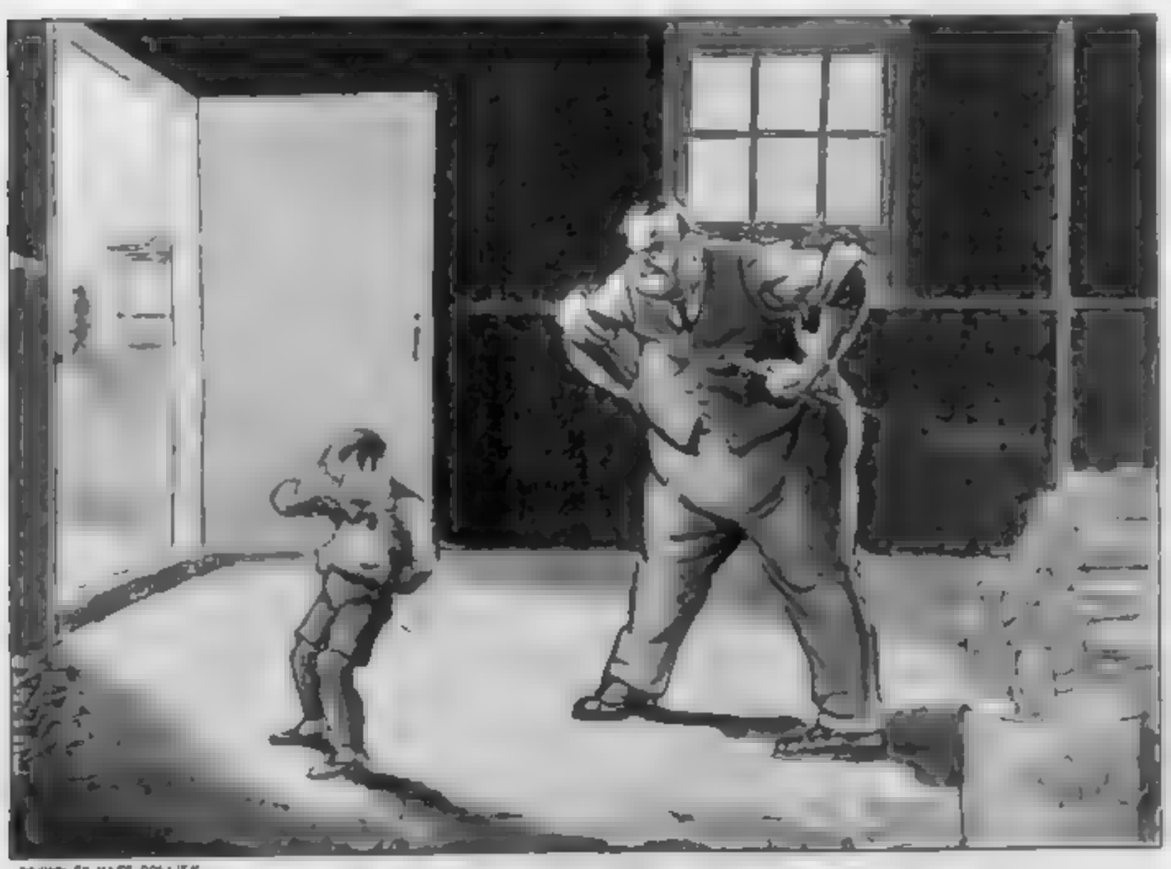
—*Otto Freund.*

Fat and Lean

BIG JOE BROWN and little Bill Swain
Met one day at Market and Main;
Joe was a sight, with his big fat chin,
And his big fat form and his shiny skin;
But little Bill Swain was pale and thin
And looked for the world like a lean hatpin
With a gnat-like arm and a pipestem shin.

"I wonder how Joe keeps fat," thought Bill
With an envious sigh and a wistful thrill.
"I'd give ten dollars if I could know
How Bill keeps thin," thought big fat Joe.

(Continued on Page 175)



Father: "Now, My Boy, What Did I Punish You For?"
Son: "Th-This is a F-Fine T-Time to B-be F-Findin' Out!"

If We Could Live as a Nation Does

Delicious vegetables in every spoonful!

VEGETABLE SOUP!

The tempting blend of thirty-two ingredients!

Housewives know how troublesome and expensive it is for them to make good vegetable soup. Just consider how much actual value you obtain in Campbell's!

Fifteen different vegetables of such splendid quality that you would recognize them at once as the best that money can buy.

Broth of choice beef, so necessary to a full-flavored and invigorating vegetable soup.

Alphabet macaroni and selected barley. Fresh herbs and appetizing seasoning.

In the famous Campbell's kitchens these are prepared by skilled French chefs and blended in great tureens of pure nickel to yield their finest flavor.

So good to eat that everybody likes to see this soup placed on the table! A great favorite with the children!

32 ingredients

12 cents a can

THAT LAST INFIRMITY

By Charles Brackett

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

Bert Was Behind Paul, and He Mouthed at Aloysia Noiselessly, "Is This the Party?"

XXX

ALOYSIA had resolved to be a less silly woman, but that didn't mean that she had abandoned her interest in the future of her child.

Paul Wingate brought Nora back and asked Aloysia if they wouldn't have dinner with him and go to the Christmas panto.

"Where shall we dine?" Aloysia asked.

"The Savoy?" Mr. Wingate suggested.

"Isn't that very expensive?" Aloysia asked, quite as if without thinking, and then quickly to hide her tactlessness said, "I'm afraid I'm too tired to go out. You come here for dinner with us and take Nora afterward."

"Right in our rooms," Nora agreed. "That will be lots more fun. Shall we change?"

"Oh, yes," Aloysia insisted. "Put on the Dœuillet dress. The one you thought such a bargain. It cost a hundred and twenty-five dollars, and the child was radiant at the idea of having something she needn't mind tearing when she danced. Oh, they've no idea of money, these young people nowadays."

"But I have," Nora said feebly, "when I want to have."

"But you never do. Run now and start to dress. I'm all ready. Mr. Wingate will have to hurry too."

When Nora had left the room, however, her mother didn't let him go immediately. She looked even more Santa Clausan than before, and spoke to him in a low voice. It was evident that she was going to let him peep nto her sack.

"I've a surprise for Nora. I've taken a house. I want you to go with me and see it tomorrow."

"Great," Mr. Wingate whispered back.

"Ah, wait till you hear the hour at which we'll have to leave—seven-thirty in the morning. Can you make some excuse to Nora? I'm going to tell her that I'm simply inspecting with a view to renting."

"You need me?"

"I want you. You know so well what she'll like. And I'll be more comfortable if you're not left behind together."

"I'll say then that I should work in the British Museum."

It was a rather nice dinner party. It seemed as though Nora's face was the exquisite but inevitable flowering of her pale-green *mousseline*. After having seen her, to imagine a plain girl in it would have been to think blasphemy. Paul Wingate was very distinguished in his dinner clothes, with his angled face and kind, sad eyes. Aloysia, the very antagonist in his drama, felt sorry for him as he sat looking at Nora, saying charming, quiet things.

"But he knows," she comforted herself. "He knows it can't ever be, that it's just a dream."

"Will you take care of Nora tomorrow morning, Mr. Wingate?" she asked, touching his shoe lightly with hers.

"I'm sorry," he replied, "but the claims of that lugubrious mistress, the British Museum, are getting so close to the breach-of-promise point that I'm afraid I shall have to respect them."

"Then you'll have to amuse yourself for the forenoon," Aloysia said to her daughter. "For I'm going out of town to see if I can't find a house we'll like better than the inn Mr. Wingate suggests."

"But you'll take me to luncheon, Paul?" Nora said.

Her mother shook her head.

"I've made an engagement for you with Miss Josephine Harper at her flat. Didn't I tell you?"

"But I'd so much rather go with Paul."

"Now, Nora! When Miss Josephine has been so good to you and loves you so much."

It seemed a small concession to make when her mother was in such an extraordinary lenient mood.

"I didn't realize you knew Miss Harper," Mr. Wingate said. "She was from Syrchester, wasn't she? But I never associate her with it."

"Why, it's her nephew that married Nora's sister."

It seemed as though Mr. Wingate were going to say something, but he only smiled. Mrs McCarthy would have made such capital of the remark he suppressed! Just as well to be careful. "I suppose that's the little boy they used to call Bunny," had been on the tip of his tongue.

"Will you take me to tea, Paul?" Nora was asking.

"I'll do my very best," he promised.

When they had left for the theater Aloysia wrote a rather difficult little note to Miss Harper making more explicit her sentiments, and ending with a postscriptum request that Nora should be told nothing of the Rockingham Priory invitation. That was to be a surprise for her darling.

Aloysia, deep in her furs, wondered if Mr. Wingate's overcoat was thick enough; it was so bitterly cold in that early train.

"We won't talk about Nora," she announced when he began to do so. "I know all about how wonderful she is. Boys have been telling me for years."

"But boys wouldn't know."

Aloysia ignored the remark. "She's thought herself engaged a dozen times, poor child," she said. "But we're not to speak of her any more. You're to tell me about you."

"You will have a dull journey, Mrs. McCarthy."

"You've never been married?"

"Never. My mother died only two years ago. I'm afraid I was one of those good sons."

"Being that didn't keep you from falling in love."

"No. I was in love with Lillian Russell when I was sixteen. She spoke to me once. She said, 'That is my carriage.' I was blocking the way to it."

"I never saw her. I always wanted to, but the only time she came to Syrchester Mary had measles." She said it a little wistfully, and then realized she had. "But I see all the good plays now."

For the first time in some days Mr. Wingate really liked Aloysia McCarthy again.

"She was so undeniably, sweet-temperedly beautiful," he said. "Something about Nora suggests her; but then, Nora suggests all lovely things."

"Surely Lillian Russell was not the only one you were in love with, Mr. Wingate?"

"No. But there was only money enough for two." He looked at Aloysia with a smile. "You're thinking me very ineffectual—that there's always money to be made."

"Aren't you?" Aloysia asked

"Oh, yes," he answered. "Time was when I used to rebel bitterly against the kind of mind I was born with, to resent not having the seed of a go-getter in me. Lately I've known money wasn't important."

Aloysia was thrilled with the way he said it.

"It's nothing," she affirmed, "to be poor like Saint Francis. What could be so beautiful!" Then she remembered Nora. "For a single man," she added.

He laughed a little.

(Continued on Page 40)

SWIFT
—a food service

BY MARKETING direct from producer to retailer, Swift & Company is able to reduce distributing costs and maintain unusual quality standards.

1 Cream is received at the Swift & Company creameries direct from the farmers.

2 After it has been carefully graded and tested, the cream is pasteurized.

3 Sterilized pipes of German silver convey the cream to great white churns which churn and then work, at one time, from 800 to 1000 pounds of butter.

4 The butter is pressed into "prints," wrapped in parchment paper, and packed in special butter cartons. It is shipped in refrigerator cars direct to Swift Branch Houses in all parts of the country.

5 The easily identifiable Brookfield carton is your assurance of highest quality in pure creamery butter, churned from the best grade of cream under the most sanitary conditions. Look for the brand.

© S. & Co.

BROOKFIELD BUTTER illustrates the many benefits of the direct line of marketing which Swift & Company has established between the producer of farm products and the retail dealer.

Swift Creameries furnish the farmer with a constant near-by market for his cream. They acquaint him with the dairying practices which will help him to secure a better grade and a larger output of cream from his herd.

This work is a benefit to the producer, and establishes the quality fundamentals which result in a superior finished product. By direct refrigerator car shipment to its own Branch Houses Swift & Company is able to safeguard this quality in every step of its journey from the farm to your retail dealer.

The direct contact of this single organization with the source of supply and the final consuming markets results in reduced distributing costs, assured quality, a stabilized market for the producer, and a constant supply for the consumer.

Swift & Company

Founded 1868

Owned by more than 46,000 shareholders

(Continued from Page 38

"I suppose I shall feel that old qualm again," he said. "One would like to give Nora everything. But perhaps, after all, the present book will be a successful one. It seems as though something beautiful must grow in her presence. And if not—well, there are gifts to be made which cost nothing."

It was an utterly presumptuous speech, but Aloysia was so sure of Nora's safety now that she could afford to be a little generous in her feelings. "Poor fellow!" she thought. Then she changed the subject.

"Now tell me all about the Henry who was married so many times."

"Henry the Eighth?" said Mr. Wingate, and explained rather fascinatingly.

"Oh, he was the black devil who denied the Pope," Aloysia said at last, but she made him go on and on.

They arrived at last at Bostwick, a singularly ugly little village. It had not been raining before, but it was now, and one couldn't help feeling that it always rained in Bostwick. They found a cheap American motor for hire, directed the driver to take them to Orrery Gribblings, and on the way Mr. Wingate said how much he admired the name.

"It suggests quoins, and finials and a fine old garden."

"But this is so terrible."

Aloysia peered out at the wretched outskirts of the town.

"There are delightful places hidden away here and there in the most desolate countrysides."

The roads were heavy mud. They came at last to gates and turned in.

"Good Lord!" Mr. Wingate groaned. "How did they happen to send you to this?"

Orrery Gribblings was certainly the most depressing piece of middle-class, late Victorian architecture that one could have found. It was built of a peculiar blood-red brick, with brown-paint trimmings, and each window showed heavy imitation lace curtains.

"Well, they're expecting us for luncheon," Aloysia said. "We may as well go in."

"But you've really taken this place?" He was incredulous.

"The name was so lovely! Perhaps the inside is nice."

"It isn't. I know what the insides of English houses are which look like that."

The caretaker answered their ring. He had a stubble beard, and his clothes suggested recent association with ashes.

"I'm Mrs. McCarthy," Aloysia said.

"The gentleman was telling me about you. I'm Bert. Step in."

"Is there any heat in this house?" Aloysia asked. It felt like a cellar.

"I built up the fire upstairs." Bert gave Aloysia an eloquent look. "Could I take your coat, Mr. McCarthy?"

"I'm not Mr. McCarthy," Paul informed him.

"Who might you be then?" Bert evinced an amused interest.

"My name is Wingate."

Bert was behind Paul, and he mouthed at Aloysia noiselessly, "Is this the party?"

She nodded her head that it was.

"All right, Mr. Wingate. All right, Mr. Wingate." One could see that Bert was parading his tact. "Would you care to come to your room, Mr. Wingate?"

Paul Wingate looked mildly startled.

"To wash up, I suppose," Aloysia said. "We've just time before luncheon."

"Will you, now?" Bert insisted indulgently.

Paul started up the stairs, calling after him, "I'll be right down."

"Do you want I should lock him in now?" Bert whispered at Aloysia's elbow. She had only the strength to nod her head again.

The two disappeared, and Aloysia began pacing up and down the hall, partly to keep warm; that, however, was not why she tore her handkerchief to bits.

When Bert reappeared he was beaming.

"Safe and sound, ma'am," he said.

"You've locked the door?"

"While he was drying his face."

"He was very bad on the way down," Aloysia said a little distractedly. "I shudder to think of what he'll do when he learns he's to be confined."

"I've a way with them, ma'am," Bert reassured her. "When Mr. Alex was wild there was no one could calm him like me, and I never struck him but four times in all them years."

"You struck him?" Aloysia cried.

"Mr. Alex? Oh, yes. Agree with them while you can, but never argue. That was my motto. There's a brick up there wrapped in a soft piece of felt, and one blow with that ——"

"If you were to strike him my brother—I'd never forgive myself," Aloysia said. "But are you sure he can't get out?"

"The house is built on a hill, ma'am. The windows are forty feet from the ground and barred besides, and the door is of solid oak with iron bands and a grating."

"And the rooms are warm?"

"There's a fire in the fireplace."

"But it will burn out."

"I used to pass the logs through the grating to Mr. Alex. You don't think your brother's too wild for that, do you, ma'am? Of course if he was to hit at me with one of those —— Well, never mind. I could reach him first with my brick. Will you have your meal now?"

"I suppose I may as well." And Aloysia went into a dining room which might have been designed by Emile Zola in a moment of depression.

Bert brought her food which he had cooked himself. It was so greasy and disgusting-looking that Aloysia could hardly force herself to eat, but it was not unpalatable. While she was choking a little down, Bert disappeared with a tray.

"Seemed a bit puzzled like," he reported when he came down again. "Mr. Alex was like that. One time he was Adam for a whole month, and when he come to realize, his shocked modesty would of broke your heart."

"What did he say?" Aloysia asked.

"'Oh, good gracious me!' he said. 'Bert, hand me my pants. A man like Gladstone should never be without them.' Gladstone was his particular favorite."

"I mean Mr. Wingate."

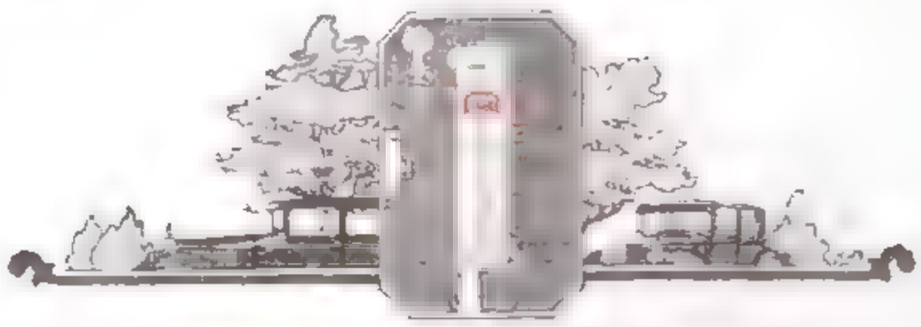
"Oh, him! He asked for you, ma'am. He seemed to feel the trouble was with me. That was the way with Mr. Alex. 'Bert, you're crazy,' he'd say, and go scrambling up the curtains like a orang-outang. Ain't that him calling now?"

It was.

"Mrs. McCarthy! Mrs. McCarthy! I'm afraid there's something wrong with the man. He's locked me in. Are you all right?" (Continued on Page 136)

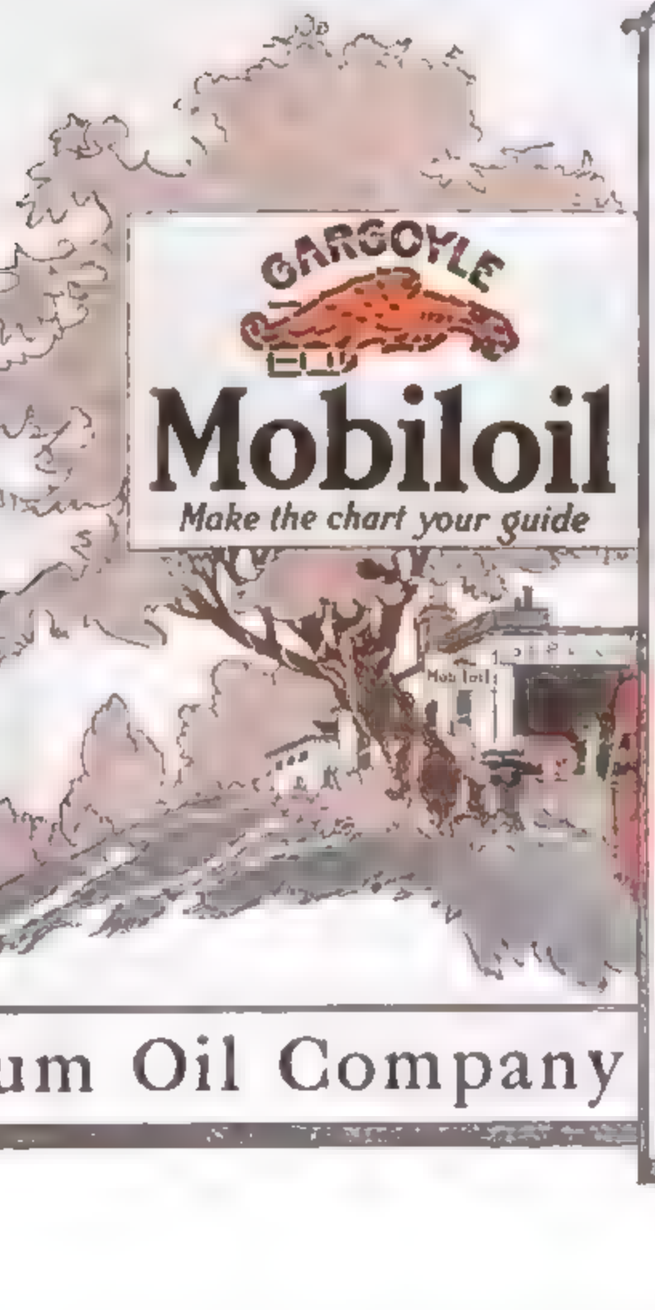
"What's the Matter?" He Asked. "Don't I Get to See You at All?"

Correct lubrication is the most important factor in running your car. Why not begin right – right at home?



A 5-gallon can of Mobiloil in your home garage. Start every day with oil at proper level.

It pays to drive on until you come to the Mobiloil dealer – because –



Make this CHART your guide

THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of prominent passenger cars are specified below.

The grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil are indicated by the letters shown below. "Arc" means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic.

If your car is not listed here, see the complete Mobiloil Chart at your dealer's

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1926		1925		1924		1923	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Buick	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Cadillac	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
Chevrolet	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chrysler	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Chrysler 4	A	Arc	A	Arc				
Chrysler 6	A	A	A	A	A	A		
Dodge Brothers	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Essex	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
Hudson	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Hupmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Jewett	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc
Marmon			A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc
Nash	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Oakland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
Oldsmobile 4 & 6	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Overland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc
Packard 6	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	A
Packard 8	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Paige	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Reo	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Star	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Studebaker	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Velie	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Willys-Knight 4	B	Arc	B	Arc	B	Arc	B	Arc
Willys-Knight 6	A	Arc	A	Arc				

. . . he serves you through the Mobiloil Chart – the lubricating guide which is approved by 609 automotive manufacturers.

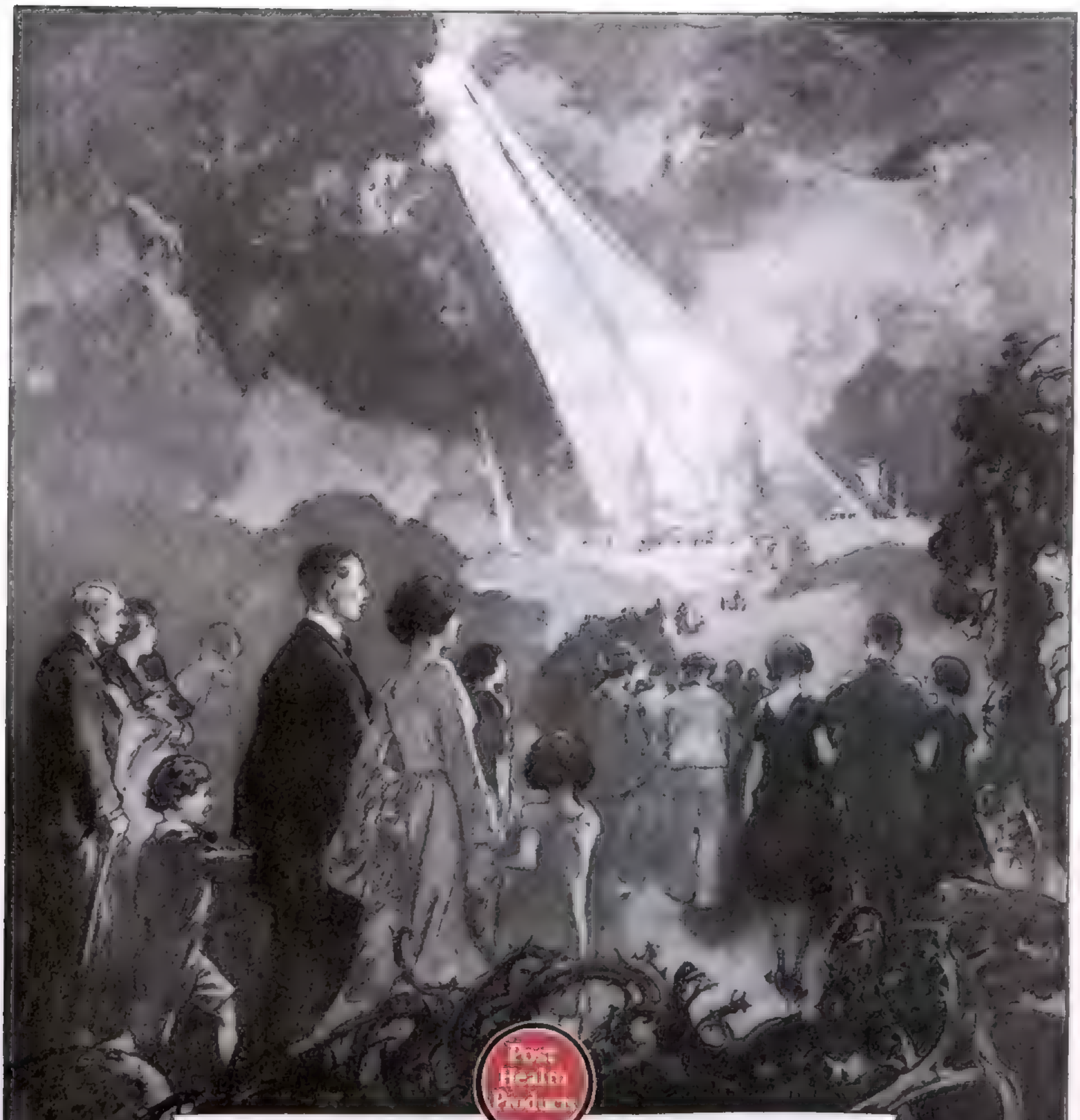
Mobiloil may now be purchased in two new and especially convenient containers for the home garage—a 5-gallon can in a convenient tipper box (see illustration above) and a 10-gallon steel drum with a convenient faucet. Ask your dealer to show you these new containers.

30¢ a quart is a fair retail price for genuine Mobiloil from barrel or pump. (Slightly higher in Southwestern, Mountain and Pacific Coast States.)

Vacuum Oil Company

Headquarters: 61 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

Division Offices: *Chicago, Kansas City, Minneapolis*



Post Health Products

C.W. Post

THE CRIMSON SEAL OF HEALTH

Piercing the veils of ignorance like a mighty beacon, the light of a newer knowledge is shining on the spires of Wellville. Men and women are coming to realize that health is not the mere whim of chance but the reward of right living. That the very food they eat has much to do with how they feel. Projected by the vision of its founder, who foresaw the day when we would select our food with greater care, this institution has become the largest producer of health foods in the world. Each product that wears our crimson seal makes its important contribution to human health. Let the Post Health Products seal aid you in the selection of your family's daily food. It is an emblem of health, a mark of perfect trust that points to the Road to Wellville.

POSTUM CEREAL COMPANY, INC
Battle Creek, Mich

Makers of Post Health Products: Post Toasties (*Double-Thick Corn Flakes*), Post's Bran Flakes, Postum Cereal, Instant Postum, Grape-Nuts and Post's Bran Chocolate. Canadian Address—Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., 45 Front St., E., Toronto, 2, Ontario

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Plupy Earns and Deserves a New Nicknaim

By Henry A. Shute

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE TURNER

I HAVE got a new nicknaim. you coodent gess what it is if you shood talk a dixionery down and look throug it and call off evry wird for a hoal day and possiably for a weak. i have had lots of nicknaims sum of whitch meen sumthing and sum of whitch dont. Plupy the nicknaim i am most called by doesent meen ennything. but Gnock Gnees and Skinny and Pole Legs and Lop Shoulders and Crane Legs meens sumthing becaus i am like them things. but if a feller doesent have enny nicknaims it meens that the other fellers dont think he amounts to mutch and if he is called Sissy or Saphead or Numhead it meens that the other fellers dispize him. so i am glad i have had so menny good ones.

but the new one you coodent gess. i got it from sumthing i did. i dident want to do it and i dont think it was fair to deside i had got to do it but when a feller bets he will do sumthing and then dont do it the other fellers dont forget it and maik all sorts of truble for him and the wirst is they call him a old skin out of it. no feller likes to be called that and will do most ennything rather than have the fellers call him that.

well this nicknaim had sumthing to do with old Bill Greenleaf. you see things we done to maik it lifely for old Bill was when we had the big snowstorm whitch is verry unusual for April. well we shoveled all the snow from old Ike Shutes paths into old Bills yard and piled it up in front of his front and side door about 4 feet deep. well Bill was so mad that he dident think it wood melt in a day or two and he spent about 5 hours in swaring and throwing it into the street.

then he neerly lost him his gob at the mill, and then we stuck up a advertisement about him and we had thougt up a lot of things moar to do to him to maik him wish he was ded.

well the nite of the big fire there wasent enny feller whitch wirked harder to put out the fire than Old Bill. he wirked on the brakes until his tungue run out. then he clim up on top of the enjine and yelled and swore at the men and maid his legs go up and down until he was so tuckered out that they had to stop pumping to get him down. then he fixed the enjines with a munkey wrench when sumthing broke and helped taik firniture out of the house and yelled and swoar at fellers whitch was throwing things out of the windows and helped mother pack things up and he run down to Aunt Clarks to tell the children not to be scart and covered things over with blankits and rubber cloths and the next day wirked all day helping cleer the house and nale down carpits and bring in firniture and swore so funny that even mother laffed and woodent taik a cent for it and sed he wood come in enny time we wanted him to help us

Of coarse lots of peeple offered to help. Charles Talor and Charles Fifield and Gnatt Weeks and Gim Loverin and Mager Blake and lots of others offered to help us and wood have done it if father had let them, but old Bill dident offer to do things but he jest gumped in and roled up his sleaves and spit on his hands and done it and he put up curtins and mended clocks and put up beds and stove pipes whitch most men hate to do and cant do without maiking a auful mess.

well when i went to bed i coodent sleep becaus i thougt how meen me and Pewt and Beany had been to old Bill and i maid up my mind that i wood never play a goke on him again as long as i lived and i wood see that Pewt and Beany dident. then i went to sleep.

the next day at recess Pewt told me and Beany to come up after school and we wood get reddy to play another goke on old Bill. i sed oh less let old Bill rip and Pewt he sed what is eating you Plupy and i sed what is the good less do sumthing elce. jest then the bell rung and we had to go in. well after school i went up and Pewt and Beany were there gigling their heads off about the goke they was going to play on old Bill. well when i told them i woodent play enny moar gokes on old Bill you never saw sutch sirprized fellers in your life. Beany sed what is the matter with you Plupy. you were the one that got up most of the gokes and you sed you wood maik him wish he was ded and now you say you wont do nothing to him and Pewt sed i was a old fraid cat. well i told them what Bill had did at the fire and Pewt and Beany both sed that lots of fellers had did moar than old Bill and we gawed about that terible they sed Gil Kelly had neerly been drownded and so had Gim Carlile and Billy Fellows and Jerry Carter and little Mike Smith had been squashed flat and i hadent sed ennything about them

then i sed that if we had intended to play a goke on enny feller we'd ought helped to put out a fire on the house of enny one of us that i woodent do it.

then Pewt sed it wasent his house and he dident see why he should give up his fun for me. and Beany sed so two. then i sed if it had been Beanys fathers house Beany wood feel jest like i did and if it was Pewts fathers house Pewt wood feel so two. then Beany and Pewt sed that wasent enny argument becaus it wasent either of their fathers houses. then Pewt sed that old Bill wasent doing enny moar than he was paid for and i sed he dident charge a cent and Beany sed he got his firemans pay and i sed huh the firemen only get $12. dollers a year apeace and that menny a time firemen whitch were going to sum show in the town hall or to a danse in their best cloths when the fire bells begun to ring and they had to run with the machines jest as they were and spoiled a suit a cloths that cost as mutch as $15 and sumtimes moar

Well we gawed and gawed about it and i sed if they tride to play another goke on old Bill i wood fix it so he wood get out of it if i had to stay up all nite. then Pewt sed i was a sneek and i sed i wood be a sneek if i alowed ennybody to play a meen trick on a frend

well i don't know what wood have hapened if it hadent been for Beany. Beany he sed sumthing i had forgot all about. he sed well Pewt ennyway if Plupy wont go in with us he had got to drink a glass of soft sope for he sed he wood if he dident make old Bill wish he was ded. and Pewt he sed all right we will let old Bill alone if Plupy will drink a glass of soft sope.

well i had forgot about that but i sed i ment it the same way a feller wood say he wood eat his hat or his shirt if sumthing dident happen and Pewt sed well what of it. dident the fellers eat their hat or shert when the things dident happen and i sed of coarse not a feller coodent eat

(Continued on Page 133)

Well Then We Went Into Pewts Fathers Shop and I Held it Up 2 or 3 Times Befoar I Coud Maik Up My Mind

See this rug—

ON THIS PORCH *is the smart, new* "PLYMOUTH" *Design—an interesting silhouette border showing Pilgrim Ships and wooded landscapes. The center blocked off in large attractive squares produces the effect of wood graining. It's Gold Seal Rug No. 580*

When summer breezes coax you out-of-doors—

THE porch, of course, is an important part of the house in warm weather. A few comfortable chairs and a bright Congoleum *Gold Seal* Rug will make it a charming out-door living room. An inviting spot for a friendly chat—just the place to do that bit of sewing or read the books everyone is talking about.

Neither sun, rain nor sea water can ever harm Congoleum *Gold Seal* Rugs. Dust and sand can't sink into them. The wind won't ruffle their edges, for these rugs lie flat without any fastening. All the attention they ever need is simple mopping. They are almost no work at all to keep spotless.

For rooms inside the house, there are many appropriate patterns—dainty florals for bedrooms, neat tiles for the kitchen and rich Orientals for the living room. Every one is the creation of a master rug designer. Sizes range from handy mats up to nine by fifteen foot room sizes.

What the Gold Seal stands for—

More than a mere symbol—the Gold Seal pasted on every genuine *Gold Seal* Rug stands sponsor for all those qualities the buyer must take on trust. The Gold Seal is your positive assurance of floor-covering satisfaction. If you wish to get full value for every cent you spend, don't fail to look for the Gold Seal.

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GOLD SEAL
ART-RUGS

"CATHAY" Design
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YOU'RE ON THE AIR

By Graham McNamee in Collaboration With Robert Gordon Anderson

PHOTO BY COURTESY FOTO TOPICS, INC., N. Y. C.

George V. Hobart, Gitz Rice and Joseph Knecht, Arranging a Miniature Musical Comedy for Presentation From WEAF

WHILE we are deep in this story, coats and collars off, the telephone rings. A frightened girl is at the end of the wire.

"Have you heard anything of the Olympic?" the distracted voice calls. "The extra says she's sinking—and Will's on board."

We assure her that nothing can be wrong, that the Olympic's too big to get in trouble, though all the time we cannot help remembering the Lusitania; then we promise to get what inside information we can, and promptly we get in touch with this man and that, until finally we track the story down. Later messages indicate that the steamer is in no real danger and we telephone the news to our distracted friend.

After all, this was no tragedy to paint large in seven days' headlines; yet the story is eloquent of the part radio has come to play in our lives, when within a few minutes you can find out whether or not a steamer with all you love on board is foundering 1000 miles out on the ocean.

No sooner have we conveyed the message to the girl who feared she was going to be a widow than the postman brings to the door a post card from a friend, a cartoonist, saying, "I've just heard you broadcasting—off the Irish coast." And if anything further were needed to prove the power of radio, a letter in the same mail says: "Your singer last night was too strong. Her last top note broke a vase on my mantel!"

It was true, too, as we found on later inquiry—the vibration had actually shattered a family heirloom.

A Face-and-Voice Hook-Up

DOCTOR CADMAN, probably the best known broadcaster of the cloth, tells me that he was wandering not long ago in an unfamiliar part of Brooklyn, and finally, after he had become hopelessly lost, inquired his way of a coal heaver who was shoveling his precious cargo down a chute.

The man gave the requested directions, then asked, with a smile of eagerness that brightened his begrimed face:

"Aren't you Doctor Cadman?"

"Yes, but how did you know? Do you attend my church?"

"No," said the coal driver, "but I listen to you every Sunday afternoon on the radio."

Shaking hands, the distinguished preacher left the man standing there on the curb and looking after him. Apparently he had been thrilled, not only by this meeting with a celebrity but by the delight of finding the face that went with the voice he had heard so often. To him it was the best game ever invented

I have had similar experiences, and two on the same day in Chicago. While I was standing on the curb, on my arrival at the hotel, fishing in my pockets to pay for the taxi, the driver was taking the card out of the meter. I made some jocular remark, when like a shot he turned round and looked inquiringly into my face.

Broadcasting the Yale-Harvard Game From Soldiers Field, Cambridge, Massachusetts

"I know you now. Your name's McNamee and you're the man that broadcast the World's Series. You boys gave me a big kick—and you ride free!"

That afternoon I called at the home of General Dawes, to consult with him about the broadcasting of the notification ceremonies. I found him sitting on the porch smoking his famous brier. He jumped up in his hair-trigger fashion, and exclaimed as soon as I spoke, before I had announced my name, and while he was still shaking hands, "I don't know your face, but I remember your voice." Then pausing as if trying to place it, "Oh, yes; you're the man that tells us about conventions. My wife got a lot of fun out of that. She wants to meet you. Come right in."

Air Sales

IT IS strange how the individual qualities of a voice may be distinguished, or at least stir recollections, when there is no memory of the face that goes with it to aid in the identification.

After the political happenings described in an earlier article, I was more often at our studio on Broadway, and perhaps some description of our business operations may not be amiss before we go farther afield to other outside jobs.

Gradually the work had increased so that our two small rooms were inadequate; so we took over other offices, and now we cover a whole floor of this giant skyscraper, with a staff of 100 in the program, commercial, accounting plant and publicity departments, including many stenographers, whose time is mostly taken up with the mail from the fans.

And as in all other houses that have something to sell, we have a staff of salesmen under the direction of a sales manager. The commodity they have to offer is not tangible and does not come in cans or packages, but by the quarter, half or full hour they sell it. It is nothing less than time—time on the air. Here again a distinction must be drawn between the stations which, like ours—WEAF broadcast entertainment and those which send messages from person to person, usually, these days, out to sea. Most entertainment stations have their time divided between entertainment which they themselves arrange and that which they broadcast for clients for publicity purposes. I should say they run roughly about fifty-fifty—that is, that half of the programs are "sustaining," as we call our own, and half "commercial," as we term those programs which are paid for by outsiders

It is easy to distinguish between them of course, for when a commercial program

is rendered we always announce that it is given by such and such a firm and also tell the name and brand of its product, working in perhaps the advertising slogan, at both the beginning and the end of the hour, and occasionally between the numbers. Further than this we do not go.

Our own features, called "sustaining" as opposed to the commercial just described, are usually interspersed with the latter. These are arranged by the program department and are sufficiently varied, consisting of music, talks, lectures of all sorts and kinds. Often a singer or musician who has been heard on our sustaining program and who has been well received is recommended for a place on the commercial programs.

Aage Jorenson, The Viking

An obscure tenor, I remember, once drifted into our studio when radio was new and asked for and received a hearing, or audition. This, of course, did not go out on the air. As at rehearsals, he simply sang before the microphone and some of the management listened in another room to his voice as it came over the loud speaker. He made good; we gave him a date; and these engagements increased in frequency. Finally we hit on a picturesque name involving a play on words, which caught the fancy of the fans and also appealed to the sense of mystery. Now he is one of the best known singers on the radio programs.

Mike Fever

IN THESE days at the studio I met quite as many famous people as I had in the big jobs outside, and one and all I found badly smitten, on their auditions, with that nervousness which we of the staff call "mike fever." Sometimes it is almost pathetic the way world-known figures, men of great power, too, who have held vast audiences spellbound, follow us around the studios like little children seeking moral support when they are to visit the dentist.

At the radio debut of John McCormack and Lucrezia Bori, those two singers were almost dead with fright, though they showed it differently.

McCormack, after the rehearsal, and while waiting to begin, just could not sit still; he paced the floor, then sat down, then stood up, sat down again, then took to his caged-animal pacing up and down once more, while all the time the perspiration ran off his face in streams.

Bori, on the other hand, was still and apparently composed, but ice-cold. I knew it, for, recognizing this strange symptom too, she asked me to touch her arms.

"Just feel them," she said. "They're like ice. It's almost as if I were going to die."

Althouse and Middleton, two metropolitan stars who have taken longer jumps in their concert tours than most other singers, covering Europe, Australia and the Orient in their long musical marathons, were similarly affected, or afflicted if you will, though they had faced all sorts of audiences.

After he had finished his last note, someone asked Althouse if he had been nervous, and he turned on the inquirer and replied, "Nervous? No, I wasn't nervous; I was sick. It's bad enough to sing to a big audience, but—ye gods, to a piece of tin!" And he threw up his hands in utter despair.

The American baritone, Reinald Werrenrath, on his first broadcasting, paced wildly up and down the floor, the coat tails of his dress suit flying—though he didn't need to wear that; he had overlooked the fact that his audience couldn't see him—and kept exclaiming humorously, yet seriously enough, "I may be the worst baritone in the world, but for a concert hall this is a darned sight worse than I am!"

Louise Homer's sweet, gracious personality did not allow her to show her fear in any excitable way. Instead, she seemed to be thinking of all the people to whom, that night, she might bring happiness. Indeed, after the experience she confessed, with tears in her eyes, "I was overwhelmed; the thought of all those dear people all over the country in little farmhouses and, maybe, tenements listening to me was overpowering!"

What puzzled Schumann-Heink most seemed to be that we didn't find fault. "You don't scold enough," she said.

"But, madame," I replied, "how could we? You follow suggestions so easily. What is there to say?"

Again she shook her head. "Maybe, but I'm afraid it isn't right. You don't scold enough, and when a teacher doesn't scold enough his pupils do very bad."

It was so with Emilio de Gogorza, too—"What would you have me do?" All the really great were like that, admitting in their well-proportioned modesty that they knew their own business, but also that others knew theirs.

Quite different, however, were a few artists whose temperament exceeded their ability—that cellist, for instance,

Mme. Schumann-Heink Singing the National Anthem During the Mothers' Day Ceremony, at the Arlington National Cemetery

who was unwilling to stand his instrument on the carpet and sent us hustling through the studios for an empty cigar box on which to rest the cello point.

On another occasion a soprano looked at this rug and then announced very positively, "I won't sing!" The only thing we liked about her was she didn't have us guessing. We were quite sure when she said she wouldn't sing that she wouldn't. Still, with the concert under way, we pressed her for the reason.

Where Every Little Minute Has a Meaning

"I CAN'T sing unless I feel the vocal vibrations in my feet," she explained haughtily; "and I can't feel the vocal vibrations in my feet standing on this carpet. Can't you get me something hard to stand on?"

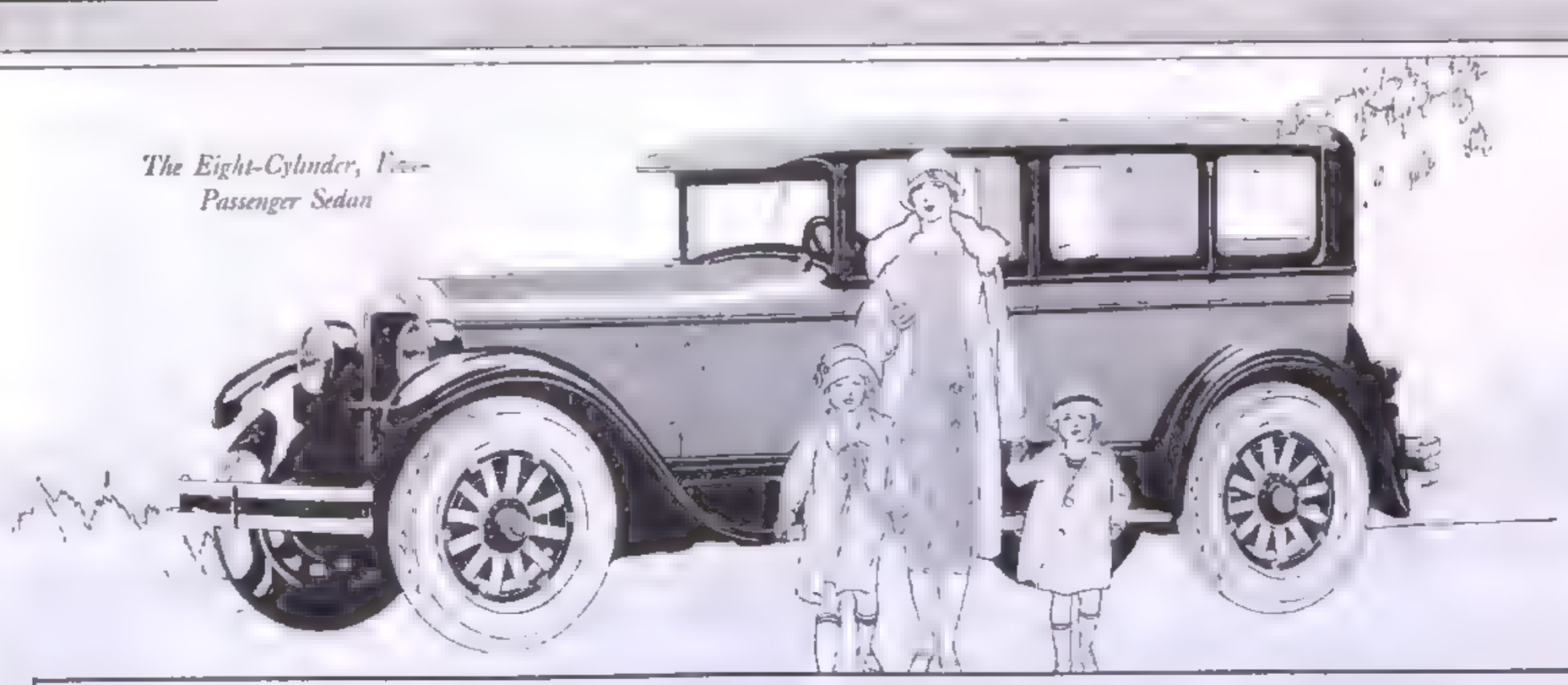
Now one of the requirements for efficient broadcasting is promptness. One has to think quickly, particularly to save those breaks on the air. Here she was, due to sing in thirty seconds, and she refused to go on. This time a cigar box wouldn't do: it must be something hard, so she could feel those mysterious vocal vibrations in her feet. Luckily, I recalled having noticed a loose sheet of iron.

Pleased, the soprano mounted this like a circus horse, threw out her chest, threw back her head, made some funny little noises, then said with a satisfied smile, "Now, Mr. Announcer, I can feel the vocal vibrations in my feet perfectly. You may begin!"

By good fortune, she was only one minute late; but even such a delay, in our work, is the unpardonable sin.

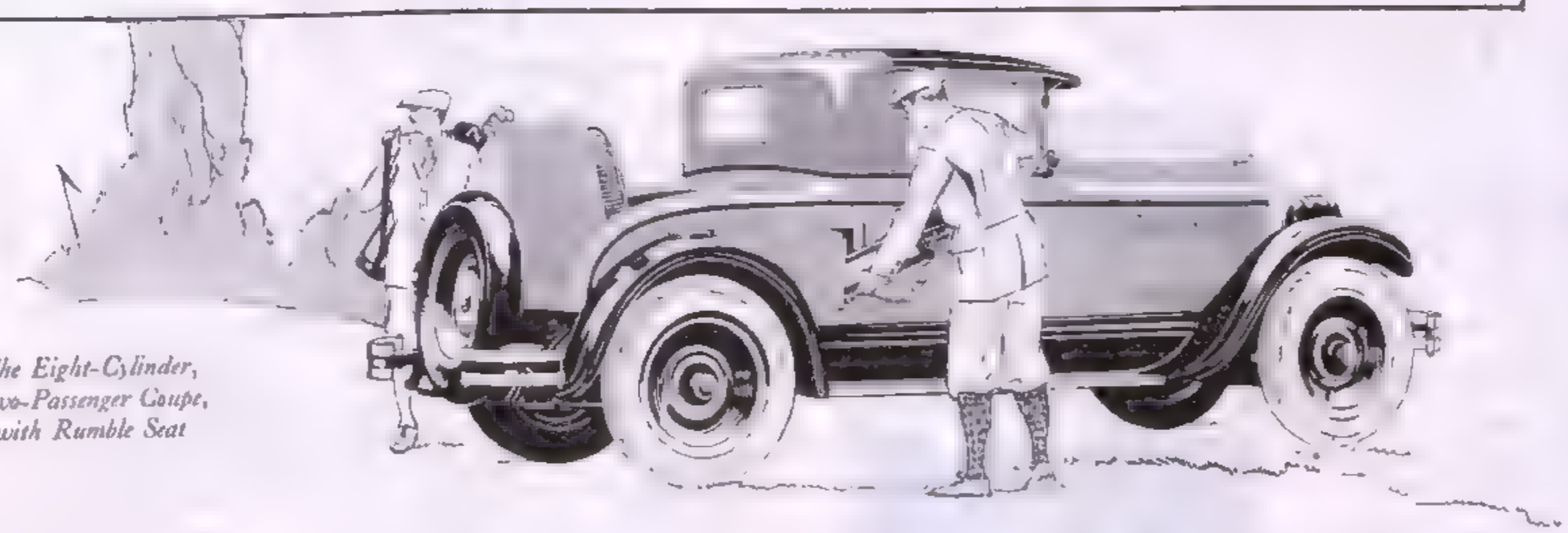
(Continued on Page 165)

Secretary Hoover, an Ardent Radio Fan, Listening to a London Program



The Eight-Cylinder, Five-Passenger Sedan

HUPMOBILE EIGHT



The Eight-Cylinder, Two-Passenger Coupe, with Rumble Seat

Two beautiful Hupmobiles—the Eight Sedan and the Eight Coupe.

The Sedan for the family. Beautifully upholstered, richly appointed and the choice of two attractive colors in finish. The Coupe for the business man—distinctive in its two-tone combination of Killarney gray and Dundee gray, with a rumble seat for two additional passengers on occasion. Both with the latest clear-vision bodies, of course; and with the wonderful performance which has made this car the largest-selling straight eight in the world.

Hupmobile Eight

Sedan, five-passenger, $2345. Sedan, Berline, $2445. Coupe, two-passenger, with rumble seat, $2345. Touring, five-passenger, $1945. Touring, seven-passenger, $2045. All prices f. o. b. Detroit, plus revenue tax.

Hupmobile Six

Sedan, five-passenger, four-door, $1385. Touring, five-passenger, $1325. Equipment includes 30 by 5.25 balloon tires, four-wheel brakes, choice of two colors. All prices f. o. b. Detroit, plus revenue tax.

HUPP MOTOR CAR CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Young America Takes to the Wilds

Basket-Ball Practice

Going to a Picnic

The organized summer camp is the most important step in education that America has given to the world.
CHARLES W. ELIOT.

By Elizabeth Frazer

FROM ten to sixteen years is the golden age of childhood. During that formative period the soft paste of adolescence begins to dry in certain hard, fixed habits.

To check wrong beginnings and to bend the young human twig in the right direction, once it has started to grow askew, require patience, persistence and a moral fiber, not only on the part of the child itself but also on the part of its parents or guardians. It is a truth, however, that in some cases parents are not the best trainers of their own offspring.

Through ignorance, overindulgence, overseverity or negligence parents fail where an outsider, with no bias for or against, taking the same human stuff in hand, achieves a notable success.

"The fact is," said a nationally known educator, "there comes a period in some children's lives when it may be necessary for their development to get away from their parents.

"Parents, it is true, can sometimes see the faults of their children, but they can also see how those faults came into being; how heredity is to blame; how the child repeats the characteristics of its ancestors; and even the wisest parent, seeing these things, is prone to excuse and forgive defects. So the child should have an interested outsider, with knowledge of child nature and child psychology, to help him past the dangers of adolescence."

The Bugler Sounding Reveille

In the winter a good school, with its carefully planned program of work, play, rest, diet and exercise, serves, save in abnormal cases, to train and restrain the average, healthy child in its early teens. But in the summertime school is out; barriers are let down; children break the winter training rules and go on the loose.

For Idle Hands When School is Out

UP ALL hours; gorging themselves with ice-cream sundaes, hot dogs, lobster and nuts and sweets; hanging around hotel lobbies in summer resorts and picking up chance acquaintances; joyriding through the countryside and helping themselves to the farmer's fruit; pulling off necking parties at road houses and jazz halls; their natural youthful exuberance and desire for adventure uncurbed—it is not strange that boys and girls often return to school at the end of such vacations unrestrained young savages with definitely formed tastes for looseness, license, their half-baked young minds packed with unwholesome, erotic or hell-raising exploits which they whisper gleefully in shadowy corners to their mates; and that school with its regular hours and discipline seems to these reckless young high-livers a flat, stale and unprofitable affair.

Nor are these the children of the poor, without ancestry, opportunity or social background; on the contrary, they are, supposedly, the finest flower this country can produce, with all the advantages of wealth, blood and breeding ranged upon their side.

It is to combat this difficult situation, which multiplies in danger in direct ratio with the spreading wealth of the nation, that an increasingly large number of parents are continuing the moral education of their children, keeping them in light summer harness so to speak, by sending them to organized private camps in charge of a good director, aided by a group of trained counselors, where a simple régime, a healthful, out-of-door existence varied by land and water sports and hikes in the wilderness tend to develop the children physically and morally.

The organized private summer camp is an institution peculiarly American—an outgrowth of our own national conditions and pioneer backgrounds. Beginning casually, the movement has grown until now it is reckoned by able students of child nature as one of the most significant educational developments of the age. In the early stages of the idea, the tendency on the part of harassed parents or guardians was to pack off to summer camp those children who were problems at home—the misfits, orphans, stepchildren, nuisances, bullies, defectives or abnormal types; the camps were used as conveniences by indifferent or negligent parents in which to park their undesirable offspring. But that period is past; directors have made it very clear to the public that their camps are not pathological clinics or nursing homes for abnormal types. What they want are not freaks or bullies, but normal, healthy, vivacious children who usually have enough innate deviltry compounded in their native elements to render the character-building process a sufficiently engrossing problem to those in charge.

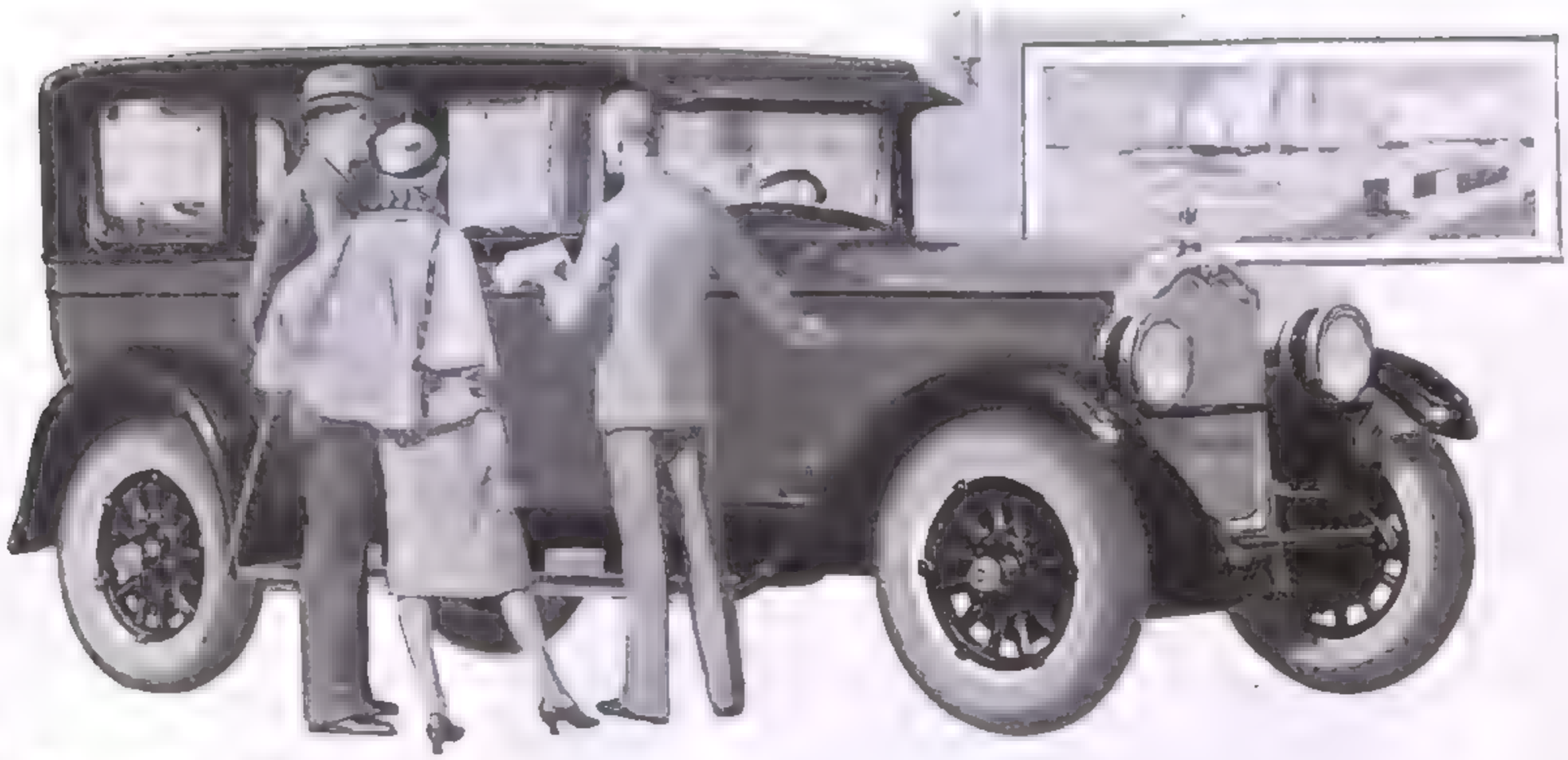
In the past decade the camp idea itself has developed far beyond its primitive beginnings. Twenty years ago the chief aim was simply to install a group of children in tents along the wooded shores of some lake and let them absorb the atmosphere near to Nature's heart. Now the movement has become highly organized and placed on a firm scientific and educational basis. Many of the plants are elaborate and costly; the state sanitary inspection rigid; the courses or departments of instruction numerous and the counselors or guides of the children highly trained. Formerly, most of the camps used as aides simply young college students with perhaps a turn for athletics. Now there are special schools devoted to the training of counselors, who are required to be proficient in first aid, child psychology, diet and physical training, handicrafts, woodcraft, and are, besides, experts in swimming, canoeing, tennis and all manner of sports. In addition, and even more important, they act as moral exemplars and comrades to the children whose activities they are supposed to supervise every hour of the day. The influence of such a counselor over the plastic nature of the child is potent to an extraordinary degree for good or for ill. Usually one counselor is allotted to four youngsters, and such matters as personal neatness, courtesy, diet, health, good sportsmanship, confidence, initiative and community spirit come under his control. Woe to the counselor who is biased or partisan or a short sport, who is weak in leadership and does not practice in secret what he preaches in public. The children soon get his number and plot to render his life miserable; jeers, contempt and open rebellion follow in his wake like the tail of a comet. A bad counselor can disorganize an entire group by letting down the camp morale; while on the other hand, a good counselor, with leadership qualities, a sense of fair play and sportsmanship, can in a short season of nine weeks work marvels with a batch of human material which at first glimpse appeared of decidedly inferior grade. For this reason many of the best camps do not import strange counselors of whose characters and habits they are ignorant, but train up their own from their alumni, thus assuring themselves of aides who are imbued with the traditions and high standards of the camp.

The Hallmarks of a Good Camp

IT IS not to be supposed that of the thousand or more organized private camps for children dotted over the country, in the remote wilderness, on some romantic, sequestered island or along the wooded shore of a shining expanse of lake, all are of equally high standard. Camps are the private property of their directors and reflect faithfully their characters. Some directors are in the business for purely commercial reasons—to make a stake. They are not educators but profit-grabbers. Their camps, though their physical equipment may be elaborate and costly, stand for no particular educational purpose or moral ideal; character building and the best physical interests of the children are not sought. Such camps are merely summer boarding houses—and not first-class summer boarding houses at that. For the sleeping tents or cabins are apt to be badly located with reference to light and air, the water impure, the diet insufficient or of inferior grade, the counselors negligent and the entire moral tone decidedly slack. All too often the children are permitted to frequent the neighboring villages, hang around the soda fountains and straggle off in unattended groups. They eat candy in their tents at night; the rich children are catered to; and habits of cleanliness, courtesy, self-reliance and good sportsmanship are not ceaselessly insisted on. To send a child to such a low-grade camp may not permanently injure its character, but it is extremely unlikely to do it any good.

A high-grade summer camp, on the contrary, stands foursquare for excellence on both the physical and the moral plane. Its directors are usually men and women of broad vision, strong character and wide experience with child nature in the raw; they possess leadership qualities

(Continued on Page 50)



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WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

(Continued from Page 48)

and personal magnetism to a high degree. The physical equipment is the most tangible but not by any means the most important element of a successful high-grade camp. Elaborate quarters and costly plants are not by any means necessary for the best results; but pure drinking water, simple but excellent food and plenty of it, comfortable and sanitary sleeping quarters situated in broad sunshine—these are basic physical points which all directors hold vitally necessary to maintain the health of their charges. For nothing so undermines the reputation of a camp as the prevalence of sickness or the report of inferior food.

These fundamentals of good housekeeping established, the high-grade director next turns his attention to his policy and program. His policy, briefly summarized, is to return the child to his parents in better shape physically and morally than when he arrives; to iron out of his nature habits of petulance, snobbishness, bad temper, selfishness and dislike of discipline, and to inculcate in their place habits of decency, honesty, self-reliance, cleanliness and good sportsmanship in its broadest sense. These are his goals. The means by which he achieves them he bulks under the general heading of program. These programs, of course, vary in different camps. They consist usually of land and water sports—swimming, diving, canoeing, sailing, tennis, basket ball, various arts and crafts, hiking, nature study, woodcraft, fire building, pack making, trail marking—together with the ethics of all these out-of-door sports. The purpose is to make the child master of his environment in the open; to enable him to handle himself with confidence on the lake or wilderness trail and to take delight in the magnificent natural resources of this country; to learn the principles of clean sportsmanship and his relations to his fellows in the small republic of which he is a temporary citizen. In a word, running through all the varied program of activities like a bright crimson thread is the ethical purpose—the upbuilding of character, of moral fiber in the child.

The Swimming Lesson

Getting Them Up at Seven

PICTURE for yourself the layout of one of these high-standard summer camps for girls, located, let us say, on the shores of a lovely lake encircled by low, heavily wooded hills. Behind it a primitive wilderness. Scattered thickly over the landscape are other camps—dozens of them—but cunningly concealed on an island or hidden in a wrinkle of the hills. Promiscuous intercamp visiting is frowned upon, and it is only by an occasional brief glimpse of a canoeload of chanting girls upon the lake or the sweet, clear notes of the bugle breaking across the lonely cry of the loon as taps are sounded that one becomes aware of other dwellers in these remote wilds.

The equipment of this particular camp, though simple, is of the finest modern, scientific type. To begin with, the sleeping quarters are not the traditional canvas tents—though tents are all right if proper sanitary precautions are observed—but rustic little bungalows situated, not under the dripping branches of a somber forest but in an open meadow exposed all day to the sun. These squat little cabins with their steep-pitched roofs, widespreading eaves and screened-in sides look like mushrooms springing up over the landscape. Each bungalow holds four—three girls and a counselor. There are no washing arrangements in the cabins to attract mosquitoes and flies, the regular morning scrub and toothbrush drill taking place at a separate washhouse, water for which is pumped by electricity from an artesian well. The rustic mess hall, with seating capacity for a hundred, is also separate from the other buildings and located in the full, glowing sunshine. Here sensible food of the best quality, with plenty of green vegetables and fruit, is provided by the director, a well-known educator, who believes in feeding the girls well and throwing about them an atmosphere of health. For this reason no nurse is employed in the camp.

"If you have a nurse," explained the director, who has dealt with growing girls all her life, "she naturally wants something to occupy her time, and the result may be that girls are encouraged to magnify their trifling ailments. If they are only slightly ill I isolate them at once and they're soon ready to recover. If it is something serious I send for a doctor, but I do not believe in coddling them all the time. In matter of diet my procedure is the same: I give them plenty of the very best quality of food without skimping; no fads, no theories, just good, wholesome, plain, well-diversified food—and that's the end of it. They must not eat between meals or at night in their cabins. When their parents send candy, nuts, fruit or cake, the girls turn it over unopened to me as a point of honor, and I ration it out to them all. They really prefer it that way."

Somewhat back from the lake shore are scattered tennis courts, archery and basket-ball fields. A trail leads down to a charming old farmhouse given over to handicrafts, weaving, dyeing and metal work. Half hidden in trees fronting the lake shore a great rustic lodge with cavernous fireplace and waxed floors provides a center for evening entertainments, dancing, indoor pageants, and the like, while before it, down upon the lake, floats and rows of canoes, with neat racks of paddles, bespeak the varied water sports. All is simple, even primitive, yet the finest modern scientific planning is involved.

Canoeing—One of the Popular Sports

Thus the setting of a typical, well-organized summer camp. And now let us take a glimpse at the daily program. At 6:55 A.M. every girl—save one—is sleeping peacefully on her cot; cool zephyrs from the lake pass and repass through the screen sides of the cabins; beams of early sunshine gild their steep-pitched, gray-green roofs. Hark! What is that? Sweet and clear falls the gay cascade of silvery notes—"I can't get 'em up! I can't get 'em up! I can't get 'em up in the morning!" The bugler stands under a tree. Her slim young silhouette, in rolled stockings, bloomers and white middy blouse fitted tightly in at the waist to reveal her athletic torso, is strongly outlined by the morning sun; she blows lustily, cheeks distended like a cherub's, to blow the laggards out of bed. It is exactly seven o'clock. In the cabins, before the final notes of reveille have died away, down go the blankets, up come numberless pairs of slim tanned arms; a yawn, a kick, a skip and they tumble into bathing suits and hotfoot it across to the washhouse for the scrub and toothbrush drill. For this fifteen minutes are allotted. Then the whistle blows for the morning dip, which is simply a brief, three-minute plunge, the regular swimming hour coming later in the day. Before the plunge the counselors lead in a short drill of water movements—arms and legs; then three bracing minutes in the water, when once more the whistle sounds—and this is the most dreadful whistle of all to disobey, for it means no swim later on. Prompt and cheerful obedience to the few rules necessary for the good of all is inculcated in every high-grade camp.

Cabin Inspection

AFTER the dip follow setting-up exercises on the beach, camp uniforms are donned and at 7:45 the whistle sounds for assembly to morning prayers. Breakfast is served at eight, after which a brief announcement is made of the program for the day. One group goes to the handicraft house; another is off to the athletic fields; and at the same time particular girls are singled out for more intensive instruction in tennis, swimming, or perhaps special tutoring in winter school work.

At nine the whistle blows for cabin inspection. This is an extremely important and solemn ceremony. In the cabins absolute and awful quiet reigns while the inspector—usually a counselor or senior camper—enters with severe mien. The cabin squad, responsible for the tidiness of their quarters, stand stiffly at attention; furtive anxiety shows in their gaze. The inspector, solemn as Rhadamanthus, searches under beds, inside trunks and closets, and even passes a hand along the bed rail in search of disorder or dust. She peers under a cot and pounces. "Ha! What's this?" She holds up a fluff of dust. One of the squad glares bitterly at her companion, who mutely raises her eyebrows as if to say: "How did I know the darn thing was there?" And now what is this? The inspector has picked up a hairbrush. Hair matted in the bristles. Bad! Very bad! No pennant for this cabin. And why this bunch of bracken in the wastebasket? Pretty—but why such a bizarre

(Continued on Page 68)

Archery Practice

FISHER BODIES

No mark in all the automobile industry has been so widely accepted by the public as this hall-mark of established merit—the emblem, Body by Fisher

BODY BY FISHER

RUSTY ON THE JOB

By Sewell Ford

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT REYNARD

I WAS waiting on the pier to meet Julie Green. No, don't get me wrong. This was no date I'd made. It was a job that had been wished on me by the boss' wife, and besides not being any sheik act it just goes to show what a tried and trusted fam'ly shuffer I'd come to be. Well, believe it or not, that's the case. There was no stalling around about leaving it up to me either. The minute I gives Mrs. Blake the news that the steamer's gonna be twenty-four hours late she simply hunches her shoulders and looks at Miss Olive.

"Wouldn't you know it, Ollie?" says she. "And I suppose your father expects us to stay here another day and miss the Croziers' dinner dance for the count, just because this stupid niece of his can't be on time."

"Not for me," says Miss Olive. "Counts happen so seldom in my career. I'm going to take the eleven o'clock express for home. Why don't you too, mum? Rusty can wait and bring along this Green child when she comes, if ever."

"Of course!" says Mrs. Blake, giving me that baby stare of hers just from habit. "The ever-ready Rusty, to be sure! Why hadn't I thought of that before? But he must have the photograph. Now where did I —— Ah, here it is."

And what she fishes out of her shopping bag to hand over to me is a picture of a gawky-lookin', long-necked, big-eyed girl of about ten or twelve, with stringy dark hair done in a roll over her eyes and a braid wound around her head.

"Do I look for something like this?" I asks.

"Naturally," says Mrs. Blake, who never misses a chance to show me up as a poor simp. "She will be a few years older let me see, five, isn't it, Ollie?"

"Dad thought six or seven," says Miss Olive.

"Anyway, she can't have changed very much," goes on Mrs. Blake. "Not if she's anything like her mother, for Julia Green wore her hair just that way all her life, and I've no doubt young Julie is quite as dowdy and old-fashioned. Besides, you have the name, Rusty, and you can have her paged if you're in doubt. Be sure to go to the right pier though. Is it the White Star or the Cunard?"

"Forty-seven, the message says," says I. "That's the French Line."

"Is it?" says Mrs. Blake. "Well, I don't see why she should be coming from England on a French steamer. Cheaper, perhaps. However, you will be able to find her quite as readily as we should, and you can explain that we couldn't wait any longer. See about her trunk, if she has one, and then bring her home. That's all, Rusty. You may take us to the Grand Central at 10:45."

She Don't Do a Thing, Either, But Give Him the Flyin' Tackle and a Smack on Both Cheeks

And that's the casual way they passes on to me something that had had the boss all steamed up for more'n a week. First off he plans to side-step about three directors' meetin's and come down himself, but then he finds he's scheduled to meet with the welfare committee of the Brass Works at noon, open the annual hospital drive at three and make a spiel before the Citizens' Reform League at 7:30. So he persuades Mrs. Blake to put over her shoppin' trip a couple of days and combine pleasure with the business of welcomin' this orphaned ward of his back to her native land. But I notice he takes pains to explain all the details to me also.

It seems Miss Julie's mother was a half sister of his who'd married the young English chemist that had helped Noah Blake change the brass factory from a liability into a going concern. There'd been about ten hands in a shed turning out novelty stuff that sometimes sold and then again didn't, when Basil Green comes along with his color-lacquerin' process, and almost before they knew it they'd hit the market for a gool and was swamped with orders. So Basil is rewarded not only with a half interest but with a half sister as well. Anyway the Blake-Green Corporation was organized and moved into the first two units of the reenforced-concrete affair that now spreads over the best part of three acres along the railroad tracks.

Just when the war had put a crimp in the business, though, Basil gets fed up on livin' in a Connecticut factory town where they burn so much soft coal and nobody knocks off work for afternoon tea. Besides, he yearns for his old home in Kent, which is somewhere in England, so he sells out to Mr. Blake and goes back, announcin' that he's gonna paint pitchers and enjoy himself. 'Course, his fam'ly goes with him.

It was a poor guess of Basil's. Two years after he left, the Brass Works connected with the war boom, the English company he'd invested his capital in almost went blooey, and he discovered he couldn't sell his pitchers for much more'n the price of the frames. Then his wife died and he was left in a rose-covered cottage with little Julie to bring up and next to nothing to live on. But he was too proud to make any squeal about it or take any help, even though a bum heart kept him from getting out and rustling at his old trade. He'd been boxed and sodded under three or four months before Mr. Blake heard about it, and then only because some lawyers notified him he'd been named in the will as guardian to little Julie. His first act after gettin' this news is to write for Julie to come right over, but weeks and weeks passed without a word. Then comes this cable from the lawyers that Miss Julie is on her way and will land at Pier 47 on such and such a date. No details, no nothing.

"Poor little thing!" says Mr. Blake to me. "I really should go down myself to meet her. Mrs. Blake and Olive are so apt to be late or to forget. But I am going to rely on you, Rusty, to see that someone is on hand to receive her."

"You know me, Mr. Blake," says I.

"True, Rusty," says he. "I have found you quite trustworthy and dependable."

That ought to go for a complete description of Noah Blake. His whole line is like that—all heavy-business-man stuff—rubber-stamp, referring-to-yours-of-even-date, polly-wants-a-cracker, no-checks-cashed. Honest, when I first signed up with him, six months or more ago, I had him listed as the prize boob of my collection; one of these lucky stiffs who'd had the Brass Works gold mine hung on him because there wasn't anybody else handy, and who had just sense enough to bank his dividends and let his lawyers tell him when not to put his name to anything. You know—it talks, it walks, it sleeps; and if it ever got punctured it would bleed gold dust.

Later on I had to admit that he was almost human. I begun to discover his good points. He was a particular boss, but not a finicky one. He wanted the cars kept as shiny as if they'd just come from the show window, and the motors runnin' sweet. Also when he said 8:30 at the east door he didn't mean maybe. He'd be there on the tick and if I wasn't it was a case of provin' an alibi, and a good one. But he knew when I'd had a late run for some of the fam'ly, and them was the times, if the weather wasn't too bad, that he'd send word he was walkin' to the factory that mornin'. And now and then, when I'd been kept on the jump constant, he'd slip me a nice little tip, with some sound advice about startin' a savings account along with it.

A big, pompous, solemn, owl-eyed old boy, Mr. Blake, who wouldn't any more think of crackin' a joke than he would of dynamitin' a safe or buyin' a case of bootlegger gin. He's slow movin', slow talkin', slow thinkin'; the kind they pick out to serve on boards and handle charity funds and act as vice president of this and that. He's head of one of the banks, treasurer of the building and loan association, chairman of the playgrounds and parks committee, and so on. A leading citizen.

And the funny side of it is that he lives the part—absolutely. Never gets out of character, never sneaks away for a little frolic, never eases out of any job he thinks comes under the head of public duty. You gotta hand it to Noah for that. A lot of what he says and believes may be just hokum, but to him it's straight goods and he sticks by it. He's a winner at it too. Gets let in on all the gravy that's being passed around and has the best of 'em touchin' their hats to him. We got quite a sizable burg here, and a lot of near-plutes that makes more noise and splash than him. Just the same, though, when it comes to a show-down Noah Blake is the main belt.

That is, until he steps through his own front door. Then he runs up against the fam'ly. And say, they got him licked. I can't say how long it's been goin' on, but that's the way it stands now. Licked—by one cooing-voiced, double-chinned, middle-aged wife and two flapper daughters.

(Continued on Page 55)

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SMART, colorful, aristocratic, the Chevrolet Landau represents a distinctive innovation in the field of low priced cars.

In its body by Fisher have been achieved, not only custom-built beauty of line, but a custom-built excellence of detail that includes numerous equipment items of welcome convenience. The finish is a beautiful Arizona Gray Duco of lasting lustre and brilliancy.

Emphasizing its style is the smoothness and snap of Chevrolet's Improved performance; the up-to-dateness of Chevrolet's chassis design, and the quality construction for which Chevrolet is famous everywhere.

Touring $510, Roadster $510, Coupe $645, Coach $645, Sedan $735, Landau $765, ½ Ton Truck, $395 and 1 Ton Truck, $550 (chassis only). *All prices f. o. b. Flint, Mich.*

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICH., (Division of General Motors Corporation)

QUALITY AT LOW COST

Strands of steel are fed onto a long steel table—the loose end is "looped" around, and fed back for the next rolling or reducing operation

Steel Strands of Strength for Your Car

In go billets of steel; out come rods of steel. In go the rods of steel; out come blazing bright steel strands, snaking around the sweating giants who "loop" the white hot metal through successive reducing operations. It is one of an awesome series of fiery spectacles in the great Timken steel works, whose output of electric steel is the largest in the world. It is the birth of Timken Tapered Roller Bearings at the rate of 132,000 daily!

Absorbing such an output are Timken-equipped devices of every sort, including 83% of all American makes of cars and trucks. Transmissions, differentials, pinions, worm gears, rear wheels, front wheels, steering pivots and fans are Timken-mounted.

On Timkens more of the power does useful work since friction is far less. With Timkens fine alignment and quiet are preserved, because heaviest stresses from all directions are resisted by Timken Taper and Timken "positive roll alignment." Timkens simplify design—reducing weight—influencing economy. And only Timken makes its own steel, assuring the most enduring material wherever Timken Tapered Roller Bearings are used.

So they help you to identify cars of higher value, lower operating cost, and longer life.

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO.
C A N T O N , O H I O

TIMKEN
Tapered
ROLLER BEARINGS

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For it don't take any second sight to dope out what the boss' program would be if he was left free to sketch out the domestic schedule—simple, substantial meals served by a neat maid; quiet evenings in the libr'y, with mother doin' crochet work on one side of the table and the girls with their heads together readin' Little Women or Ivanhoe; now and then a few old friends in for dinner, or a meeting of the welfare workers' committee; and everything as dignified and respectable as a bank president's home ought to be; setting an example for the community, a pattern.

And what he gets is something quite different. I'll say so! A Jap butler; radio jazz goin' all through dinnertime; gay parties three or four nights a week, with the liveliest members of the country-club set present; mother entertainin' the Highland Avenue bridge club afternoons and gettin' stuck five straight rubbers at two cents a point; Miss Jean telephonin' for cash bail on her third speedin' offense; Miss Olive being shooed off the floor by the hospital-ball patronesses for puttin' too much pep into the Charleston; and a monthly overhead that would run the orphan asylum for a year.

I expect they put it over on him gradual, as the dividends kept pilin' up and the girls graduated from boarding-school bacon bats to college proms and petting parties. I'll bet Noah put up a protest at every new move, too, but all he ever got was the right to file a minority report. The vote always stood three to one against him. For there's nothing meek or lowly about any of the Blake females They got ideas of their own about what to do with a hundred thousand a year.

Especially Mrs. Blake. She may have started in an upstairs tenement on the wrong side of town, but she never intended to stay there. And now it's the top or nothing. Hence the big stucco house on the hill, with the Italian garden in the back, the Jap butler, the Swiss maid and the Sealyham pup on the back seat of the limousine. Her aim is to be right up to the minute, modern and smart-setty; to do the things on Highland Avenue that they're doin' on Park and be the first to get to 'em. She ain't makin' such a poor stab at it either.

And the girls are right with her. They're a tall, slim pair of easy-lookers, with no hips, big eyes and kinda peevish lips. Snappy dressers, of course. Jean is a cup-winnin' lady golfer and a fancy swimmer, I understand; while Miss Olive goes in for private theatricals. They both have the usual followin' of chummy males, includin' young jazz hounds and middle-aged sports. And naturally both have had their hair bobbed. That's where they have a lap on mother, though from what I've overheard she's due to catch up soon. It's on that subject Noah Blake is makin' his last stand. Olga tells me there was a big argument last week, with Noah protestin' in his heavy, solemn way against what he claims would be the final blow, the finish of his standing as a self-respecting and respected banker, while Miss Olive tells him not to be such a mossy old daddy. Must have been this prospect of havin' a short-haired wife that has had him lookin' so worried these last few days, for I've never seen him carry his chin down like he has lately

Poor Noah! He might have been named after the captain of the ark, but around home he didn't rate higher'n a deck hand. Kind of a decent old scout too. Always doin' a good turn for somebody or other, and livin' up to a set of principles that would have made good wall mottoes for a Sunday-school room. Take this case of Julie Green's. Just because he hadn't kept better track of her he feels as guilty as if he'd done something low-down.

"Left alone over there in England all this time!" says he to me. "Quite regrettable. She may have been in actual want, while if I had only known —— Well, well, we must make amends. She shall have a home with us as long as she needs one. And by the way, Rusty, if she lacks anything in the way of—er—appropriate clothing, you may say to Mrs. Blake that I suggest the articles be procured before they return. I forgot to mention that."

"Sure!" says I. "I'll tell her."

But they got away in such a rush that it clean slipped my mind, so one of the things I was doin' there outside the pier entrance that mornin' was countin' my cash and wonderin' how far it would go towards outfittin' a poor relation that might come kind of shabby from the second cabin. I was figurin' where you could get a young lady's hat for four dollars when the steamer begun warpin' in. So I locks the car, digs out my pier pass and pushes through where the welcome-home delegation was collectin'.

Funny what a thrill you can get watchin' a liner dock, even if you ain't got any personal friends on board. You catch it, kinda, from them that have. For they're apt to have it bad. Honest, there's a fat old girl next to me on the rope that suddenly begins swayin' from side to side, wavin' her hands and hoo-hooin'. "There's Morris! There's my Morrie! Yoi, yoi! Morrie, Mor-rie!" she sings out. "See? It's Morrie!" And she gives me a nudge that near loosens a rib

"Hanged if it ain't, ma'am," says I. "He don't see us yet, though."

"Three months he's been gone," she whispers husky "Honeymoonin' and buyin' goods for the store. My Morrie!"

But I sidled off, stretchin' my neck to see if I could spot a gawky girl with hair braids wound around her head. Nothing like that shows up along the rail though. There was a sprinklin' of young things, too, but none that looked like a stranded orphan.

"Likely they let the first-class passengers off first, anyway," I thinks, so I takes it easy and looks 'em over curious.

And say, at least one gave me an eyeful. She's standin' on the main deck just over where the gangplank is being shoved out, and she's chattin' gay and lively with about five men at once. First off I thought it might be a boy rigged up in some of sister's clothes for a josh. But the men was too admirin' for that. No, it was a she, all right.

I thought I'd seen all kinds of bobbed hair too. But this was about two shaves closer'n I'd ever got a look at before. It's a summer cut, except in the front, where it's slicked straight back, all but two smears streamin' down in front of her ears like sideboards; and it's all as black and shiny as a silk hat. That and the dead-white face, with just a little rouge on the lips, makes a combination that gets me goggle-eyed. I was wonderin' if I'd been so long in the sticks that I didn't know what was what any more, and I was feelin' a good deal like a jay until I notices that everybody else on the pier is gawpin' at her. Yeauh! She had the spotlight, all right; and there was movie actresses and Russian dancers and foreign countesses and what not, right along the same rail.

She's a stunnin' looker, at that; good figure, cute dimples in her cheeks, and a pair of thousand-watt eyes that was all sparkles. But if I'd been asked to give a guess I couldn't have told whether she was Sam or Sallie. Anyhow, she's a lot more boyish-lookin' than a good many trousered lounge lizards I've seen. All she needs is a pair of knickers to pass for Glenn Hunter's kid brother. I don't usually fall for that kind, and I expect it was more curiosity than anything else, but she sure did take my mind

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"Lady, the Carriage Waits." And I Does a Waist Bend That Almost Has My Forelock Touchin' My Toes

THE MIRACLE OF MONEY

By William Atherton DuPuy

The Subtreasury Building, New York City

TRINITY CHURCH keeps watch on lower Broadway where the hurrying throngs turn into Wall Street. A little way down that seething thoroughfare a watchman sits in a doorway that is strangely quiet in comparison with the hustle all about. Through grated windows men in workmen's blouses may be seen moving about. Almost nobody goes in or out.

Yet there is a strange guest within these walls, a guest such as no establishment ever before entertained since time began. There is here $1,000,000,000 in gold, the first $1,000,000,000 in gold that was ever got together in the history of the world. Lest this first $1,000,000,000 should feel disconsolate, a second has been massed to mate it. There are here $2,000,000,000 in gold.

This is the New York Assay Office, a branch of the Treasury in Washington. Those streams of gold that came from abroad during the war and after have largely found lodgment here. The Czar of Russia, at the height of his power, got together the greatest store of gold ever up to that time massed under a single roof. He had $600,000,000 of it. Here in this modest building is more than three times as much.

One thinks of this 400 ten-ton truckloads of gold as belonging to the United States, regards its possession as a demonstration of her wealth. Oddly it does not belong to the government that holds it. It is the actual property of hundreds of thousands of people scattered throughout the nation. It belongs to the people who have paper money with yellow backs in their pockets. These bills are gold certificates. They are warehouse receipts for gold deposited in the Treasury. Their holders have gold here at 32 Wall Street. This actual physical yellow metal is back of the yellow-backed bills.

It would take a solid freight train three miles long to haul the silver dollars in the physical possession of the Government of the United States. Each car in that train would bear forty tons of them. The coin would be tied up in neat canvas bags, convenient for handling, for so it is kept. Each bag would contain 1000 iron men and would weigh about sixty pounds. Altogether there would be 13,500 tons of these silver dollars, for that quantity of them is today actually minted and stored in Government treasure vaults, and constitutes an element in the currency system of the richest of nations.

Substantial Backing

BUT the dollars that make up this three-mile train are not given to going visiting. Instead they slumber always in solemn corridors beneath such structures as the mints at Philadelphia, Denver, San Francisco. They serve their purpose by sending forth proxies to do their work. Everybody is familiar with these substitutes. They are none other than the ever-present one-dollar bills that swell the rolls of the multitude. Examine one of those bills and you will find it stated on its face that it is a silver certificate. This means that it is a warehouse receipt for one of these 450,000,000 minted and put-away dollars. This physical silver is back of the dollar bills. It makes them more than mere slips of paper or promises to pay. It is a demonstration of the only method that the world has developed for making paper money good, that of putting physical value back of it.

Down in Washington the Government operates a factory—a model, modern factory—where 5000 people are employed. Its production, however, is not very large. As a matter of fact, the output of these 5000 people is but four tons a day. Yet so vital to the national life is this product that there is no hamlet so obscure, no individual so isolated, as not to know it. Here, as a matter of fact, does the miracle of modern money find its very corner stone. This is the Government's Bureau of Engraving and Printing, where every piece of paper money that is ever used under the flag has its birth.

One of the primary functions of government is that of maintaining satisfactory currency for the use of the people. National prosperity is quite dependent on satisfactory currency. Few nations have been able to provide it. Europe has of late given abundant proof of the results of inability to do so. The United States seems to have come quite near that master accomplishment.

It becomes of interest to take a bit of a look at the manner in which dollar currency came about. It seems odd, when one stops to think of it, that the colonies, when they became a nation, did not adopt the shillings and pounds of England, a natural heritage, instead of the dollars of the Spanish. The reason for this is interesting. England was poor in money, which was then silver. She was unable to supply her colonies with money for their uses. So without a circulating medium were they that wampum was used in New England and tobacco in Virginia.

Spanish money, on the contrary, was quite plentiful. Spain had much silver. The common Spanish silver coins were the pieces of eight of the pirate stories. A piece of eight was a dollar. It was a piece of eight reals, or bits. A bit is twelve and a half cents. There are still eight bits in our dollar. The Mexicans still say "*dos reals*" when they speak of a twenty-five-cent value. In the Southwest, citizens of the United States, making a literal translation, say "two bits" and "four bits."

The colonists used more pieces of eight than shillings. They got the habit. Incidentally they found the decimal dollar handier than the English shilling. They adopted it. That act was an important historical event, deserving more attention than it gets in our chronicles.

Up to the time of the Civil War there had been no national paper money. There had been coin and there had been the paper of private and state banks. It was from the needs of the Civil War that our present system grew. It grew quite haphazardly, to be sure, as the trees may grow on a hillside. These trees are likely to crowd each other a bit. There may be scrub varieties among them. It would be better if some of them were thinned out. Perhaps there should be but one master species. But even as they are, they quite effectually shade the hillside.

Drying New Money Fresh From the Presses at the Bureau of Engraving

Who's Who in the Long Green Family

THUS would it appear that our money system is, after all, comparatively new. Beginning with no national paper money at all when the Civil War broke out, we came, in half a century, to have half a dozen kinds of it. We are today manufacturing and putting into circulation five distinct types. Each is a currency unto itself, without relation to the others, physically different, secured in a different way, revolving in its own orbit. Yet there are few of us who use paper money from the cradle to the grave who so much as realize the existence of five kinds of it.

The first of these to come into being was the old Civil War greenback. These greenbacks were fiat money. There was nothing but a promise back of them. They were put out as a method of borrowing from the people in an hour of need. They were the product of the printing press as were so many European currencies during and after the World War. Quotations on them slid down the toboggan until, at the close of the war, they were not worth half their face value.

The resumption of specie payments in 1879 marked the time at which the Government began to pay face value in coin for the Civil War greenbacks. It did not, however, do away with the greenbacks. Congress provided that, whenever one of these notes was redeemed, another should be issued in its place. It put $150,000,000 in gold in the Treasury as a physical reserve back of these notes. There were $346,000,000 worth of greenbacks then in circulation. That number of them is still out. They are one of our five operating currencies. They are no longer called greenbacks. They are known as United States notes. They are used all the time. They occur most abundantly as five-dollar bills. People have entirely forgotten that they represent Civil War borrowings as yet unpaid.

The second Federal currency to be established was the national-bank note. It is often to be found among the bills that make up the family money. There are some 8000 banks that issue them. The Government prints the name of each of these banks on the notes it issues.

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Body by Fisher

A Demand Fulfilled Beyond All Expectation

In the success of the Pontiac Six you are witnessing a feat of production which is without parallel in automotive history. You are having proved before your eyes that there *was* a demand for a low-priced Six of high quality—and that the demand has been fulfilled beyond all expectation. So eager has been public response that by the time this advertisement appears, more than 22,000 Pontiac Sixes will have been produced! . . . This is a new world's production record for a new make of car in the first five months of its existence, and it justifies the millions that General Motors invested to meet this demand without any sacrifice of quality or precision manufacture.

$825
COACH OR COUPE

Oakland Six, companion to the Pontiac Six, $1025 to $1295. All prices at factory

OAKLAND MOTOR CAR COMPANY, PONTIAC, MICHIGAN

PONTIAC SIX

Look ahead!

ALMOST any garden hose will give you good service for a while, but—

How about next season and the next? Time is the big test—will the rubber stay live? Will the strength endure? Will it keep watertight?

When it comes to Goodrich, emphatically YES. It lasts season after season.

Buy water mileage, just as you buy tire mileage and you come to Goodrich in both cases. Millions of users have proved this—fifty-six years' rubber experience makes it possible. At all reliable dealers.

Send for our interesting booklet "How to Make and Care for a Lawn" yours for the asking.

The B. F. Goodrich Rubber Company
Akron, Ohio
Send me, no charge, your book on "How to Make and Care for a Lawn."
Name .....
Street .....
City ..... State .....

Goodrich
Garden Hose
"Best in the Long Run"

(Continued from Page 56)

The national-bank note bloomed forth toward the end of the Civil War. It was the first of the secured currencies. A national bank, before it is given the privilege of issuing this currency, must buy certain government bonds and deposit them with the Treasury in Washington. This provision served a great purpose in its day by creating a market for government bonds. Secured by the deposit of these bonds, the Government guaranteed the payment of national-bank notes. They were as good as gold. They stood up. The Government had here for the first time performed the miracle of a stable paper money.

Yet a third type of paper money, gold certificates, grew out of the Civil War. The Government wanted to attract gold to the Treasury so it announced that whoever brought in that precious metal should receive for it a gold certificate of deposit. This certificate should circulate as money. It should have a yellow back signifying that it stood for gold. Its holder could come back to the Treasury at will and get the gold.

For thirty years few gold certificates were issued, because the yellow metal was scarce and the people preferred it to paper. Then, in the 90's, came the outpouring of gold, and the era of great expansion of the volume of money. The very weight of the gold grew to be a burden to its possessors. They brought it to the Treasury and got yellow-backed bills for it. Those glowing tens and twenties that are often encountered in the money of the day are symbols of gold deposited in the Treasury. The $2,000,000,000 of gold in the Assay Office in New York is represented by such gold certificates among the people or in their bank vaults.

Silver certificates were the fourth distinct currency to be created. They came into being in 1878. Silver was too heavy in the public pocket. It might be deposited and a warehouse receipt carried about instead. The result has been the accumulation of enough silver dollars to load that three-mile-long freight train. These silver certificates are the most commonly seen of the five currencies.

Five Types for One Purpose

Then, finally, Federal Reserve notes came into being. They were an improved money. They would flow forth when they were needed and come back home when there was nothing for them to do out-of-doors. This currency had all the virtues of the others and in addition had this marvelous capacity of expanding and contracting when it should without even being told to do it.

That made five currencies. These five types are now being issued by the Treasury. Everybody who uses money gets all of them from time to time.

And right here the first outstanding fault of this surprisingly sound and stable currency of the United States becomes apparent. These five currencies are confusing to the public. Most of the denominations are issued in each of these currencies. There are, for instance, four kinds of five-dollar bills, five kinds of ten-dollar bills, five kinds of twenty-dollar bills, four kinds of fifties, and so on. The user of money becomes confused among these types. Not one man in a dozen can tell what so familiar a bit of money as a ten-dollar bill is like. All of which is an inconvenience to the user and a great boon to the counterfeiter.

The manufacture of five types of paper money adds complications at the Treasury. It is out of key with the theory of simplification and quantity production. The separation into five types of the tons of dirty money that come back to the Treasury every day for redemption, for example, is tedious and unnecessary.

These five types exist today merely because they came into being of themselves like the trees on the hillside and have never been thinned out. The first of them, the ancient greenback, is without defenders. It was perpetuated for sentimental reasons and for an economic reason that no longer exists. Its presence as an element in the currency serves no purpose whatever.

The national-bank note is defended only by those banks that issue it, that profit somewhat from it, whose vanity is tickled by the fact that their names appear on the money. It furnishes the most confusing element in the currency because of the fact that there are so many banks of issue. The Bureau of Engraving and Printing handles a hundred-odd jobs a day from the national banks. But these notes serve no purpose. Secretary Mellon has repeatedly recommended their discontinuance.

Silver certificates are a hang-over from an era that is past, that era during which silver was the basis for currency. Silver as a standard of value may now be regarded as having definitely passed. As the opossum remains as the last American representative of the marsupials, an earlier order of animal, so does the silver certificate survive as the last evidence of that 2000-year dominance of the white metal.

A New Face on the Money Matter

Gold certificates, the yellowbacks, are the best loved of the types of currency. They are also the best secured. There is gold back of them, dollar for dollar.

The Federal Reserve notes, however, best serve the purpose of money. They are the newest model. They have improvements that are lacking in the others.

All of these issues, obviously, should be welded into a single currency. So would confusion, waste, the infinite detail of production and redemption, be saved. So would the wild growth of the woodlot become the ordered forest of one master type. Congressional action would be necessary to accomplish this end. Another step in that long series that has constituted the evolution of modern money is ready to be taken.

As confusion has resulted from the fact that so many types of currency have been allowed to develop, so has it been augmented by a multiplicity of design. Whenever a new type of currency, as silver certificates, has been added, a new design has been made for each denomination of it issued. This has meant that from five to ten new notes have gone into circulation. There has been no thought-out scheme running through currency design. It is a hodge-podge without rime or reason. For example, the face of Washington appears on the one-dollar bill most in circulation. Yet it may not be taken as an identification of that denomination, for it appears also on a two-dollar bill and a twenty-dollar bill. The portrait of Lincoln appears on the five-dollar bill and, as though the purpose were to make it easy for the note raiser, it is also on the five-hundred-dollar bill. The portraits on the faces of notes are regarded by the Secret Service as the outstanding feature of identification and protection against counterfeiting. Yet there appear on the faces of the ten-dollar bills now in circulation the faces of four different gentlemen and the figure of a buffalo rampant. Different sorts of five-dollar bills wear the pictures of Lincoln, Benjamin Harrison, a woodsman and an Indian chief. The same lack of order runs through all the denominations and issues. The result is chaos.

The Treasury Department has been working for twenty years on the idea of a redesign of the currency, a change that could be brought about without authorization by Congress. Almost nothing has been accomplished. It has usually happened that, by the time one scheme has been worked out, the administration has changed and new officials have hesitated to accept what has gone before, or have longed to leave their own individual imprint on a redesigned currency. Now, however, it seems that the time is right for a final currency overhauling, for taking another of those evolutionary steps toward a more nearly perfect currency.

The experts have long been in agreement that a single design for each denomination, with a portrait as its outstanding feature, should be adopted. All currency of that denomination should be of that design. Every five-dollar bill, for instance, would be fundamentally the same. The differences of type, if types survive, the difference between silver certificates, United States notes, and so on, would be indicated by seals, numbers and legends that would be printed over the common denominational designs. Except for these lesser superimposed markings, all one-dollar bills, ten-dollar bills, hundred-dollar bills, would be alike. So it would come to pass that there would be only as many strangely differentiated kinds of bills as there were denominations.

Most committees that have studied currency design have chosen portraits for the different denominations. The portraits on the money in circulation today are of a quite miscellaneous lot of men, many of them unknown to the general public. One finds Washington, Lincoln, Jackson, Grant, Madison, Harrison, Cleveland, McKinley, who were Presidents, but he encounters also, Hamilton, Franklin, Marshall, Chase, Hendricks, Daniel Manning, Edward Everett, Michael Hillegas, Hugh McCulloch, John Sherman, John Jay, Knox and others.

At present a new list is being studied, a list that would seem to be more harmonious by being made up entirely of Presidents. That list is as follows:

$1—Washington
2—Jefferson
5—Lincoln
10—Jackson
20—Grant
50—Cleveland
100—Wilson
500—Adams
1,000—Monroe
5,000—Madison
10,000—Roosevelt

The selection of the individuals to appear on the money of the nation is a rather important detail since, once designed, the currency should not again be changed. It should remain the same, so that the public may get the image of each note so fixed in its mind that any variation of it will be immediately noted.

Not Less Money But Smaller

Just at this point another very important question arises, a question that has to do with the sort of money we and our children will carry in our pockets as long as we live. The question is as to the size of the money. Is the present size proper for utility and convenience? If the money is to be redesigned and if a change of size would improve the convenience of it, now would seem the proper time for making it. Shall we alter the size of the money, and if so what shall be the new dimensions?

On this question one very popular idea presents itself. This is a proposal for a change of size which, it is believed, would increase the convenience of money as the universal tool. It is proposed so to decrease the size of the bills that their area would be just two-thirds of that of the present bills. This would leave them practically but not exactly two and a half by six inches.

A bill that is two and a half by six fits neatly into the palm for counting. It will go into an ordinary envelope without folding. It will carry more conveniently in the pocket with but a single double. Tills to contain the different denominations would take up less space.

When the United States went into the Philippines it took short cuts to efficiency in many matters. One of these was in the establishment of paper money for the islands. It gave the Philippines a paper currency of the size proposed here. That currency has been in use for a quarter of a century. It is manufactured in the money shop of the United States at Washington. The approval of it has been nearly universal and quite convincing

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DAZZLING LIGHTS, SLIPPERY STREETS, CONGESTED TRAFFIC
YOU CANNOT DRIVE WITH SAFETY
IF BULKY CORNERPOSTS OBSTRUCT YOUR VIEW

Perfect vision . . *Unobstructed!*

The All-Steel Body made it possible

PERFECT VISION—today's greatest need in closed-car driving! Budd found the way to build "Full-Vision" bodies—Budd made closed-car driving safe.

In the All-Steel Body you can see to the right. You can see to the left. You can see *all* the road—and *every* car on it.

No bulky cornerposts obstruct your view of the road.

Budd cornerposts are steel—narrow, and strong! Only the strength of steel permits such slenderness, without sacrificing safety.

But not only the cornerposts are steel. The Budd Body is steel through and through—a single welded unit of steel. The ordinary automobile body is a framework of wood covered by a sheathing of metal.

The Budd Body—being all steel—cannot splinter in collision. Its joints cannot wrench loose . . . and cause squeaks and rattles.

by Budd

ALL-STEEL

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FULL-VISION
MOTOR CAR BODIES

The Budd All-Steel, Full-Vision Body is lighter. It is stronger. It is fireproof. It depreciates more slowly. And it is beautiful—with symmetry and grace of line, fashioned by skilled craftsmen in steel.

See that your next car gives you the full, free vision that prevents accidents . . . see that it gives you the protection of steel if an accident should occur.

IMPORTANT!—Many motorists believe they have an All-Steel Body—when they actually have an ordinary wooden body with its surface covering of metal.

Be certain that your next car is equipped with the Budd All-Steel, Full-Vision Body.

Philadelphia EDWARD G. BUDD MANUFACTURING COMPANY *Detroit*

The NEW DUCO-PERIOD in FURNITURE

in which the design and materials no longer outlast the Finish

DUPONT DUCO REG U.S. PAT. OFF.

Du Pont Duco marks the period of an Enduring Furniture Finish

Today she asks—
"Is it finished with DUCO?"

THE first, swift, appraising glance that a prudent buyer gives a piece of furniture now crystallizes into the question: "Is it finished with Duco?" For only in the positive answer to this question rests the full and complete assurance that she is purchasing beauty that will endure through months and years of service in her home.

The modern woman has learned that Duco marks a new epoch—a new period in furniture—in which the fragile finishes of other days are fast being discarded in favor of the modern finish—durable, beautiful Duco.

Is it any wonder she challenges useless worry and endless care with the question: "Is it finished with Duco?"

Finished with DUPONT DUCO

FURNITURE is finished with genuine du Pont DUCO by many manufacturers; among whom are the following. For information, address E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co., Inc., Chemical Products Division, Parlin, N. J., Chicago, Ill., San Francisco, Cal., or Everett, Mass.; Flint Paint & Varnish Limited, Toronto, Canada.

Active Furniture Co.
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Martin Furniture Co.
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Steinway & Sons
Sterling Furniture Co.
Greensboro, N. C.
Supreme Furniture Co.
Tindall-Wagner Mfg. Co.
Winchendon Chair Co.
Zane Mfg. Co.

DU PONT

THERE IS ONLY ONE DUCO-DU PONT DUCO

(Continued from Page 58)

The Bureau of Engraving and Printing is a factory working on a schedule of quantity production. It turns out five tons of finished paper money each working day of the year. That is a goodly production, when the infinite care with which the money is made is borne in mind. Like any other factory engaged upon quantity production, any change in the product is likely to present difficulties.

Yet in this case the difficulties in the change would not be so great. The money is and would continue to be printed on steel engraved plates. The engraved plate is the unit of production. At present eight bills are printed from one of these plates at a single impression. If the individual bills were decreased one-third in size twelve of them would go on one of these plates instead of eight. Every impression would turn out twelve bills instead of eight. The result, obviously, would be an increase of 50 per cent in the number of notes turned out by each machine.

The task of the Government in supplying paper money would have been lessened by one-third. The result would be a direct saving on production of something like $3,000,000 a year.

Last year the Bureau of Engraving and Printing turned out 1288 tons of this paper money. Half of that amount was in one-dollar bills. There were seventy-two and a fraction tons of yellow-backs, eighty-five and a fraction tons of national-bank notes, 168 tons of United States notes, 163 tons of Federal Reserve currency, and 763 tons of silver certificates. One is accustomed to the feel of but a few bills in his wallet, but here was paper money in such bulk as to load wagons, freight cars. This paper money traveling all together would have provided cargo for a freight train of thirty-two cars.

Paper money that goes out must, in the course of time, unless it is lost, come back. It is bound to get dirty and worn and require redemption. If the paper and the printing are good the bills will be slower in coming back for redemption than they will if the stock and the work are poor. Down at the Treasury Department there is one young woman who spends all her time in trying to find out how long bills stay in circulation before they come back. The length of that period is the test of their quality.

The One-Dollar-Bill Habit

Every bill that has been put out since the Government started printing them has had its own individual number. I reach into my pocket and find a five-dollar Federal Reserve note. In the lower left-hand and upper right-hand corner is the number B99707366B. That number belongs to this note alone. Every bill has such a number. Treasury records show when it went forth. This young woman may take a package of 100 one-dollar bills that have come back for redemption, turn to the record, and find just how long each of them served out there in the marts of trade before it asked for furlough. She can strike an average and get an idea of how long dollar bills are lasting.

These dollar bills are more widely used than any other factory product in the nation. They flow forth, some two or three tons of them a day, and percolate to every corner of the country. Every individual wears out, on the average, five of them in a year. They make up half the bulk of all the currency of the nation. The relative use of them is steadily increasing. Ten years ago 40 per cent of the bulk of the currency was ones. Now 50 per cent is ones. The one-dollar-bill habit is growing in the nation. Nowadays men carry ten or a dozen one-dollar bills, folded once, in their flank pockets. Doing so is a new practice. The growth of the habit has come with the automobile. A dollar, roughly, buys five gallons of gas. One must always have emergency money with him when he drives an automobile. Incidentally, the grimy hands at service stations do more toward hurrying paper money back to Washington for redemption than anything else.

Latest service surveys lead to the conclusion that one-dollar bills now wear out on the average in about eight months. They die younger than any of their fellows. Mortality is next higher among the fives. Their span of life averages ten months. Those twos, scorned as an evil omen, live eleven months. Ten-dollar bills come back in thirteen months, twenties in fifteen months. The big bills, aristocrats of their kind, take little part in the hurly-burly of trade and last practically indefinitely. The mass of the working money, however, serves its purpose and is replaced every year.

It comes back to the Treasury for redemption—four tons of dirty money a day. Every bill must be counted, assorted, accounted for, before it goes on to the macerators to be ground into the pulp from which it came. Every bill in the four tons must be examined to establish its genuineness. These examiners at the Treasury Department are the final check on the activities of counterfeiters and note raisers. No frayed bill that is not genuine can run their gamut.

Feeding Greenbacks to the Pigs

This protection against the counterfeiter is an ever-present task at the Treasury Department. The multiplicity of design is an aid to the counterfeiter. Hurried printing, putting currency into circulation that has not had time to cure properly, presents an opportunity to the note raiser. He erases the low numerals on the bills and draws in larger ones. One-dollar bills thus become hundred-dollar bills. Such currency is quickly detected by careful handlers of it, but for such transactions as the surreptitious purchase of liquor it is often effective. There is safety in attempts to pass bad money on the bootlegger, as he is not in a position to report the lawbreaker.

Counterfeits that seriously worry the experts almost never appear any more. The reason for this is the fact that steel engraving, which is the method of money reproductions, is almost a lost art. It is no longer used commercially. There are almost no steel engravers except those who work in the money plants. Whenever one of these leaves his accustomed employment he is carefully watched by the Secret Service. That service knows what every engraver who could make a dangerous counterfeit is doing all the time.

The detail of the currency that is most difficult to the counterfeiter is the picture on the face of the bill. Few users of currency ever stop to appreciate the mastery of the reproduction, for instance, of the face of Washington on the ones or Lincoln on the fives. Those portraits are not flat like other reproductions. They stand out from the paper like reliefs. This is an effect that can be secured only by steel engraving. It is dependent on the varying depth of those lines on steel. It cannot be reproduced by any of the photographic processes. In the reproduction, the portraits are flat on the paper. Anybody, after a bit of a study of these portraits, can detect a counterfeit by the flatness of the pictures on them.

In the redesign of currency which the Treasury is contemplating, a predominating place will be given these portraits as an identification of the genuine bill.

Another human service that is performed by the redemption division of the Treasury is its identification of mutilated or charred bills. It was to this redemption division, for instance, that a widow in California, not long ago, sent a canful of charred embers which, she said, had once been $1200. She worked in a fruit store, she wrote, and before leaving time had hid the money in the stove. Nearly every week the Treasury receives embers of money that had been hid in somebody's stove. In this case the widow's children had become ambitious to try certain culinary experiments, had lighted the stove and burned the money. But charred bills, if the structure of the sheets is not broken down, may be identified by these experts. When they can be identified new bills are issued in their stead. All the burned bills but one in this widow's shipment were redeemed.

It was to this redemption division, also, that a farmer sent the remains of a wallet that had been eaten by hogs. He had dropped it into the trough while feeding the swine. A little later he had missed it. He promptly killed the hogs, extracted the remains of his wallet, as yet undigested, from their stomachs and sent it in. He received $300 in new money.

Recently the Treasury has been taking thought to keep its money from coming back so soon for redemption. If the strength of the paper on which it is printed could be increased, it argued, it would last longer and would not have to be replaced so often. It asked those technical agencies of the Government, the Bureau of Efficiency and the Bureau of Standards, what they could add to the wearing qualities of the paper of which the money was made. Thus was an investigation started that reveals another of those romances of science as applied to manufacture.

When paper is made, these scientists know, the raw materials are passed through beaters to change them into a pulp. The raw materials for making these money papers are rags, 75 per cent linen and 25 per cent cotton. The more the rags were beaten the shorter would be the fiber from which the paper was made. This individual fiber which could be seen only with a microscope was, to the scientific mind, just as obviously the unit of paper construction as bricks are the unit of house construction. They set about in their painstaking way studying these microscopic fibers. Shortness of fiber meant smoothness of surface for the paper. Yet length of fiber meant strength. The problem, therefore, was to beat the fiber long enough to get smoothness, but not so long as to produce weakness.

These scientific chaps set out to find just how much beating was the right amount.

How to Make Money Last Longer

Another weakening process to which the fiber is subjected is that of bleaching, necessary to attain whiteness. The pulp should be bleached until it is white, but no more. The experts sought to establish the earliest point at which bleaching might be stopped. Having established the point of minimum beating and bleaching they made money paper on this basis. It had twice the strength of the old paper. They put it on the folding machines and it stayed there four or five times as long before breaking as did the old paper.

This new paper is to be made for use in printing money. This year's new paper money should last longer. It should therefore be necessary to reissue it less often.

These plans for the improvement of the currency are quite sweeping. They amount to an administrative overhauling after seventy years of random growth. If they carry through, we should have money of a new design that removes much of the unnecessary confusion, that simplifies its production, that makes the task of the counterfeiter more difficult. We should have money of a size that is handier in use and more economical of manufacture. We should have a money that can be produced in quantity at the factory at a cost not much more than half the present cost. We shall still have multiplicity of type—gold certificates, silver certificates, United States notes, national-bank notes, Federal Reserve notes.

The confusion of these will harass the public and the department until clarifying legislation is passed by Congress. The major defects in the physical scheme of dollar currency, the strongest and securest money on earth, are, however, on the way toward being corrected.

Telling your boss where he gets off

"Sure, Jim," he wrote, "I'd like to have a 'complete shave' with all the fixings every morning. But my boss is the sort of guy who thinks like a time-clock and I'm lucky if I have time to get my whiskers hacked off in any fashion."

All right! I sympathize with you. But listen. Tonight when you go home, stop and get a tube of Mennen Shaving Cream, a tube of Mennen Skin Balm and a can of Mennen Talcum for Men.

Tomorrow morning, turn on the spigot, look at your watch and make up your mind, if necessary, you'll tell your boss where he gets off.

A little bit of Mennen Shaving Cream on your brush. Build up the creamy, generous lather. Then *shave*. You'll get the surprise of your life when you see how completely your whiskers have lost their fight and how obediently they say "Yes, sir" to the razor. That's what we call Dermutation.

Then—squeeze a little Skin Balm on your face. First, you'll feel a little tingling, exciting *bite*. Next a fragrant, cool *freshness* spreading all over your face. Just about the most delightful, stimulating treat you've ever given it. Nothing greasy—absorbed in a half a minute. Comes in a 50c tube. No bottle to break.

After that, Talcum for Men—a quick dash of this marvelous, velvety film. It is antiseptic, protecting, soothing. It won't show on the face.

Then look at your watch again. Actually less time for the Complete Mennen Shave than the old-fashioned method which left your face rough and smarting.

You'll breeze *promptly* into the office with a peppy, million-dollar feeling. And instead of wanting to tell your boss where he gets *off*, you'll be full of fresh, ready-to-go ideas for getting *on*.

This Complete Mennen Shave business is the real thing. The result of a scientific study over years. And take it from me, all over the country, men swear by its goodness.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

MENNEN
SHAVING CREAM

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The Boy Who Didn't Like Goats

IT IS a prominent human peculiarity to crave to be what we are not. Papa Joffre, busily engaged in scratching up new divisions to throw against the Germans, and wondering meditatively whether the next batch of incoming shell is going to place several large and unsightly dents in his anatomy, longs openly to be the master of a canal boat and spin up and down the canals of France at the dizzy rate of three miles a day. The hoarse-voiced comedian is obsessed with a violent desire to knock 'em out of their chairs with a grueling and epoch-making rendition of Hamlet. The country boy turns firmly from the pleasures of country life amid the mud, the hay pitching, and the five A.M. rising, and clamors for an opportunity to go to the great city and enjoy the delights of a five-dollar-a-week room, in which he can be lulled to rest by the mellifluous squawks of all-night taxicabs and elevated trains. The city banker is consumed with an inner urge to reside on a large cow-infested farm, plant potatoes and synchronize his rising with that of the meadow lark and the sweet-voiced crow.

Thus we find one Joseph H. Dyer, residing in Colfax, California, elevation 2422 feet, population 573, in and around the year 1885, and viewing with inexpressible disdain and distress such simple and bucolic occupations as the milking of the family goats. The fact that as a goat milker he was second to none in all of Placer County, where the climate and topography are particularly suited to the raising of burly and hard-milking goats, was of no importance to Joseph H. Dyer. In his breast there stirred no longing to become the champion goat milker of America, or even to rise to the proud eminence of goat king of the Pacific Coast. Like nearly everybody, he wanted to be something that he was not.

Now it happens that the great Southern Pacific Railway mounts from the fertile Sacramento Valley through Clippergap and Colfax and Gold Run and Dutch Flat to Donner Pass, at the top of the High Sierras; and from the town of Colfax the Nevada County Narrow Gauge Railway runs up to the mining districts of Grass Valley and Nevada City.

In the days when the goats of Colfax stood in wholesome awe of Joseph H. Dyer's milking muscles, there were no such things as air brakes on trains. All trains were brought to a standstill by the passionate application of muscle to the hand brakes that were a part of each car; and such was the neatness of touch and accuracy of judgment of the gentlemen who manipulated these brakes that they were able to stop a heavy train of cars at the exact spot where it was supposed to be stopped.

The dexterity of the gentlemen who applied the brakes on the trains that came roaring down from the High Sierras was particularly worthy of note, for the grades were excessively steep and the curves were distressingly abrupt; and if the brakemen failed to apply the brakes at the proper moment—and with sufficient strength to wring a little moisture from the car wheels—the train was apt to keep right on gathering momentum, lurch wildly around fifteen or twenty hair-raising curves, and finally jump the track at the sixteenth or twenty-first curve and become inextricably entangled with the most rugged and prominent scenery in North America.

The Man Behind the Brakes

CONSEQUENTLY the brakemen on the mountain trains were persons of considerable prominence, particularly in the eyes of the passengers who happened to be aboard the trains when they started down the mountains, as well as in the eyes of the younger set of Colfax, whose chief diversion, in those pre-movie days, consisted of watching the trains go rocketing down the grade.

It was generally admitted by the more knowing leaders of the Colfax younger set that the brakemen of these mountain trains wielded more intoxicating power than almost any other living individual. Once a train started down the grade, no agency on earth could save it from disaster if the all-powerful brakemen chose to withhold their protecting hands. The engineer was helpless; the conductor could do nothing; even the President of the United States was worse than useless.

In short, the position of brakeman was the most powerful and romantic and thrilling one that could be discerned with the naked eye when Joseph H. Dyer was seeking to escape from his activities with the goats.

As a result, Joseph H. Dyer at an early age began to crave to be what he was not. He craved, in short, to be a brakeman.

In his spare moments he strove to gratify his craving by hooking rides on the trains that came panting up the grade, only to receive the usual discouraging welcome that is accorded to would-be beginners in all lines of endeavor. He was kicked off so many freights in the vicinity of Colfax that the right of way in that particular section was worn down more rapidly than any other part of the line.

Eventually, however, the craving became so powerful that when he reached the mature age of fifteen he bade farewell forever to the goats and was enrolled as a track laborer on the Nevada County Narrow Gauge Railway. Shortly thereafter—possibly due to the sterling attributes with which young heroes of Alger and Optic books were so richly dowered—Joe Dyer's burning desire was gratified, and he became a brakeman on the Southern Pacific.

It might be well to emphasize the "possibly" in venturing the thought that Joe Dyer possibly progressed because he acted as did the leading characters of Dan the Newsboy and Tom the Bootblack. There is always the possibility that he became a prominent and respected brakeman because he doffed his cap prettily to the bankers and railway officials with whom he came in contact; and there is also the possibility that his ability to sock a rival brakeman on the jaw with a hand like a Hawaiian pineapple, and knock him for a row of Lincoln pin couplers, had something to do with it.

A Knack of Being Always in the Picture

THESE are things that nobody can tell anything about. It is definitely known that whenever the occasion offered or the necessity arose during his early days of railroading, Mr. Dyer was happy to indulge in an exchange of fisticuffs at any time and in any place, whether on a station platform or on top of a freight train that was descending the Sierras with a passionate squealing of brakes, and that the exchange was invariably displeasing in the extreme to the person with whom Mr. Dyer made the exchange.

There are rumors that Mr. Dyer, at a later date, accompanied a number of wealthy capitalists to various portions of the railroad, and politely permitted the capitalists to teach him how to play the intricate game of bridge. As a result of these teachings, Mr. Dyer was mulcted of a large sum of money, to the capitalists' almost uncontrollable delight; but instead of saying kind and tactful things to the capitalists in the approved Oliver Optic manner, and begging them to strike him again, Mr. Dyer arranged a poker game for them and relieved them of all their loose change and lighter valuables, including their watches, stick pins and moss-agate cuff links.

There is also a picture on record somewhere, taken for the purpose of showing a particularly beautiful engine that was engaged in hauling trains up and down the Sierras around 1885. The picture shows the engine in complete detail, including the beautiful outsize top on the smokestack; in front of the engine it shows a highly important group of railway officials and prominent citizens, including the richest prospector of the region, with a beard that would have concealed several Baltimore orioles' nests.

A California Desert Sunset

The only trouble with what artists would call the composition of the picture lies in the fact that an uninvited guest pushed in at the last moment and took a seat on the top of the car just behind the engine, and posed himself firmly against the western sky in such a manner as to dwarf and nullify the engine and its smokestack and the train beyond the engine and the important railway officials, and even the prospector's magnificent beard.

The uninvited guest, one might add, was Joseph H. Dyer at the tender age of eighteen; and he has retained the knack of getting into the forefront of the picture ever since—to the genuine surprise and unalloyed pleasure of everyone concerned, including Joseph H. Dyer.

For some reason or other he was unable to hold the coveted post of brakeman. It may have been because he was always ready and anxious to do anything, such as get into the middle of a picture or sock an enemy brakeman on the nose, or because he was able to get from one end of a train to another, as it dashed around mountain curves, with such speed that he sometimes had to vault over his own coat tails. It may have been any one of a dozen reasons.

The fact remains that he soon lost his brakeman's job and was made freight conductor. He was then made traveling conductor. He was wrenched from this job and made chief yardmaster of the Sacramento Division. He became trainmaster. In 1908 he was made superintendent of the Shasta Division; then of the Tucson Division; then of the Sacramento Division. In 1916 he became assistant general manager, and in 1918 he was made general manager of the entire railway under Federal control.

The Best Place From Which to Start

ANY gentleman who advocates government ownership of railways would doubtless be deeply touched if he should argue with Joseph H. Dyer concerning its advantages. Mr. Dyer is not particularly loquacious on the subject. When asked if government ownership of railways does the Government or the railways or anybody else any good, Mr. Dyer makes a slight shushing sound indicative of contempt, and pregnantly remarks, "No!"

The touching part would probably occur when the government-ownership advocate tried to convince him that his dislike for government-controlled railways was incorrect or unreasonable. It is probable that Mr. Dyer's dignified position would prevent him from doing the touching in person, but he would be fairly sure to call somebody to do it.

Joe Dyer sits in a high office that looks across the green slopes of Goat Island in the middle of San Francisco Bay to the thousands of distant white buildings on the rolling Berkeley Hills. He is the big boss and the sole monarch of fifty-five thousand men and about twelve thousand miles of railway—a double-ended fishhook that curves from Canada to Mexico, from Portland and Tucumcari in the north down to El Paso and Ogden in the south. Nowhere else in America, the land of great railroads, is there a single general manager over such a stretch of tracks. Generally two general managers are needed for any such trackage, and sometimes three; but Joe Dyer does it alone.

When Joe Dyer sallies forth from his lofty office and prowls around his twelve thousand miles of track, he does his prowling in the largest and most commodious private car known to railroading circles, with special reservations for any and all wild ducks that may be shot in season by himself or his friends, but with no room for goats, owing to the fact that the car was designed by Joseph H. Dyer.

Eighteen days out of every month he spends on the road, seeing that everything is safe and sound and neat; and during those periods when he is not romping around the landscape in his outsize car, his voice may occasionally be heard within the hospitable portals of the Family Club in San Francisco, making a few remarks to the effect that there are still great opportunities in the railroading business for young men who are willing to start at the bottom like Julius Kruttschnitt or Paul Shoup—or Joseph H. Dyer—and work eighteen or twenty-four hours a day. The members of the Family Club are a cynical lot, however, and it is their contention that the first principle of successful general managing is not to start at the bottom and work hard, but to be brought up on a goat farm. You'll be so anxious to get away from the goats, they claim that there's no limit to the heights you'll reach.

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RUSTY ON THE JOB

(Continued from Page 55)

off my job. If she hadn't turned and gone into the cabin I might have been there yet.

With this near he-vamp out of sight though, I remembers about Julie. Passengers had begun crowdin' off the gangplank and stringin' down the pier for their session with the customs officers. I watches 'em for half an hour without seein' any that my imagination could stretch far enough to hint that they might be Miss Green. So I moves down opposite where the G's are grouped and looked 'em all over careful. No luck. I was just gettin' desperate and wonderin' where I could get hold of a passenger list, when who should come swingin' into the bunch but my whitewashed boy-girl friend. All she has to do to drag a customs man away from a poddy, important-lookin' old gent is to hold up a finger and point to an imposin' pile of baggage. She'd put on a smart little felt hat in the meantime, but she's just as much of an eye dazzler as ever. The bird had only started to go through her stuff when up rushes a cute-mustached Frenchy, jabbers something earnest at the inspector and the search is all over.

"*Voilà! C'est fini, M'selle Julie,*" says Frenchy.

Well, I could hardly believe my ears. 'Course, there might be half a dozen Julies on the boat, and maybe two or three whose last names started with a G; but it was up to me to take the chance, even if it did make me look foolish. I steps up, touches my cap and makes the break.

"Excuse me, miss," says I, "but you don't happen to know of a Julie Green on board, do you?"

"Ah, but yes!" says she, throwin' me one of them high-powered smiles. "I myself am Julie Green."

What I wanted to counter with was "Then I'm the Goddess of Liberty," but all I could do for a minute was gasp and twist my cap. "Not—not the one Mr. Blake's expectin'?" says I.

"That dear Uncle Noah!" says she, peerin' around. "He is here? Yes?"

"No, miss," says I. "He couldn't come on account of a rush of business. But he sent Mrs. Blake and ——"

"The blue-eyed auntie with the yellow hair," says Julie. "How sweet of her!"

"She couldn't wait, either," says I, "so they left me to find you."

"You!" says she, and the black eyes begun throwin' off sparks. "And who the devil are you?"

"I'm Rusty, the fam'ly shuffer," says I.

"Of all the crust!" she raps out. Then she stamps her foot, turns to Frenchy and rips off a string of parleyvoo remarks that sounds like a Chinese New Year's in Mott Street. There was Roman candles and pin wheels in it, and she uses her shoulders and both hands to put in the flourishes. "Fancy that! Sending a common chauffeur to meet me!"

"Excuse me, miss," says I, "but that don't describe me a-tall. I'm a super-het, a shuffer de luxe; and between you and me, I'm qualified to do the honors as well as any of the fam'ly—maybe a bit better. Lady, the carriage waits." And I does a waist bend that almost has my forelock touchin' my toes.

That gets her. She lets off a ripply little laugh and tosses her chin.

"*Ma foi!*" says she. "One almost believes."

But Frenchy has begun urgin' her to do something or other, pointin' to me and shakin' his head, and then back to the steamer.

"No," says she, all of a sudden. "*Mais non—non—non!* Very well, Rustee, I will go. I have a wish to see what these people are like after so long. Those two bags there. Henri will look after the rest of the luggage. *Allons! À la voiture!*"

But she's hardly started when she rushes back impetuous, hugs the customs man, kisses Henri and waves her hand to a group of grinnin' spectators. Some breeze, this Julie girl. Once at the car, she promptly decides to ride in front with me, and we're off. She's a chatty passenger. Wants me to tell her when we get to Fifth Avenue, asks why I have to stop when the lights go against me, and blows a kiss at the Forty-second Street traffic cop she catches starin' at her.

As for me, I was in too much of a daze to think straight. Not until we got out of the jam and into Pelham Parkway did I get my bean hittin' on all six. Then, after takin' a side glance at Julie, I begun to have cold feet. She was gonna hand Noah Blake an awful jolt, Julie was. Him expectin' me to bring home a meek little orphan dressed in back-number cast-offs, and then to show up with this zipper. Oh, Lady Lou! How did she get that way, anyhow? I pulls into the Primrose Path road house, where there's a fillin' station, and says I gotta have some gas.

"Oh, yes, petrol," says she.

While the helper is windin' the crank I slips out the pitcher Mrs. Blake has given me and looks first at it and then at Julie, thinkin' I was doin' it real sly. But them lamps of hers don't miss anything.

"What have you there, Rustee?" she demands.

"It's supposed to be you when you was a kid," says I, "but I can't get it. I hope we ain't makin' any mistake."

"Let me look," says she, takin' the photo. "O-o-o-ee, la-la! How droll! Wasn't I the little silly? And that hair! I remember daddy wouldn't let me wear it any other way. Used to make my head ache. See those eyes too. Such an innocent, I was."

Well, she'd got over it. Nothing shy about those eyes of hers now. If I'm any judge, they're the kind that had seen all there was to see.

"Lemme think," says I. "Your daddy's name was Cyril, wasn't it?"

"Basil," says she.

"My error," says I. "There's another thing that I hope you don't mind my mentionin', Miss Julie."

"Shoot," says she.

"You know you're gonna be a big surprise to the Blake fam'ly," I goes on.

"Yes?" says she.

"You see," I explains, "the last they heard from you, you was livin' somewhere in England and was—well, on the rocks, as it were."

"Ah, yes," she agrees. "But one doesn't need to stay that way—how you say it?—on the rock. No. Poor old daddy, yes. But he was a rotten business man. It was I who found in his trunk some shares which he had forgotten—rubber shares. He thought them worth nothing at all, but I sent them to London and sold them for many pounds. Two years ago that was—almost three. And as soon as I got the money I made him let me go to Paris. I wished to study art."

"Oh!" says I. "So you did better at paintin' pitchers than he did!"

"Much worse," says she. "I had a good time though. And then I found my art was not in my fingers but in my toes. I found I could dance. They pay well for good dancing in Paris. Not at first of course. In a small cabaret. Then in a better one. And now—at Ciro's, no less; Henri and I. That was Henri on the pier."

"M-m-m," says I. "Your hubby?"

"Henri!" says she. "How droll! Besides, having a husband is so—so gauche. With us it isn't done."

"I expect it ain't," says I. "And you just ran over for a little vacation, eh?"

"Henri needed a rest," says she. "And when that quaint letter came from Uncle Noah, I said, 'We will go. You shall see New York, Henri; and I will visit the queer little place where I was a girl. I will bring joy to the hearts of my dear old uncle and aunt, and become acquainted with my little country cousins.' It will be a lark, eh?"

"It ought to be a wow," says I. "Especially for Uncle Noah. Gonna stay long?"

"So long as it is amusing," says she.

"Of course," says I. "By the way, though, they'll be worrying about my finding you. I'd better call up and let 'em know."

"*Certainement!*" says she. "Give my love to Uncle Noah."

I didn't promise, and after I'd got him on long distance I tried to break it to him easy that little orphan Julie had changed quite a bit.

"Naturally," says he.

"More'n that," says I. "She's been livin' in Paris, France."

"Really?" says he. "I cannot quite understand that."

"There's a lot more about Julie that's gonna have you guessin'," says I. "Maybe she wore her hair wound round her head once, but she don't now. She couldn't wind it around the head of a pin."

"You mean she has become—er—rather modernized?" he asks. "Up-to-date?"

"Huh!" says I. "She's got today crossed off the calendar. She's about next Tuesday week. And she's brought over more than her clothes and complexion from Paris—some manners and habits that's apt to make Highland Avenue sit up and scratch its ear. Honest, Mr. Blake, I wouldn't bothered callin' you up if it hadn't been so I thought you ought to know."

"Yes, I presume there is something in that," says he. "But I don't see what I can do now, Rusty."

"I could feed her a tale about how one of the girls was down with something catchin'—mumps or smallpox," I suggests.

He balks at that though. "No, no," says he. "I have asked her to visit us, and I cannot recall the invitation."

"All right," says I. "But before I dump her on you I wisht you could have a look at her once. How about meetin' us in New Haven? We'll land there about lunchtime and you could run down by train. You really ought to, Mr. Blake."

Some of my panic must have registered, for he says he'll see if he can arrange it, and I names the hotel where I'll be lookin' for him. Then I gets under way again with Julie. When I tells her Uncle Noah may meet us for lunch she claps her hands and says he's an old duck. On the way up she gives me a few side lights on the trip across. Seems her and the second officer got to be great pals. He let her go on the bridge with him, and about twenty other women was wild about it. Also when she and Henri staged their dance at the benefit concert some old dames from the Middle West walked out on the show and put up a holler to the captain.

"But a nice man from Pittsburgh drank champagne from my slipper just afterwards," she adds.

"Another pennant for Pittsburgh," says I. "Here we are at Bridgeport. I'm gonna hit fifty-five when we get through here."

"Sixty," she urges. "If there is a fine I will pay."

There wasn't any fine and we rolled in among the college hicks at 12:45. In the lobby of the hotel, wearin' his braid-bound cutaway and flat-topped derby, was Noah Blake. I expect he thought he was prepared for what was comin', but as I tows Julie up to him he almost staggers against a marble pillar. She don't do a thing, either, but give him the flyin' tackle and a smack on both cheeks.

"You darling, funny old uncle!" she squeals, and more'n half the males present stretched their necks and wiped off their lips. "I want Rustee to have luncheon with us," she announces. "He is so comic."

The boss was in no condition to object, and I have a sneakin' idea he was strong for not bein' left alone with Julie. About all he can do is stare at her as if he could hardly believe it. And take it from me, we made some stir in the dinin' room, with both head

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waiters hoverin' around, Julie rattlin' off orders in French and all eyes rolled in our direction. Uncle Noah squirms in his seat when she lights her first cigarette, but when she produces a silver flask from her vanity case and calmly mixes a highball in full view of everybody he turns purple in the gills.

"My dear Julie," he protests, "that is illegal here. It is not allowed."

"Ah, yes!" says she. "That prohibition law. Pouff! Have one, uncle?"

She's holdin' out the booze container toward him when I notices his eyes fixed glassy on a couple of men at a table over by the window. So does Julie.

"Such queer faces they have," says she. "One like a sheep, the other long, like a horse. Who can they be, Uncle Noah?"

Just then they both looked across and bowed to him, and it shows how much nerve he's got when he nods back as calm as you please.

"The short gentleman," says he, "is a bishop; the other is a justice of the state supreme court. They are both friends of mine. But here is the omelet, thank God!"

Poor old Noah! I bet he never enjoyed a meal less.

But after Julie'd had her coffee, and smoked another cigarette through a long amber holder, and had sailed off to the ladies' room to renew the facial scenery, he only sits there blinkin' thoughtful and never says a word.

"There's still time, boss," I suggests. "I could fake a telegram that the house had burned down, or you could ——"

"No, Rusty," says he. "She is distinctly the type of young woman I should avoid introducing into my home if possible; but I have extended my hospitality to her and—and, after all, she is Basil Green's daughter. I owed much to him. He was my friend. Julie must come."

I'd never suspicioned he was such a dead game sport, either. Durin' the two-hour run after luncheon she rode in the back with Mr. Blake, makin' herself comfortable by takin' her hat off, crossin' her legs and smokin' one cigarette after another. Also she entertains him by tellin' all about Paris, describin' her dancin' act and mentionin' Henri constant. So Noah knew exactly what he was bein' let in for. He never reneges though.

"We are not dining at home tonight, unfortunately," he explains. "We had made an engagement to be present at a social affair—dinner and dancing. I am sure an invitation will be extended to you if you should care to ——"

"I should love it," says Julie. "There will be so many other dinners when we can be *en famille*, yes?"

The ayes had it. What I missed, though, was seeing Mrs. Blake and the girls when Julie from Paris was sprung on 'em. It must have been rich. Even strained through Olga's poor describin', it had a thrill to it.

"Mees Blake she open and shut her mouth like a feesh what gets pull from the water," says Olga. "She goes red by her face and neck. But Mees Jean and Mees Olive—they get green in their eyes. But they kees her. Yes, like a woodpecker at a tree—peck-peck!"

That was the first shock, I take it. But where the Blakes really got their big bump was when Julie came down a couple of hours later all draped—or undraped—for the dinner dance. And at that you gotta remember that Miss Jean and Miss Ollie think they have the last word in evening frocks. Accordin' to Olga, though, they're wearin' 'em higher in Paris.

"From the knee up—so much," says Olga, measurin' with her hands and blushin'. "And by the back—here!"

"Ah, come, Olga!" says I. "You're stretchin' it."

"I couldn't," she protests. "But it so lovely—all gold, an' made like leaves on a bush. Meester Blake, he look once, and then he turn away."

"I know," says I. "He would."

"And her hair!" goes on Olga. "It is all slick and shiny as ——"

"I've seen her hair," says I, "what there is of it."

"But the gold cloak she puts on after," says Olga. "It has lovely white fur on."

"I saw the cape too," says I. "She must have been a knock-out at the party."

"Aye tank so," says Olga. "A count wass there. Eyetalian. Mees Olive she say before how she bet she catch heem, that count. W'at you tank? W'en he see Mees Julie once he talk with her, he dance with her, and he don't see nobody else at all."

I had to chuckle at that. "Bust up the show, did she?" says I.

Olga giggles and nods. "My, but them young ladies was mad when they come home!" says she. "Mees Olive don't let me help take off her dress. She just tear off her clothes and throw herself on the bed and cry and cry and cry."

"They would plan to ditch their little orphan cousin, would they?" says I. "And she beats 'em to it. Well, well!"

I could see where Julie's visit was gonna complicate matters a lot, but I couldn't guess what the finish would be. Anyway, she showed 'em a few points on how to get through the day without bein' bored. She starts with a 'leven o'clock breakfast in bed. Then about one, as the fam'ly are gettin' through lunch, she breezes down in a snappy costume all ready to be entertained. And the girls and Mrs. Blake have to take her motorin' around town and through the country. You should hear the way Julie strings 'em in her cute, sugary way.

"Such a quaint place to live in, isn't it?" says she. "What funny little shops, with such awful things in the windows. No theater, no cabarets, no opera! But you have the cinema to go to, don't you?"

"And once a year the circus comes here. Don't overlook that," snaps Miss Jean

"That must be exciting, the circus," says Julie, smilin'. "And there is a sign which says Eats. Now what ——"

"That is a restaurant," puts in Mrs. Blake.

"Truly?" says Julie, gazin' at this quick-lunch joint. "Where one can dine? I see."

"Quite respectably," adds Miss Olive. "No dancing."

But Julie lets that glance off with not so much as a shoulder hunch. For me, it was like havin' a ringside seat at a sparrin' match.

Well, that sort of thing goes on for three days. They had one dinner party for Julie, which Mr. Blake insists on, but the guests was all hand-picked from the country-club set and nothing much happened except that Julie had all the men clustered around her and two of 'em sopped up too many cocktails and didn't know when to go home.

It was a little spat next day between Julie and Miss Olive that finally crabbed the act. Accordin' to Olga, Miss Olive let out some spiteful remark about Miss Julie's hair.

"She ask her what kind of varnish she use," says Olga. "And Mees Julie, she smile so sweet, and tell Mees Ollie not to mind. 'You keep that wavy, Hottentot bob,' she tell her. 'It is so dear and ol'-fashion.' My, my! That's w'en Mees Ollie go off bang, like cats fightin'. W'at she don' say to Mees Julie then! Common dance-hall jigger, bold-face vamp woman, everyt'ing. Right in front of Meester Blake. I dunno w'at now. Mees Olive get sent to her room, Mees Julie go to hers."

I got the answer half an hour later. The boss calls me on the house phone and announces that I'm to take Miss Julie to the 3:40 express, which I did. She seems quite cheerful about startin' back for New York.

"Henri will be tickled pink," says she. "I told him we might catch the same steamer back."

And she blows me a kiss as she climbs into the Pullman.

Not a word out of the boss until the second mornin' after his niece had left.

"You were right about Julie, Rusty," says he. "Her visit proved to be a somewhat trying occasion."

"I judged it wasn't much of a success," says I.

"And yet," he goes on slow, "it was. I think Mrs. Blake and the girls had a glimpse of—how was it you expressed it, Rusty? Ah, yes! Of next Tuesday week."

"You mean," says I, "Julie showed them where they were headed for?"

"Something like that," says he. "I believe Mrs. Blake has decided not to change her style of hairdressing. And the girls—well, I am hopeful about the girls too."

"It takes a lot of speed to catch up to next Tuesday week, don't it?" says I.

The boss nods and slips me the only wink I ever knew him to be guilty of. Maybe when they named him Noah they knew he'd never come up all wet.

YOUNG AMERICA TAKES TO THE WILDS

(Continued from Page 50)

decoration? Can it be because a girl forgot to empty it and stuffed in the bracken at the last second in order to conceal her negligence? A stifled giggle from the squad proves the hazard correct.

"Too bad," comments the inspector impersonally. "That's the sort of thing this camp doesn't stand for. It savors of cheating. Better bring it up before the self-government committee and see how the girls feel about that sort of thing. And no score for this cabin today." She stalks majestically on to the next cabin, while the girls heave sighs of relief or explode into cries of rage at the negligent cabin mate who has brought their rating down.

It is, of course, a game, with points and stars and pennants to put the punch across; but underneath the game lessons in neatness, in order and system are registered on plastic brains. And the slovenly girl who keeps the cabin rating low is hauled over the coals by her indignant mates, the counselor meantime, if she is wise, discreetly holding her peace as the licking into shape goes on. And this frank, caustic judgment of a child by his peers is more potent in its influence than hundreds of handed-down lectures from adults. Some of the children come from rich families with dozens of servants and fleets of motor cars; some have never lifted a hand in service for themselves or others in their lives; some, from good families, are still incredibly slovenly in their personal habits; others are snobbish, sulky, hysterical, or wishy-washy mamma's darlings or unblushing young liars and cads. But the brusque give-and-take of community life soon settles the hash of these weaklings: into their proper categories they go, willy-nilly, and if they wish to climb out of that category they must prove themselves before their community mates.

There was, for example, the case of Mary. Mary was an unspeakable little snob, never having been taught otherwise. At home, surrounded by a retinue of servants, she had become imbued with the idea that it was degrading to lift a hand in service for anybody in the world. To be helpless was to be aristocratic—a sure sign of royal blood. Naturally, in camp, with no servants to pick up after her she was untidy, negligent and her cabin was always in disgrace. Likewise her cabin fellows, who had to pay for her sins. Mary talked about her eight servants until the others were bored to rebellion. They began to jibe and jeer.

"Don't you wish you had your eight servants, now, Mary?" they mocked when

(Continued on Page 70)

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Watch This Column

Picture-plays worth while

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REGINALD DENNY

Universal has a remarkable list of pictures before the public right now—all based on excellent plots by famed authors, cast with stars of renown and directed by leaders of known ingenuity. While the opinions of critics have been flattering in the extreme, I want your opinion and your comment. Here is a partial list

REGINALD DENNY—In ***"Skinner's Dress Suit," "What Happened to Jones"*** and ***"Rolling Home"*** —all clean, wholesome, American comedies bubbling over with youth and beauty.

HOUSE PETERS in ***"Combat,"*** a spectacular story of the North woods in which this romantic actor essays the rôle of a fighting timber boss.

GEORGE SIDNEY, CHARLIE MURRAY and VERA GORDON in ***"The Cohens and Kellys,"*** a screaming farce which critics describe as one of the merriest pictures of the year.

"His People," with RUDOLPH SCHILDKRAUT, GEORGE LEWIS, BLANCHE MEHAFFEY and others—a picture which the Chicago Tribune (Mae Tinee) listed as one of the gems of the season. It has proved remarkably successful.

"The Still Alarm," with HELENE CHADWICK and WILLIAM RUSSELL, a thrilling action melodrama with galloping fire horses, the rescue work of heroic firemen, the crackle of flames and the roar of falling walls.

And keep an eye open for ***"The Flaming Frontier,"*** Universal's thrilling epic of the old West, reproducing Gen. Custer's last stand. This picture was most warmly received by the New York critics and the public that flocked to see it at the Colony Theatre on Broadway.

Very soon you will be able to see ***"The Midnight Sun,"*** a truly gorgeous spectacle and love romance of the former Imperial Russian Court. In the cast are LAURA LA PLANTE, PAT O'MALLEY, RAYMOND KEENE and GEORGE SEIGMANN

We intend to produce ***"Romeo and Juliet"*** as a Super Jewel in the near future, with MARY PHILBIN playing Juliet. We have not selected Romeo. Whom do you suggest? Who would be your favorite? Does this marvelous love story, probably the greatest ever written, meet with your approval? I would like to hear from you.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

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UNIVERSAL PICTURES

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

(Continued from Page 68)

her turn came round to serve at dinner with the table squad

"Why only eight?" mused another girl out loud. "Why not eighteen or twenty-eight?"

"Why don't you teach 'em to do your breathing for you, Mary?" mocked another wag amid bursts of laughter. And so the licking into shape went on. One day, when out on a hike, the stones cut Mary's feet; she began to complain. Now to complain when out on a hike is distinctly bad form; in a good camp it is one of the things which simply aren't done.

"Why don't you let your eight servants do your walking for you, Mary?" cried one of the girls.

"I wonder you want to live at all, Mary," jeered another, "when you could get your eight servants to do it for you. Why don't you just crawl into your grave and let them do it all?"

They kidded her unspeakably—and finally it was borne in upon Mary that it was not good manners for a girl to boast of her family's possessions, that it was the sure sign, not of the gently bred as she had crudely deemed, but of the parvenue. So camp inspection, superficial as it appears on the surface, thrusts down deep tap roots of habit and character.

At 11:30 comes the regular morning swim—a period of pleasure and instruction. Girls in different classes are working on tests and preparing for the final water sports of the season. On the float a lively scene prevails. The lesson this morning is on dives—the standing front dive, the running front, the mercury, the surface, the plunge, the swan and the front and back jackknife. The swimming instructor, a young woman clad in a brief black suit which reveals her splendid bronzed legs and the slim waist and broad shoulders of an athlete, with her whistle and green eye shade, is all over the float at once, issuing orders, passing tests, criticizing and applauding. In a rowboat, stationed beyond the float in case of possible accidents, which are, however, practically nonexistent, the senior counselor and I watched the scene. The swimming teacher's crisp, efficient tones floated out to us.

Turning the Tables on Dad

"There! That was a good entry but bad take-off—no height. Don't bend those knees! Straight!" And, as the sleek wet head of the diver reappears, "Your knees were awfully bent. Try again." Another slim figure steps out on the springboard—it is a jackknife this time. In she flops with a splash. "Oh, flat-o!" cries the instructor reprovingly. "Why, you didn't jack at all!" And to another: "Use your height. Up! Way up! Lift your heels. . . . Better!" To another: "Beautiful entry—but still not a jackknife." This time it is a racing plunge. "On your mark! Get set. Go!" And as the dripping, seal-like head reappears, "There! That's coming. Now come in and do a really good one!"

Three perfect dives are necessary in order to pass a test. It is not, of course, assumed that a child can learn everything in one short season; the courses of instruction are arranged on the assumption that the individual will return again and again, just as she does in school.

In swimming as in canoeing, tennis and all the sports, great emphasis is laid on good form—which is only another name for the best, the most graceful and effective manner of doing things. The proper way to dive, to breathe in swimming, to hold the racket in tennis, to carry the pack while on a hike—all these matters of method, of style are insisted on in and out of season until finally, subconsciously, the children absorb it into their systems. They begin to know good form when they see it, in manners, in sports, in the assemblies and on the field.

"Janet won the tennis match," announces Mary to her friends, and she adds casually, "but her form was awful."

"If she wins," I interrogate craftily, "what does that matter?"

The girls stare at me in amazement, then break into an excited chorus of protest. Mary explains politely:

"It matters like anything. You can't get very far without form. It's like playing the piano by ear."

"Or," adds Dorothy, "it's like a strong man with a lot of brute strength going up against a champion pugilist with stacks of technic. You've just got to have technic to get anywhere. Once you get hold of your form, and then put practice on top of it, there's no end to how far you can go."

Dinner, the chief meal of the day, is at 12:30 after a brief chanted grace. The service squad wait at table and afterward clear away. In some of the boys' camps there are also dishwashing squads, with boy inspectors to see that the work is well done. In a certain camp it is the custom if the inspector finds a dirty utensil to throw it on the floor. No words. Just the single gesture. Once a famous man came to visit his son in that camp and, for entertainment, was appointed to the dishwashing squad. His son was inspector. The celebrity, chatting gayly with his young companions of woods and field and trail, washed and wiped the tin plates absent-mindedly and set them down. His son, passing on his inspection rounds, examined his parent's careless handiwork and threw it on the floor.

"Upon my word!" cried the great man, reddening angrily. "What do you mean?"

"Poor job," explained the kitchen squad with a grin. "Gotta be done over." Shamefacedly the famous visitor gathered up the plates and gave them his full attention.

The Ethics of the Trail

At 1:30 in the girls' camp which I am describing as a type, the whistle blows for the rest period, which lasts an hour. The young campers are classified according to health. Those who are less vigorous must rest absolutely for the full period, flat on their backs; others for half an hour; and for all it is a quiet time. From 2:30 until four is a free, unscheduled period, when the girls may do optional things—writing home, mending, extra handicraft work or perhaps a stroll in the woods with a counselor. From four until suppertime they are scheduled for archery, tennis, swimming, or working up on their track meets or swimming tests. Five-thirty is the supper hour, set early in order to provide a good long evening for play. After supper letters are distributed, gifts of sweetmeats rationed out and canoeing parties skim out over the sapphire gloom of the lake. At 7:30 the bugle recalls them to the lodge where a program of singing, dancing, story-telling or entertainments provided by each cabin speeds the evening hour. At 8:30 the bugle sounds tattoo; everybody leaves the lodge and begins to think of preparing to get ready to go to bed. Camp directors agree that this brief half hour is the most prized of all the day. For then the girls visit informally the other cabins, hug their favorite chums, relate their adventures, plan the morrow, read aloud bits of home letters and plight eternal vows. At nine—taps.

In the great majority of good camps this daily balanced menu of instruction, sport and rest is enlivened at frequent intervals by pageants, team competitions, field days and tournaments, hikes in the woods, and, when the campers become seasoned, by extended four and five day expeditions by stream and mountain trail where, under the guise of entertainment, the children learn hiking ethics, trail-finding, camp-making, a proper respect for Nature, for property owners, and, most important of all, the spirit of true sportsmanship. These expeditions, carefully organized, are a source of inestimable value in forming the character of the children, who take honest pride in handling themselves creditably in the trying conditions which constantly arise. In a certain overnight trip to a neighboring mountain peak which the writer took with a girls' camp, all the water, all the rations and all the blanket packs were carried by the girls, and so ably was the expedition planned and so excellent the general morale that, although the trail was steep and rocky and the bedding packs no light weight, not a single complaint or evidence of poor sportsmanship marred the keen pleasure of the picnic.

"It should not be assumed," said a successful camp director, "from all the bugle blowings, whistles, camp inspections and service squads that a rigid military system prevails, for such is far from being the case. But directors have discovered by actual experience that children, normal, healthy, keen-edged children, like being kept up to the mark; they are bored, unhappy, discontented and quarrelsome when permitted to slack, to go at loose ends; by holding them up to high standards, absorbing them in tests, and demanding good form in sports we give their eager young natures something to bite on; and they go at it in much the same manner as a young wild animal sharpens its claws against a tree for future use. We have learned that land and water sports and hiking expeditions, with their accompanying tests and competitions—unless worked to excess—strengthen the physical and moral fiber of children, teach them obedience to law, give them confidence in their own powers, develop their judgment, initiative and self-restraint, and fit them to be fighting men and women of the highest type to uphold the ideals of our republic when the time comes for them to go out into the world. Are not these things better developers of adolescent character than the lobbies of big summer hotels, road houses and jazz pavilions?"

In a large majority of the high-class summer camps a system of self-government prevails; the children themselves make the rules, elect their own officers, and discuss matters of discipline, censure or punishment. If there is a good camp spirit, discipline practically takes care of itself. The laggards, the boasters and bullies from sheer force of public opinion begin to fall into line. Some children hate discipline. Through swimming and tennis and the give-and-take of their fellows, they learn that discipline is merely a matter of self-control, of harnessing their powers in order to get the best results out of themselves; that good sportsmanship is simply spiritual good manners in a crisis, whether it be victory or defeat. One of the girls in a tennis match lost her temper and lost the game. "Serves her right," was the general verdict. "Rotten bad form."

Being a Good Sport

Another girl, Maisie, cocksure, keen as a razor edge, was given to boasting. The truth was, she did most things better than her fellows and was, as the old saying goes, smart as a whip. One day at luncheon she boasted that she could stay three minutes under water.

"Show us! Do it! Do it!" cried the other girls. Maisie refused. But it was put up or shut up with her companions; they demanded she make good her boast by actual proof. The counselor agreed that their demand was only fair. Maisie, in fine fighting frenzy, refused. She was a good-hearted child and the director, in a quiet conference, urged her to make the try.

"But I can't s-s-stay under three minutes," sobbed Maisie, blurting out the truth.

"Of course you can't," agreed the director. "Three minutes is a very long time. But go in and fail."

"The girls will laugh at me," whispered Maisie, and she clenched her hands.

"Of course they will. And they have a good right to laugh. You made a boast you could not fulfill. But go in and fail. Take defeat like a gentleman. Everybody makes a mistake now and then and has to eat his words. So do it gracefully; be a sport—and be careful how you boast next time."

Accordingly, that afternoon, before her assembled mates, Maisie, a little pale under

(Continued on Page 72)

Saving *money* goes with the greater riding comfort of Gabriels. By *snubbing* the rebound, Gabriels ride you *smoothly* over rough spots, crossings, etc. No wear on brakes, no scraping *of* tires in slowing down. No extra gas to pick up again. Ask for *improved* Gabriels with 4½ coils *the only* Snubbers.

41 manufacturers equip their cars with Gabriel Snubbers. 30 drill their car frames *for* Gabriels. Any *of* the 3100 Gabriel Sales *and* Service Stations which sells you a *set of* Gabriels will refund the price if you are *not satisfied* after 30 days trial

The Gabriel Snubber Manufacturing Company
Cleveland, Ohio — Toronto, Canada

Gabriel Snubbers

4½ Coils—The only Snubbers in name and principle

The BULL'S EYE

Published every Now and Then

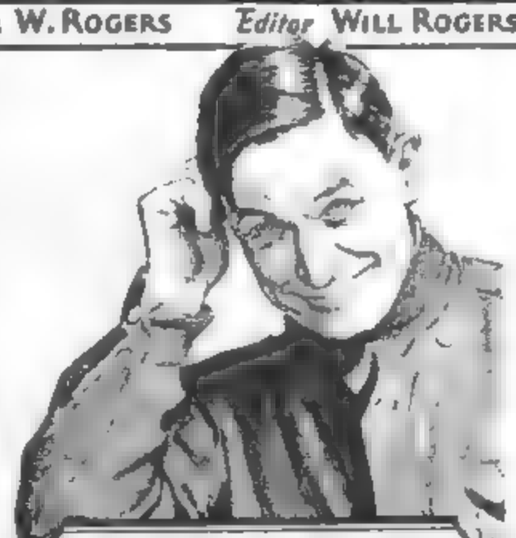
Proprietor MR. ROGERS *Circulation Mgr.* W. ROGERS *Editor* WILL ROGERS

Meeting the Bull Durham Smoker Face to Face

I am just making, as the Politician says, "A swing around the Circle," to see what was going on in "Real America." I had been in New York so long, I was getting a kind of a Subway "Slant" on things. I was becoming as narrow as a Metropolitan Newspaper Editorial Writer. My eyesight was getting so poor I couldn't see beyond the Hudson River and my mind wouldn't function farther away than Albany, N. Y.

I knew that New York was "amusing the World," but I wanted to meet the fellow who was "feeding it." I am kinder oddly constituted. You can cut off my amusement, but if my food stops you are going to have an argument on your hands.

I as Editor and Proprietor of the Bull's eye, wanted to meet not only the readers, but the *consumers* of THIS wonderful Product of OURS. (The American Tobacco Company and me.) Well, I wish you could see the type of Men they were, Big, fine healthy upstanding He-Men. They were not the little



Another "Bull" Durham advertisement by Will Rogers, Ziegfeld Follies and screen star, and leading American humorist. More coming. Watch for them.

Anemics. They were our Producers of our Necessities of Life. When I saw the type of He-Men smoking Bull Durham, it almost made me cry, that I wasn't a smoker myself.

Will Rogers

P.S. There will be another piece here a few weeks from now. Look for it.

More of everything for a lot less money. That's the net of this "Bull" Durham proposition. More flavor—more enjoyment and a lot more money left in the bankroll at the end of a week's smoking.

(Continued from Page 70)

her tan, stepped into the water, performed her failure, accepted defeat like a gentleman—and discovered, to her surprise, that she was not the only sportsman present. Not a single girl taunted her when the counselor, watch in hand, counted her out. It was a closed episode.

Boys and girls, accustomed at home to having everything their own way and doing as they please, suddenly discover in camp that they are curbed by the group demands; they can't get away with the rough stuff they put across so nonchalantly on father and mother at home. Camp life reveals the real fiber out of which these young humans are made; it is an education in social virtues, and children who at home are counted paragons, in camp are often found at the foot of the class. Prigs, snobs, bullies and mamma's darlings sooner or later are tagged.

Far away from the outposts of civilization, from motor cars, jazz halls and those desperate despoilers, girls, on a remote little strip of woodland projecting like a thumb out into a romantically winding lake, is located a fine boys' camp. Its director, a man of high practical idealism, with a profound knowledge of the wellsprings of cub nature, exerts a potent influence over his charges, which include youths from ten to eighteen years. Young doctors or medical students of high character and persuasive personality form the body of counselors. The policy of the camp is definitely character building—though it goes without saying that the boys are not conscious of this shaping process. In this particular small kingdom self-government does not prevail; it is a benevolent monarchy, so to speak, with plenty of leeway allowed for individual idiosyncrasies and few rules; those few, however, must be obeyed. Here eighty boys or thereabouts repair joyously each season as soon as school is out and return each succeeding year. The clear, indisputable proof of its popularity is that in the score or more years of its existence it has had on its roster only four hundred names—which means that many of the boys return four, five and six years. In truth, it is justly popular, for here youth is educated practically in the social and moral values and prepared for a broad, serviceable life.

Free to Gain the Goal

Unlike most private camps, competition in sports is barred, the director holding that with the ruthless, overaccented competition out in the world, his charges need no development along that line; he aims rather to drive home those lessons of integrity, initiative, judgment, self-control and true sportsmanship which should be, but rarely are, definitely stressed in the outside world. This purpose he accomplishes by means of orders or tribes. The first order is intended for the younger tads, the cubs, the tenderfeet, unused to roughing it, their habits still unformed. Here, like young animals—which they are—they learn cleanliness of body and decency of ways; to be honest; to swim, to dive, to handle a canoe and find the simpler trails. Here also the first elements of woodcraft are set forth. No boy is allowed to take out a canoe unless he can swim across the lake. Various tests, both of character and knowledge of woodcraft, must be passed before initiation into the order is allowed. Initiation is not compulsory; it is an honor—to be fought for and won. The necessary tests a boy may work out as slowly or as swiftly as he likes. There is no strict overseer to coerce him if he lags, no pressure from without; the pressure is wholly from within. But—and this is a potent but—he cannot join that or any subsequent order until he passes his tests and his character is deemed sufficiently strong. And this no-coercion principle of putting the boy on his own mettle to work out his own salvation has been found to succeed surprisingly well.

To give a pertinent example: A counselor plans a day's canoe trip into the uncharted wilderness; he rounds up his lads; they don't want to go.

"Why not, Jack?" demands the counselor of one who has declined the invitation.

"Workin' on my divin' test," explains Jack laconically. Somebody else is working on a swimming test, a trail-finding test or a compass test—and the proposed picnic falls through. Or they may decide to chuck their precious tests at the last second and come whooping like young savages down to the float and pile into the canoes. And there you have the principle: freedom on top but underneath a goal—a goal which draws the boys irresistibly like a magnet and draws out the finest characteristics at the same time.

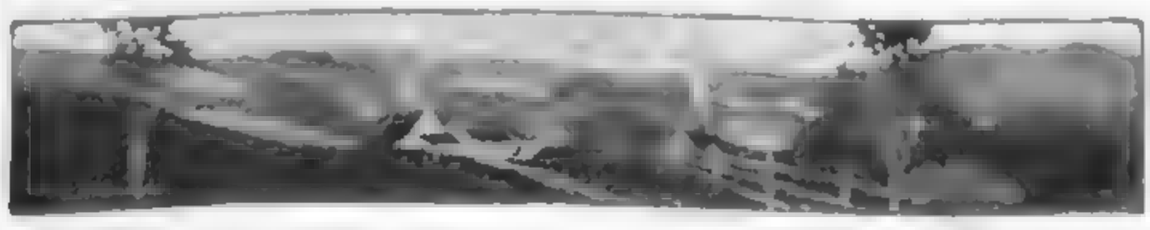
From Tadpoles to Men

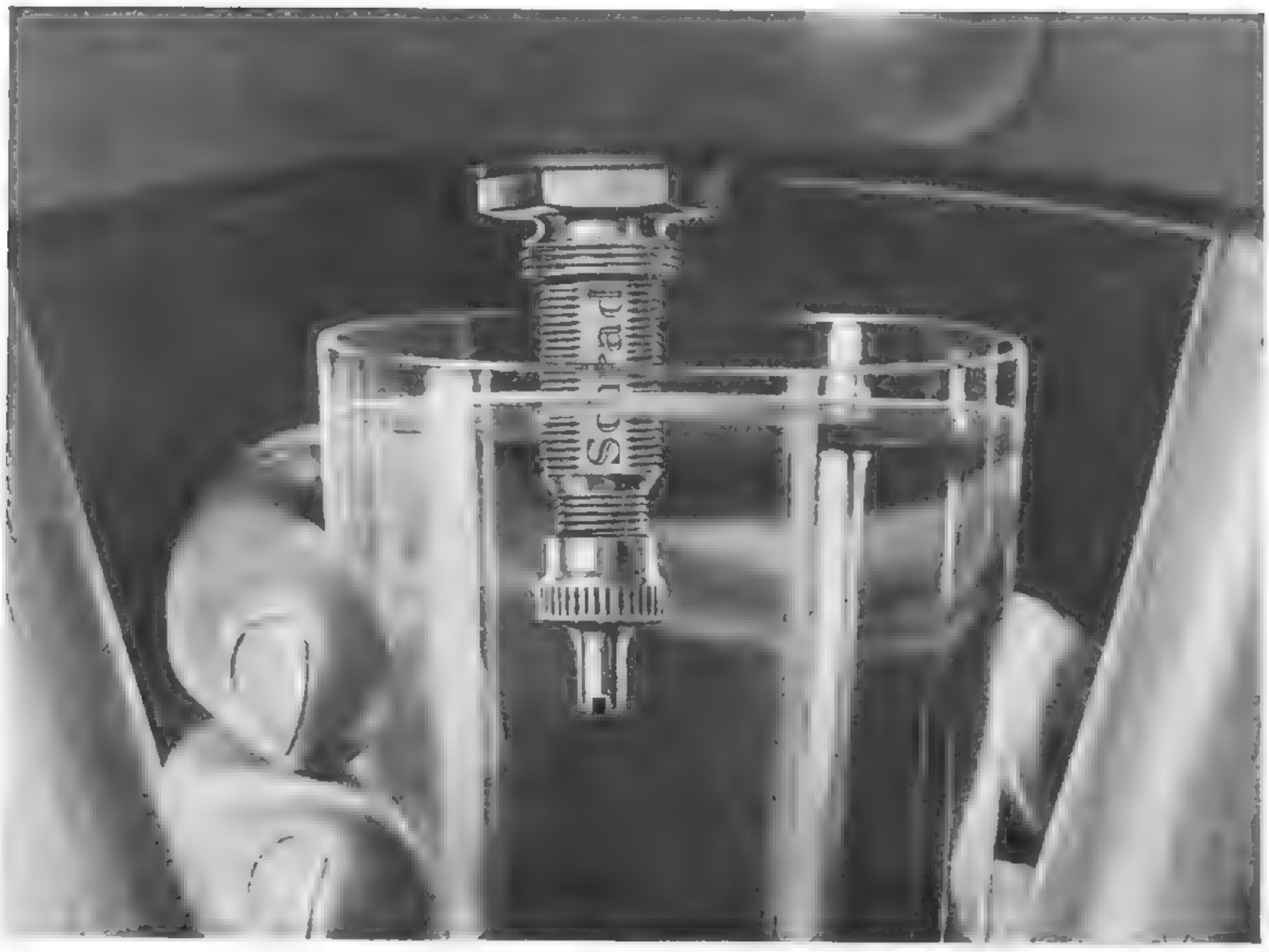
"Why, you can't drag these fellows away from their tests," laughed one of their counselors. "Some of them are crack baseball men at home—and yet you couldn't get up a game of baseball here to save your neck. Why? Because they don't care for it in camp; that is to say, they care more for something else; they're not after baseball here."

The second order of the character-building sequence takes in lads from twelve to sixteen years. Here the tests are harder; swimming, diving, canoeing, trail finding, use of compass, of ax, chopping down trees, camp making and cooking. Underlying each order is an inner moral significance. The mascot of this order, for example, symbolizes the industrious worker who uses his brains as well as his brawn, takes good care of his family and is foresighted in the matter of provender—in short, an excellent family man. In this order are taught some of the basic principles of life, of sex, habits of self-control, confidence and good sportsmanship in whatever emergency or trying condition of camp life may arrive.

Entrance into the third order requires still more advanced character and woodcraft tests. Aspirants for initiation into this order take long trips back into the heart of the wilds with native guides and a lumberjack for cook; the tests include camp making, use of the ax, chopping down a cord of wood, compass work, and laying the course, portages, and, in short, handling themselves like pioneer men.

Finally comes a serious, highly developed order for seniors who have made the previous orders and lived camp life for several years. These seniors penetrate still farther back into the unplowed wilderness, remote from settlements of men and often do not emerge for weeks. During this period they are taught deeper knowledge of sex; fundamental biological facts are discussed bluntly, without mincing matters; white is called white and black is called black. Meantime, the tests continue or the men work for further honors inside their orders. And finally, after five or six seasons of such development, the unlicked, unformed cub has learned how to handle himself with confidence and honor and dignity among his fellows; he has achieved moral ballast; he has learned to take keen delight in the natural splendors of the most magnificent country the hand of the Creator ever formed; he has learned to harness his powers, his temper, to use self-restraint. Thus, by taking thought, cubits are added to his stature and the little human tadpole, all belly, is gradually metamorphosed into the greatest work of God—a man.





No Air Can Escape

at mouth of valve with this New Improved Valve Cap

HERE'S a test that every car owner is urged to make. It shows you the importance of using the Schrader No. 880 Valve Cap on every tire valve.

First—buy a new box of Schrader No. 880 Valve Caps at any garage or accessory store.

Next—take a tire that is inflated to its proper pressure. Remove the valve cap and loosen the valve inside until you hear the air escaping.

Then—without tightening the valve inside, attach a new Schrader No. 880 Valve Cap firmly by hand to valve stem. Hold a glass of water over the valve as shown in the illustration. You will find the valve to be absolutely air-tight at any pressure up to 250 pounds.

The reinforced dome-shaped rubber washer inside the cap forms an absolutely air-tight seal at the mouth of the valve stem.

After the test has been made, screw the valve inside down tight with the slotted top of the valve cap. Then replace the cap over the mouth of the valve.

Do not let your tire valves go without the protection of Schrader No. 880 Valve Caps. Five in the red and blue metal box cost but 30¢. If they cost $30 they could not be made any better or surer for sealing air.

Schrader products are sold by over 100,000 dealers throughout the world.

GUARANTEE TO MOTORISTS

WE guarantee that the Schrader No. 880 Valve Cap (sold in the red and blue metal box) is air tight at any pressure up to 250 pounds when screwed down tight by hand

If the No. 880 Valve Caps are not air-tight when subjected to the test explained in this advertisement, the dealer from whom they were purchased is authorized to replace them free of charge

Five in the red and blue metal box cost but 30c

A. SCHRADER'S SON, Inc., BROOKLYN, Chicago, Toronto, London

Schrader

Makers of Pneumatic Valves Since 1844

TIRE VALVES — TIRE GAUGES

Splash

There Goes That Good Top Cream

HOW IRRITATING! The good top cream wasted and everything all messed up, just because of an old-fashioned milk bottle cap—And how unnecessary, too!

Bottled milk, capped with a Sealright Pouring-Pull Milk Bottle Cap, is spill-proof, leak-proof. No waste—no spilling—no mess—no opener to misplace. Sealright Pouring-Pull Milk Bottle Caps provide—

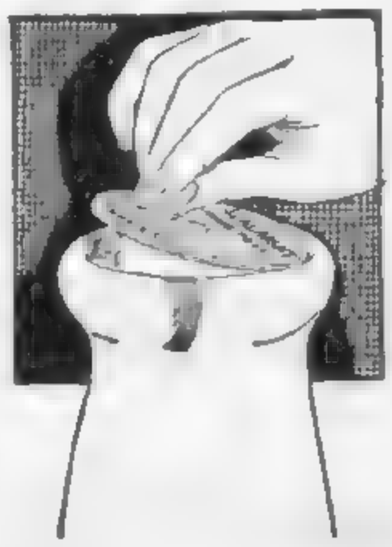
1. A safe, clean way of quickly removing cap—just lift the tab and pull.
2. A safe, clean way of pouring without spilling, thru opening in cap.
3. A more healthful way of drinking milk by inserting straw thru cap opening.

Clean - Safe - Economical

If your dairyman doesn't use Sealright Pouring-Pull Caps, send us his name and address and we will supply him with samples and information.

SEALRIGHT CO., Inc.
DEPT. AA-5 FULTON, N. Y.

Keep the Goodness In—
and the Fingers Out!



SEALRIGHT
Pouring-Pull
Milk Bottle Caps

THE GREEN TICKET

(Continued from Page 19)

prophetic glimpses of herself dusting someone else's furniture, washing someone else's china, even though it might be in one of those apartments on Park Avenue where the annual rental would once have ransomed a king. But, companion picture to these, she saw herself free every evening to return to her own rooms on Forty-seventh Street, and Frank need never know what she was doing in the daytime. In a story, of course, he would call on the people for whom she was working, and nearly fall over when she answered the door; but in real life, in a city like New York, the City of Strangers——

"I'll go back, anyhow, and read the signs," she thought, slowly turning at last. "There can't be any harm in that."

But harm or not, when she reached the doorway of the employment agency and saw the two girls and the man who were attentively reading the offerings of the day, she thought to herself "I'll wait till they move on," and that was when she began looking in the pawnshop window next door—killing time, you understand, until the coast was clear. Thinking it over later, it occurred to her with a thrill that perhaps she was being weighed in the scale of the gods. If she had been too proud to come back, for instance, to see what the employment office had to offer, she wouldn't have started looking in the pawnshop window; and if she hadn't looked in the window she would certainly never have seen the green ticket which was presently fated to change the course of at least three human lives.

III

IT WAS some little time before Mary saw the green ticket, her attention first caught by a tray of imitation antique jewelry, skillfully done in oxidized silver and colored glass. A line of bracelet watches attracted her eyes next, reminding her that the watch on her own wrist had not kept time for months. Then, slowly working up the window, she looked at a row of Unredeemed Pledges—watches, brooches, cigarette cases, earrings, lavallières—miscellaneous items of cargo which had been thrown overboard, piece by piece, by human vessels in distress.

And finally, still waiting for the three strangers at the next doorway to move on, she caught sight of a line of pawn tickets that were offered for sale, each pinned to a sheet of note paper which told the price at which the ticket could be bought and held out such persuasive comments as A Rare Bargain, Don't Miss This, and one—Read This Ticket and Remember It. It Won't be Here Tomorrow.

This last ticket called for a Gent's Gold Watch, which had been pledged for seven dollars with a Third Avenue pawnbroker, and the ticket itself was offered for sale for two dollars.

"So if a man wanted a secondhand gold watch," thought Mary, slowly working it out, "he could buy this ticket for two dollars, and then go and get the watch by paying seven more. That—that's nine dollars altogether, and if the pawnbroker on Third Avenue was willing to lend seven dollars on the watch, it was probably worth—well, fourteen, anyhow, and maybe a whole lot more."

She turned to the next ticket, a printed blue pasteboard which showed that a G. Wrist Watch had been pawned for five dollars—a ticket which was offered for sale at one-fifty.

"That's six-fifty altogether," thought Mary, "and my wrist watch cost thirty-five." Which didn't exactly dampen her interest in what she was reading.

The next ticket called for a pair of field glasses, the fourth for a saxophone, the fifth for a silver cigarette case, all at tempting prices if the articles themselves had any reasonable worth. And then, well near the center of the line, Mary came to the green ticket—a ticket issued by McAleen & Moskowski whose printed address was near the foot of Seventh Avenue. The article pawned was a Lady's Fur Scarf, and the next line showed that it had been pledged for five dollars.

"Five dollars," thought Mary, staring a little. "And it might be worth—why, it might be worth fifty or more if it was any good!"

The ticket, she quickly noticed, could be bought for two dollars.

"And even if I didn't like to wear it for a scarf," she thought, "I could take it apart and use it for trimming. Of course I'd have to clean it, but I could do that all right—clean it and reline it with some of that brocaded silk which I never made up. Yes, and if I didn't like it at all I could turn around and pawn it over again for five dollars. So it would cost me only two dollars to see it, and I might get something that was really valuable."

It was probably the swirl of snow which decided her—a swirl of snow driven by the bleak east wind.

"I know," she suddenly told herself, shivering a little, partly from the cold and partly because of a touch of excitement. "If I can borrow seven dollars on my wrist watch, I'll buy the ticket for the fur. And if I can't—— Well, anyhow, these people will be gone by the time I come out."

Looking quickly around to make sure that no one was noticing her, she opened the door of the pawnshop and stepped inside. Over the door a bell rang; and as though by magic a pale, staring man in his shirt sleeves appeared behind the counter, his eyes like two brown marbles behind the thick lenses of his spectacles.

IV

AS QUIETLY as she did everything Mary told him her errand; and to look at her as she stood there, speaking gently and outwardly calm, you would never have guessed that at first she was frightened a little. But that soon passed. For one thing, the man behind the counter couldn't have followed his business long without absorbing a certain knowledge of human nature; and it probably didn't require more than one staring glance for him to see that a rather rare bird had flown into his shop—one, let us say, which could best be caught with the golden corn of courtesy. And on the shelf behind him was a pair of ox-blood vases inlaid with silver ferns; and whether it was the glow of their color or the delicacy of their tracing, Mary began to see that this dingy shop might harbor treasures such as she herself had never known—she who all her life had liked nice things.

"I can let you have six dollars on the watch, madam," said he in his shirt sleeves, holding it close to his spectacles and snapping the case open and shut. "Six is business, seven is charity: and I know you haven't come in my shop this morning looking for charity from me."

"Thank you," said Mary, smiling a little. "Then I'll take six and buy the ticket for the scarf."

While he was filling out the card for the watch Mary said, "This scarf which was pawned for five dollars. How much do you suppose it's really worth?"

"Madam, that's hard to tell," he said, "but I should say at least fifteen. That might be the rule down there—not to lend more than five on a scarf. Why, it might be that you should take it to them a real fancy scarf—a sable, maybe, or a sealskin—and the clerk has his orders and will only lend five. Of course, if you have a real fine fur and know its value, you will not leave it for five. But sometimes a scarf it will blow out of an automobill, or be left in a texi, you understend, and some young fellow finds it and walks it into a pawnshop. 'Here, what you give me on this?' You understend? 'Five dollars.' 'All right, where's the five-spot?' You understend?"

As you can imagine, this didn't exactly dampen Mary's growing sense of excitement either. Of course it wasn't a sable, and it wasn't a sealskin, which was waiting for her at McAleen & Moskowski's. She knew that as well as anyone. But when she reached the street a minute later with the green ticket in her pocketbook, it didn't require a great deal of argument to make her decide to go down and get the scarf before doing anything else.

"It's so near twelve now," she told herself. "I'll come back and see the employment people this afternoon."

So she boarded a downtown surface car, getting off at the foot of Seventh Avenue and soon finding McAleen & Moskowski's establishment at the corner of a Greenwich Village street. This was a more ambitious place than the one she had just left—a pawnshop run on department-store lines, with one counter marked Jewelry and another Clothing and a third, a much smaller one, bearing the sign Redemptions. Mary made her way to the latter, and trying her best to do it coolly, she placed the green ticket on the counter and said, "I would like to redeem this, please."

"Three months' interest," said the clerk, glancing at the date. "At 3 per cent a month, that's forty-five cents—five dollars and forty-five cents. Please pay the cashier and bring the receipt back here."

When she returned to his counter he had a brown paper parcel waiting for her—a parcel smelling of camphor and tied with string. Running her hand inside the fold of its wrapping, she made sure there was fur inside and then signed the receipt book.

"Oh-h-h!" she thought, her cheeks beginning to burn as she reached the street. "I've got to go right straight home and have a look at this."

Nearly every woman who reads these lines will know how Mary felt.

V

WHEN Mary reached home she placed her package on the quaint table which you have already seen, and took off her hat and coat, her cheeks still warmer with color than they had been for many a day, her lips slightly parted with breathlessness. Then suddenly descending on the parcel, she broke the string and unrolled the paper. A few seconds later she was looking at a black-fox neckpiece, a fine bushy tail at one end and at the other a head—a head with a brisk expression which seemed to be saying, "Now what are you going to do?"

The first thing she did, of course, was to shake the scarf in order to make the fur stand out; and the more she shook it, the better she liked it. "It's a bargain, all right," she told herself; and turning it over to look at the label on the lining, she stared a little at seeing a colorful coat of arms, and underneath it, "Zolnar, Wien."

"Imported!" she thought with a gasp of pleasure; and felt perhaps as a collector might feel who finds the trade-mark of Cremona in the old violin which he has bought for a song. The lining, she noticed, was somewhat worn; but in any event the scarf was to be relined. So after she had admired it long enough she fetched her scissors, and first removing the label, she next began snipping the threads which held the padded lining to the fur. There was one place, she thought, where the silk came away rather easily, but she didn't pay much attention to this at the time.

"It's funny, though," she thought, snipping away. "A scarf bought in Vienna and pawned in New York. Some Austrian girl, perhaps, who came over here and has had a hard time of it. Or—— Well, of course, it might have been bought in Vienna by some rich American, and lost over here the way the pawnbroker said."

Her scissors snipped more slowly for the next few inches, as a rather ugly, rather unpleasant word took shape in her mind.

(Continued on Page 75)

80

YOU OWE YOURSELF A RIDE IN THIS FINEST *of* CARS

WE OFFER you the Chrysler Imperial "80" as, literally, the finest of cars.

And we ask you to expect from it more than the finest of previous fine cars has ever offered.

At first glance, you cannot fail to note a new perfection of design—a *fleetness,* if you please, of line and a taste and beauty in coloring that accurately predicate great things.

You will next be fascinated by a luxury and attention to the niceties of detail that excel the finest craftsmanship of America and Europe.

But, after all, these are externals, and the Imperial "80" serves you even better in the serenity of its operation than in the eye-appeal of its unusual grace and beauty.

Not alone does the Imperial "80" give you the speed ability of 80 miles an hour, and all of the surety of 92 horse-power, but the *way* it transports you at all speeds and on all roads is a revelation of the supreme state to which Chrysler has brought the art of motor car design and manufacture.

We might well be accused of exaggeration should we attempt to describe the superlative ease of Imperial "80" motion —the way it *flows* from a snail's pace to 60, 70 and 80 or more miles per hour; the way it flashes in and out of traffic, nimbly distancing the fastest and finest on the road; its incomparable steadiness even at highest speeds and on roughest pavements.

You must know the Chrysler Imperial "80" to experience the utmost in luxury, suavity and enduring soundness which the highest skill in fine car building now offers.

We invite you—indeed, we urge you, to ride in the Imperial "80"—confident that you too, like the hosts who already acclaim it, will pronounce it the greatest car you have ever known.

CHRYSLER IMPERIAL "80"

80

UTMOST LUXURY FOR 2 *to* 7 PASSENGERS

(Continued from Page 74)

"Of course it might have been stolen," she told herself then, "though somehow I hardly think so. And besides, if everybody began worrying when they found a bargain, that would be the end of looking for bargains. And I'm sure I bought it fairly enough—it might have been no good at all; and just because it turns out to be a really nice fur I'm sure it would be awfully foolish to start worrying over that."

Snipping more quickly then, it wasn't long before the padded lining began to peel away from the back of the fur and fall over the side of her chair

"It will sweeten the fur too," she thought as she worked. "I'll brush it and beat it and spray it and hang it out in the cold till it's just as nice as it ever was. And then with a new lining of that silver brocade——"

She paused then, seeing a place in the old lining where the padding had been cut and stitched together again.

"That's queer," she thought. "The cut doesn't go all the way through or I'd have noticed it from the other side. It looks as though a little pocket had been made and sewed up again from the inside. I wonder —"

Yes; crumpling the padded lining between her fingers, she unmistakably felt something in the sewed-up pocket—something flat and something crinkly, and something a bit lumpy too. Breathlessly turning her scissors to the threads which closed the mouth of the pocket, it wasn't long before she was staring at a folded piece of paper. This proved to be a letter, apparently written by one who was none too familiar with the pen, but legible enough for all that. It read:

Dear Alice: You probly seen in the paper that the wrong guy was pinched for the M. business, so that lets me out. I'm going to lay low for a wile just the same and may not see you for a wile. If you have to, rite me care of M. B., —— Center St.—the one I had when Red said he'd squeel on me. Keep the pendent quiet for a wile or it might so you up. You'll know when it's safe from the papers."

There was no signature, but the date was there—"Dec. 12, 1924"—nearly a year old.

"Oh! Oh!" breathed Mary with a deepening thrill.

Exploring the lining again, her fingers trembling a little, she drew out a tiny white chain, at the end of which hung a five-pointed star, about an inch across. The back of this was open platinum work, but the fronts of the five points were set with diamonds, while in the center was a heart-shaped emerald almost as large as a ten-cent piece—a heart-shaped emerald so cool and clear in its depths that when Mary once started looking at it, it was nearly a minute before she could take her eyes away.

VI

YES, all her life Mary Wilson had loved nice things—a love which had brought her to the brink of disaster; and here, as though a gift of the gods, one of the most beautiful things she had ever seen had been placed in her hands to do with as she would. Although she had no definite knowledge of the value of emeralds, she knew the worth of diamonds fairly well; and somewhere she remembered reading that a good emerald was about as valuable as a diamond of the same size. That being so, the pendant was worth close to ten thousand dollars; and with only a fraction of that sum in her hands, she wouldn't have to worry much about the rent of her rooms next month!

"The only thing is," she thought, "I feel quite sure it was stolen." And reading the letter again, she had no doubt about it. "The wrong man arrested too," she added with a reflective frown. "I don't like that."

Already she could begin to see where this was leading her; and picking up the pendant, she sighed—sighed, it might be said, with a premonition of farewell.

"A pity," she told herself. "I never had—I never saw anything quite so lovely."

It seemed almost to tempt her, looking up at her from its cool inviting depths.

"I wonder if I had a talk with Frank about it ——" she uneasily asked herself.

To talk with Frank about it, though, she would be obliged to tell him that she had bought a secondhand fur at a pawnshop—and a secondhand fur with such a previous owner! In imagination she could see his look of disapproval, his growing wonder at where she bought her other things.

"No," she said, and sighed again in her gentle way, "I shall have to do it myself."

Her five years' association with Judge Van Doren had at least prepared her for this—that she had a fairly good idea of where to go and whom to see. And so, waiting first till the noon hour was over, she tied up the scarf, slipped the pendant in her pocketbook and made her way downtown. It was just two o'clock when she entered the gloomy basement of the Criminal Courts Building and asked one of the strangers there where she would find the district attorney's office.

"Third floor, that side," he promptly informed her. "The elevator will take you up."

At the third floor she pushed her way through the waiting, whispering human grist which the mills of justice always seem to draw, until she came to two bright young watchdogs who were guarding the entrance to the reception room; two intelligent young sons of Cerberus who looked as though there weren't many tricks in the legal bag at which they hadn't taken a cheerful sniff or two.

"Is Mr. Lockwood still on the district attorney's staff?" Mary asked them.

"Yes'm," they both answered together.

"Then I wish you'd tell him, please, that Mary Wilson would like to see him—Miss Mary Wilson who was Judge Van Doren's secretary for a good many years. And tell him, please, that I think it's important and I won't detain him long."

One of the young men briskly disappeared through a swinging door and presently returned, holding the door open when he came to it.

"Yes, Miss Wilson," he said. "Mr. Lockwood will see you now."

VII

HE WAS a stout, cheerful little man with gray hair—Eben J. Lockwood—a stout, cheerful little man who nevertheless had more convictions to his credit than any other assistant on the district attorney's staff, either present or past. And as busy as he was with the papers on his desk, he nevertheless found time to rise and smile when Mary entered his office; and obeying his gesture, they both sat down together, she on the chair by the side of his desk and he on the swivel in front.

"So you were Judge Van Doren's secretary?" he began.

"Yes," said Mary in her gentle voice. "I've often heard him talk about you, and how you studied law in his office years ago."

"That's right," he smiled. "One of the finest men I ever knew."

Mary just managed to keep the tears out of her eyes and rather hastily bent down to untie the parcel which she had brought with her.

"I have something here that I want to show you," she said; and after she had placed the scarf on the table she told him how she had acquired it and what she had found within its lining. Mr. Lockwood watching her most of the time with a cheerful glance which didn't miss much.

"Now what do you think of that!" he beamed, looking up at last from the pendant and the letter. "The first thing to do, it seems to me, is to try to identify this 'M. business.' We have the date, we have the pendant and we have the initial 'M.' So if you'll wait a few minutes, Miss Wilson, I'll see if I have any questions which I'd like to ask you."

He disappeared, and when he returned he was contentedly rubbing his hands.

"Do you mind if I ask you a personal question?" he began.

"No-o, I don't think I would," she said, wondering.

"Then, when you needed a scarf this morning, how did you happen to go to a pawnshop? Why didn't you go to a store?"

"Because—I didn't have money enough to go to a store," she said in a low voice.

"You mean you aren't working?"

"I haven't been working since the judge died," she said; and, trying not to make a tragedy of it, she added, "I think it's my spelling. For some queer reason nobody seems to like the way I spell."

"Then that's all right," he said, leaning back in his chair. "Hangs together splendidly. And—er—er—now that you've started so well, bringing these things in to me, I wonder if you'd like to help us a little further."

"Do you think I could?" she asked, wondering again.

"I'm inclined to think so. As far as I can make out, this 'M. business' mentioned in the letter is the Madigan case—or the Gregg case, as we called it later. Mr. Madigan's house on Riverside Drive was robbed of its jewelry last December, and a young butler who worked there named Gregg was tried and convicted. Mr. Madigan himself didn't believe at first that the butler had done it, and after Gregg's arrest he offered a reward of five thousand dollars for the conviction of the guilty person—provided it wasn't Gregg. Fortunately Mr. Madigan's office is only a few blocks away, and I've telephoned him to come and see if he can identify the pendant."

It wasn't long before Mr. Madigan made his appearance—a brisk old boy with a sharp eye and a positive manner.

"Know it?" he said as soon as he saw the pendant. "Of course I know it! Bought it in Paris in 1894 and there isn't another like it anywhere."

"An odd piece," agreeably nodded Mr. Lockwood. "I think it may lead to further developments."

"You mean to the recovery of the other jewelry?"

"Perhaps. But more particularly I mean to the discovery that Gregg shouldn't have been convicted."

"I always said he shouldn't!"

"Mind you, we're not sure yet," Mr. Lockwood warned him in his cheerful manner. "But while we're on this subject, didn't you offer a reward once?"

"Yes—if it wasn't Gregg, mind you. Myself, I never believed it was."

"And your reward still stands?"

"If it wasn't Gregg—yes. Of course you'll have the date postponed under the circumstances?"

"At least I shall consider it," said Mr. Lockwood, rising. "Thank you for coming, Mr. Madigan, and if I need you again ——"

Mary, quietly sitting by the side of the desk, had been a listener to this; and after Mr. Madigan had gone she said, "I'm so glad I came. It must be dreadful for an innocent man to be in jail."

"Yes," said Mr. Lockwood, his cheerful glance all over her again; "but we must make sure now that some friend of his didn't write this letter for the purpose of getting a new trial. And that's where the letter itself is going to help us."

He picked it up from his desk and read it to himself until he came to the following sentence, and then he quoted aloud: "'If you have to, rite me care of M. B., —— Center Street—the one I had when Red said he'd squeel on me.' It isn't much of a clew," he continued, "but I have an idea that if it were handled right, in a manner not to arouse suspicion ——"

For as long as it might take you to count ten they looked at each other; and whatever it was that Mr. Lockwood saw in the depths of Mary's eyes, it seemed to satisfy him.

"You're sure you'd like to help us?" he asked.

"If I can," she said.

"Even if you have to play the dove against the serpent?"

(Continued on Page 78)

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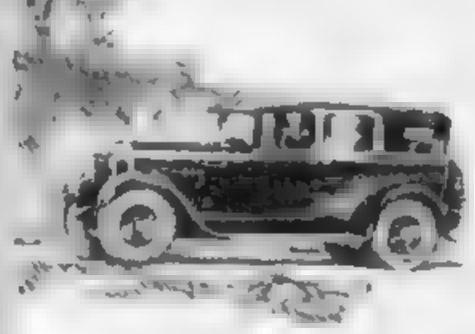

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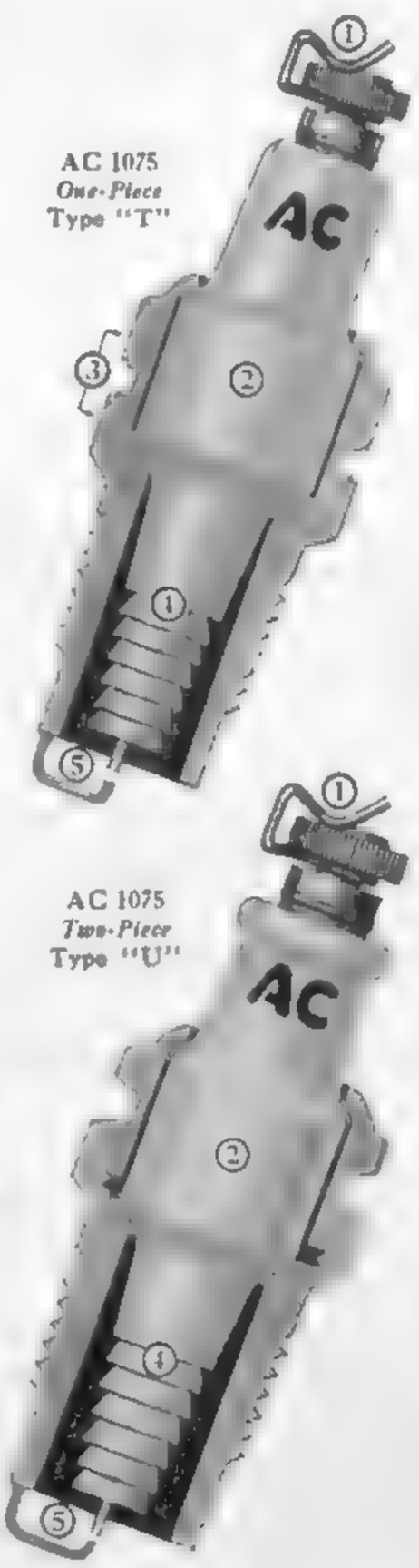

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U. S. Pat. No. 1,135,727, April 13, 1915; U. S. Pat. No. 1,216,139, Feb. 13, 1917. Other Patents Pending

(Continued from Page 76

"If I can," she said again. "I know if I were in jail for something I didn't do I'd be glad if somebody helped me."

"That's the spirit," he nodded with approval. "And when I tell you that so far as Gregg's concerned, it isn't only a position of being in jail ——"

"It isn't?" she asked when he paused.

"No," he said, always regarding her intently with his cheerful smile. "When the Madigan robbery took place a policeman was killed; and unless we can raise a question of reasonable doubt, Gregg goes to the chair on Monday morning—tried and convicted for murder in the first degree."

Again Mary felt it—the invisible hand, the deepening thrill—and this time a queer sensation of silence all around her. It isn't given to every girl to play a part in those uncertain dramas which sometimes seem to be written by the gods.

VIII

AFTER leaving the Criminal Courts Building, Mary walked slowly along Center Street until she came to the right number—a dingy red-brick house not far from the Tombs, a house which looked as though it might once have been a four-story tenement, but had been later converted into a walk-up office building for counselors learned in the penal code. The walls of the vestibule were lettered with professional signs of the tenants upstairs, and it didn't take Mary long to find the one she wanted:

M. H. BLACKSTONE, COUNSELOR
THIRD FLOOR REAR
WALK UP

So she walked up—rather slowly still, if the truth be told, with a qualmish feeling that she shouldn't have come, that she would probably make a mess of everything. On the third floor, lighted by a gas jet in the hall, she saw Mr. Blackstone's name again, lettered on a door this time: M. H. Blackstone, Counselor. Walk In.

But instead of walking in, Mary drew a full breath and then uncertainly knocked upon the door.

"Come in!" cried a voice inside.

She opened the door, and across a narrow hall, in what had once probably been a kitchen, she caught sight of a girl working at a typewriter and a young man leaning over a law book at a small table near the window. They both glanced up as Mary entered, and she thought how much alike they looked—these two hidden workers in the City of Strangers. They both had strongly marked faces, for instance, and the same sallow complexions and bold eyes. And though this might have been imagination, they each looked a bit dirty around the neck, as though they had both left home that morning when their mothers' heads were turned the other way.

"Is Mr. Blackstone in?" asked Mary, her voice as uncertain as her knock had been

"What do you want to see him about?" asked the young man, rising and frowning.

"I want to see him on business, please."

"Law business?"

"Yes."

"Go and tell him," said the girl at the typewriter, and started staccato on her typewriter again.

The young man, still frowning, vanished through a door, and after a few moments' delay he returned and beckoned Mary with his head. As she drew near the doorway she caught sight of a very dark, very thin man in the next room, writing at a large desk, every inch of which was covered by a confusion of papers, law books, printed cases on appeal, legal blanks and sundry. He continued his writing even when Mary advanced into the room and the door was closed behind her—continued it, too, when he looked up at her for a moment and gave her a glance which made Mary think with a sinking heart of what Mr. Lockwood had told her about the serpent and the dove.

"If only his eyes weren't so black and he wasn't so thin!" she thought; and feeling somewhat foolish standing there looking at him, she drew another full breath and said, "Are you Mr. Blackstone?"

"Yes," he briefly answered.

"Are you very busy?"

"Yes," he answered again; but seeing that Mary was half involuntarily turning back toward the door, he added, "What can I do for you?"

"Well," she said, "I thought perhaps you could give me some advice—that is, if it wouldn't cost too much."

"Legal advice?"

"Yes, sir."

"What sort of legal advice?"

"Well, about this fur scarf," she said, partly drawing it from her shoulders and then putting it back again.

"You mean you've bought it and haven't paid for it, and now you're wondering if they can come and take it away from you?" he asked with a touch of contempt in his voice.

"No, sir," she almost eagerly assured him. "I paid for it all right, but—I bought it at a pawnshop and I found something inside the lining. See? It was in here. I just pinned it loosely together again so I could wear it. And what I'd like to know now is this: Can I keep what I found? Does it belong to me? Or ought I to turn it over to the police?"

His next question, you will notice, was as inevitable as the sum of two twos.

"What did you find?" he asked.

"A thing to wear around the neck," said Mary.

"You mean a necklace?"

"Yes, sir. A green stone and diamonds on a chain."

"Let me see it."

"I haven't it with me."

"Why not?"

"Well, I was afraid of losing it; and if I lost it instead of turning it in, I wondered if I might get arrested. And besides, the letter said to be careful about showing it."

"What letter?"

"Why, the letter that was with the necklace. That's how I happened to come to you. The letter said you were a good lawyer and knew how to keep your mouth shut—excuse me, please, I didn't know it would sound so rude—so I thought I'd better come and see you too."

Up to this time Mr. Blackstone, it might be said, had been interested only in an abstract way, although his dark eyes had narrowed a little when Mary had mentioned the green stone and the diamonds. But the moment she told him that his own name was connected with the things which she had found, he began staring at her so hard that it almost frightened her to look back at him, and she felt perhaps much as the dove feels when it first perceives the glance of that unwinking gentleman who made so much trouble for Eve.

"A letter?" repeated Mr. Blackstone. "You say my name was in a letter?"

"Yes, sir," she rather faintly answered. "That's how I happened to come to you."

"Have you the letter?"

"Yes, sir. It's home with the necklace."

"But how did the letter happen to mention my name? Do you remember?"

"Yes, sir," said Mary, considering. "He—now the man who wrote this letter—it was addressed 'Dear Alice'—he said the wrong man had been arrested in some case or other—the Madigan case, I think it was. But he said, 'I'm going to lay low for a while, and if you want to write me, write me care of Mr. Blackstone, —— Center Street, the one I went to when Red threatened to squeal on me. He's a good lawyer and knows how to keep his mouth shut.' Or something like that. And then he said, 'Be careful of the necklace and don't show it for a while because it might tie you up with the Madigan business.' And —— Well, I guess that's all."

If you had been there when Mary was telling him this you might have noticed that at first his eyes seemed almost to be reaching out of his head and searching for the answer to some problem that was troubling him, but that soon after he heard

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"the one I went to when Red threatened to squeal on me" his eyelids seemed to click down for a moment, as the shutter of a camera clicks when the desired image is suddenly caught on the film. He listened more easily then, and when Mary stopped he delivered his next question with a fine show of carelessness.

"Who signed the letter?" he asked.

"It's a funny signature," said Mary, "though I suppose some people could read it," she thoughtfully added. "But what do you think, Mr. Blackstone? Do you think I have a right to keep the necklace? Or should I turn it over to the police?"

His next question wasn't quite so carelessly asked.

"Have you spoken to anyone else about it?"

"Only to one gentleman—a kind of a friend of mine—and he thinks I ought to turn it in. But I thought I'd better come and get your advice, too, you being a lawyer, and then I'd decide for myself."

Mr. Blackstone seemed to shift his head a little then, shifting and weaving it slightly as though not quite sure how to strike.

"You wait a few days, and I'll look up the law," he said. "Meanwhile I see no point to be gained in throwing the necklace away, especially if it's worth anything. You're right, though, about not losing it. That's important. So why not keep it—and the letter too—in my safe here? Then we'll both know they're safe, and I can look up the law better."

"Oh, they're safe enough where they are," said Mary earnestly. And, lowering her voice, as though afraid that someone might hear, she almost whispered, "I've wrapped the letter around the necklace and put it on top of a clock that hangs on the wall of my room. There's a little place up there—a sort of a little well—behind the wood. I've heard of people looking inside of clocks, and I've heard of people looking under clocks; but I've never heard of sneak thieves looking for anything on top of a clock; have you, Mr. Blackstone?"

"Pretty good," he nodded with a wry-lipped smile. "I see you weren't born yesterday. And now if you'll give me your name and address, I'll drop you a line or two as soon as I've had time to look up the law."

"And your charge?" asked Mary anxiously. "It's no use charging me a lot, you know, because I haven't got it."

"Oh, two or three dollars, maybe," he said with a prodigal gesture. "I guess that isn't going to break you."

He sat quietly for a few minutes after she had left—as a serpent might sit while digesting the dove which it had just swallowed—staring now and then at the name and address which Mary had written for him; and then thoughtfully rising, he put on his hat and thoughtfully went downstairs.

IX

MARY lay awake in her pleasant room on West Forty-seventh Street that night, thinking over the events of the day and wondering—yes, and partly fearing what might happen next. Earlier in the evening she had built a fire in the fireplace, and the glow of the embers threw a subdued light on the ceiling and walls, giving a new, mysterious beauty to the furnishings with which the girl in the bed had surrounded herself when Judge Van Doren was still alive and she had had a future instead of a past.

In that quiet light, for instance, the reproduction of Miss Boles might have been the original itself; and so might the copy of Lady Gainsborough and The Age of Innocence. And the Colonial desk in the corner, with its leaded-glass shelves above the writing desk—you could almost imagine that Priscilla Alden had just left it to fetch new wood for the fire. But lying awake on her side, Mary didn't look at these as much as she looked at the clock over the mantelshelf; and as though aware of her scrutiny, the clock seemed to have taken upon itself a breathless note—"Tick-tock! Tick-tock! Tick-tock!"—much faster, it seemed, than she had ever heard it before.

Eleven o'clock—half-past eleven—twelve o'clock—and still she lay awake. The fire was out by then, but the room was now dimly lighted by the street lamp outside. One o'clock—two o'clock—and Mary, beginning to doze in spite of herself, suddenly found herself wide awake, her head raised from the pillow and asking herself with a jump of the heart, "What's that?" She was about to tell herself that she had been mistaken when she heard it again—a creak of the door which led to the hallway and the stairs. At that she put her head back on the pillow and pretended to sleep—one of her eyes closed tightly enough, but the other slightly open, so she could peep a little through the lashes.

Then, quite suddenly, the creaking door opened and closed, and she saw that a man was standing against the opposite wall. Because of the position of her head on the pillow, she could see him only from the waist down—two vague outlines which she knew were legs standing quietly, one might say intently, by the side of the fireplace. They stood there nearly a minute and then a circle of light shone on the rug and swept over toward the bed. Using all the strength of her will to keep from crying out, Mary lay still, feeling the beam of the flash light upon her lids. As though satisfied, the light moved away; and cautiously peeping through her lashes again, she saw that the moving rays had been turned to the clock over the fireplace, and again in some mysterious way the clock seemed to speed its breathless note—"Tick-tock! Tick-tock!"—as though keeping time to the quickened pulses of the girl who lay so quietly in the bed.

The man with the flash light next moved a chair to the front of the mantelpiece and noiselessly stepped up in order to reach the clock. Knowing that his back was toward her, Mary moved her head a little and was in time to see the door which led to the kitchenette swing silently open and the two men who had been waiting there appear like moving shadows. The next moment, one of them reaching the switch, the bedroom was suddenly flooded with light and the man on the chair, turning too quickly, lost his balance and fell. The two others were on him then like hounds upon a weasel, and almost before Mary knew what had happened the man who had fallen from the chair was in handcuffs—a young man, half sulky and half defiant—an obscure craftsman in the City of Strangers—standing there between the two other strangers as though none too proud of himself, but trying to carry it off with an air by asking for a cigarette.

They took him out, and Mary threw the coverlet off her, fully clothed except for her shoes. She had just slipped on a pair of slippers when one of the detectives came back.

"I didn't want to tell you in front of him," he said. "But you understand you're to see Mr. Lockwood again in the morning?"

"Yes," said Mary. And pointing to the chair which was still in front of the clock that clock which was supposed to conceal the note to "Dear Alice" and the emerald pendant—she anxiously added, her mind on Gregg and what it would mean to him, "Do you think this man was the one—the one who stole Mr. Madigan's things, I mean?"

"Not much doubt about it," said the other. "We'll pick up Blackstone next he's got a lot to tell—and between the two of them, and this one's handwriting, it hadn't ought to take us long to find out what we want to."

■

THE next evening Mary sat at the desk in her pleasant room, writing out a check for the electric-light company, to pay for a bill which had arrived in the evening mail. On the opposite side of the stubs were two significant entries. The first was "Balance brought forward." This had

(Continued on Page 82)

"AFTER four years' service in Cuba and the Philippine Islands, I suffered greatly from indigestion. In fact I had no desire to eat. Nothing I took gave real relief. A friend suggested that I take a couple of Fleischmann's Yeast cakes daily. I did. In about a month the attacks of indigestion had disappeared. I was soon myself again and I enjoyed my food. Since then I have had wonderful health and a very clear complexion—all due to Fleischmann's Yeast."

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Eat two or three cakes regularly every day before meals: on crackers—in fruit juices, water or milk—or just plain, nibbled from the cake. *For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before breakfast and at bedtime*

Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today!

And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. D-11, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.

"LAST December, there appeared a blotch of little blisters at one corner of my mouth. They gradually spread on my face and were very embarrassing. So I decided to try Fleischmann's Yeast. I can truthfully say that, aside from clearing up the eruptions, Yeast has improved my health in general."

GERTRUDE SCUDDER, Detroit, Mich

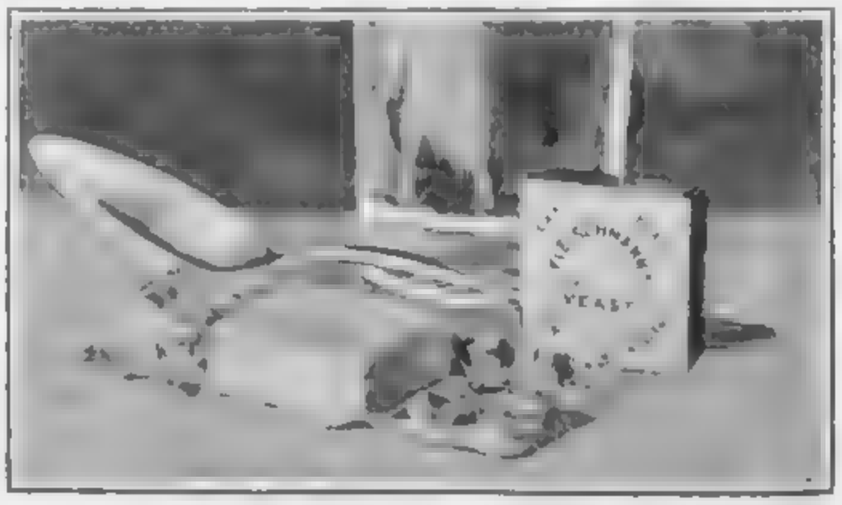
RIGHT

"MY nerves were in a dreadful condition. I lacked energy. My color gradually faded My physician recommended Fleischmann's Yeast. I took three cakes a day for two months. I noticed a remarkable change. My energy returned, my complexion regained its freshness"

VIRGINIA B. MAURICE, New York City

"YOU look so much better than we, who have had vacations, do,' remarked several of my teachers to-day. 'Is it the arduous work of summer school or prosperity that agrees with you?' The truth is that I am now a regular consumer of a product that I had known for years without realizing its health-giving properties. Fleischmann's Yeast has cured the constipation that sapped my strength for so long. To-day I feel like a new man."

CHARLES F. WILLIS, Baltimore, Md



THIS FAMOUS FOOD tones up the entire system—aids digestion—clears the skin—banishes constipation.

Win With

MACGREGOR

When you take in your hands a MACGREGOR Club, you *just know* you can hit it!

The balance and "feel" of these clubs inspire you with the kind of *confidence* that wins games.

Perfect balance enables you to *time* your shots properly—and *timing* can make or mar your success in golf

And don't forget that the exclusively-controlled materials and patented features of MACGREGOR Clubs cannot be duplicated in any other make.

Ask your Pro or Dealer to show you these clubs. We will mail catalog on request.

The Crawford, McGregor & Canby Co.

Established 1829 Dayton, Ohio

Workers in MACGREGOR shops are *golfers themselves*—playing regularly on our own *private course*

Thus they are *interested* in the game itself—and they *know* what a club must do. The results are reflected in the *quality* of the clubs they produce.

And thus it is that the MACGREGOR Course is really the *proving ground* for MACGREGOR Clubs. It is also your assurance that the *interest* and *experience* responsible for their quality will be consistently maintained

MAKE RECORDS WITH MACGREGOR DAYTON O MACGREGORS

(Continued from Page 80)

been written in, "$7.48." And the second was "Deposits." There was only one entry under this item—an item bearing the same date as the check which she was writing—"Received from Mr. Madigan, $5000."

Mary blotted the check and looked up at the clock over the fireplace. It was seven o'clock, and Frank had said that he would call at that hour. They were going out to dinner and later to the theater, and Mary was dressed for the evening.

"And there's his step on the stairs," she told herself, putting the check book away. "And there's his knock on the door."

She let him in—a well-groomed, agreeable figure, and much the same as his photograph on the shelf, except that his hungry look wasn't in evidence that evening. He was unfeignedly glad to see Mary. They shook hands like old friends who understood each other, and Mary said, "Oh! You have a new muffler!"

"Yes," he said, throwing his coat open and displaying an immaculate shirt front. "Knitted silk. I needed a new one. Made in London, the man said; but of course you can't always believe them."

"It's pretty," she said. . . . "I'll be ready in a moment."

He turned to the fireplace. Frank had always liked that mellowed marble fireplace, and taking off his coat for the few minutes which he knew he must wait, he seated himself in front of the fire and drew a deep breath of content.

"Hello!" he suddenly exclaimed. "What corking vases!"

"Yes, aren't they!" she said in her quiet way. "I picked them up awfully cheap today."

And indeed they were touched with beauty—a deep ox-blood background inlaid with silver ferns. Frank was still admiring them when Mary brought him her coat to hold.

"New coat, too," he beamed. "Aren't we getting on!"

"Do you like it?" she shyly asked him.

"A peach!" he said. "I've always liked sealskin. Mother had a cape and muff of it, and I always loved to stroke it."

Perhaps that was why he stroked the coat a little after Mary had put it on, she looking up at him from under her lashes as she buttoned her gloves. And whether or not it was the coat, or the glance, or a certain half-suppressed expression of excited happiness in Mary's eyes and lips and cheeks, he dropped his voice a few notes and said in a rather troubled way, "You know—as soon as I get my next raise—I'm going to ask you something."

"Oh, that's all right, Frank," said Mary quietly. "You naturally want to be sure first that you really like me."

The remark slipped out so easily, so unconsciously, that if you had been there it might at least have pleased you to wonder whether the words had been given her by those upon Olympus—as a reward, perhaps, for the more difficult part which she had just played for them. But whatever the origin, the effect was unmistakable.

"Sure?" repeated Frank, Mary's upward glance still on him. "You think I'm not sure? You think I don't know?"

"I don't know," she demurely smiled. "Do you?"

His embrace, his kiss, must have helped to convince her; and when they went out together a few minutes later, her hand was resting contentedly on his arm. They walked to the corner and started down Sixth Avenue, Frank all the time on the lookout for a cab.

"That's the worst of taxis," he said. "Everybody wants them at the same time."

"Oh, I don't mind walking," she said, glancing down with gentle satisfaction at her coat.

On the next block she slowed down a little as they approached the employment agency. The doorway was dark, but the cards were still there—and so was the pawnshop next door, its window a blaze of light.

"Do you ever look in pawnshops, Frank?" she asked, walking more slowly still and wondering if she could get him to stop at the lighted window.

"No," he said rather shortly; and for the first time his impatient frown appeared. Her eyes intent upon the line of pawn tickets for sale, she didn't notice that he was raising his hand at an approaching car.

"Let's stop a minute—shall we?—just for fun," she said, "and see if there's anything interesting."

"No, dear," he said. "Here's a taxi." And with a look of disapproval at the lighted window beneath the sign of the three gilt balls, he added as he guided her to the waiting cab, "They always seem to me so grubby—and that one especially. I'm sure you'd never find anything interesting there."

GOING, GOING, GONE!

(Continued from Page 21)

Among the purchasers at this record sale for American glass were Mrs. F. S. Fish, Mrs. Charles Blair, Mr. A. B. Maclay, Mr. G. H. Buek, owner of Home, Sweet Home, Mr. James Stillman and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Turnbull.

A pair of sapphire-blue Stiegel vases, 13.5 inches high, brought $1150; a sapphire-blue Stiegel vase, 7⅞ inches, $690; a blue-violet cream pitcher, $255; a light-amethyst pocket flask, $160; and a New Jersey emerald glass pitcher, 6.5 inches, with ball stopper, $360.

Mrs. Edward Turnbull tells me that one of the important sales this season was a group of five Chippendale chairs which had belonged to John Howard Payne, author of Home, Sweet Home, and which were brought to this country by Payne's successor as consul at Tunis. These were sold by the latter's widow and brought $1575—$315 each.

In the collection of snuffboxes, silver and enamels of the Danish Countess S. von Holstein-Rathlou, which brought $23,500, a Gothic silver-gilt ciborium sold for $1500; a Diana modeled in Nuremberg, $1300; a Gobelin tapestry with a hunting scene, $1950; and a snuffbox with a miniature of Mary Queen of Scots, $750.

The rare guns and pistols of the late R. G. Bickford, of Newport News, Virginia, known as one of the ablest patent lawyers in the country, who specialized in rare gun-locks of the period between 1750 and 1800, brought $5100. A Forsyth detonator of the scent-bottle type sold for $575. A portion of the treasures of the late William Winter, the celebrated American dramatic critic and author, reached $5850. On this occasion a Shaksperean window of stained glass which Edwin Booth had made for and presented to William Winter reached the price of $500.

A mahogany lowboy, made by William Savery of Philadelphia, reached the extraordinary price of $9000 at the sale of the estate of Mrs. Henry E. Huntington on March 19, 1926. Such a sum was never reached by a lowboy before. This lowboy had appeared on this same platform in 1922, when it was sold with the Jacob Paxton Temple collection, and it then brought what was considered a record price of $3800. The lowboy is thirty-one inches high, thirty-three inches wide and twenty-one inches deep, is furnished with the original handles and key plates, and was made about 1760. Another Philadelphia piece—a mahogany chest upon chest—ninety-three inches high and forty inches wide, also dating from 1760, brought $4000.

Pieces do not, however, always increase in value. For example Mrs. Huntington paid $25,000 for a replica of the famous

(Continued on Page 84)

The hardware wholesaler's great service to American homes

WHEN we go to the reliable stores for the things we want for our homes, we seldom think of all that has been done to safeguard our investment and make our task of selection easy.

Thousands of manufacturers of thousands of things, want you to buy what they make.

The natural place for you to buy their wares is in the most reliable store in your town.

The natural place for that reliable store to buy the things you are likely to want, is the great wholesale warehouse where such things are collected as the first step of the great service of distribution.

So the natural place for the manufacturer to start the distribution of the things he makes is this wholesale establishment.

If you had to select a modern electric washer or ironer from the many different kinds, you would be bewildered.

But all or most of them have first been offered to the wholesalers, in this case the great Hardware Wholesalers, who select, from the many, the one their experts, after much study and many tests, consider best.

Judgments may differ somewhat, but in the end the Hardware Wholesalers will select the one or two machines that can be depended upon to serve reliably and that represent sound value.

The next step in distribution is from wholesaler to local retail store.

To the most reliable local store many Wholesalers will offer their selection and the local store will judge and test, and make its selection.

When these selections are once made, the deserving product continues to be the selection of Wholesaler and Retailer—until something more deserving is offered.

So the less deserving, failing to win store distribution, adopt the more expensive methods of distribution.

When distribution costs rise, manufacturing costs must come down—quality is apt to suffer.

The producer with the lowest cost of distribution is in the best position to deliver quality at a price—value.

Because they perform an economical service, the great Wholesale Hardware Establishments have grown until they select and distribute more than a billion dollars' worth of merchandise annually.

Horton prestige is the result of quality tested in use for fifty-five years—and Horton quality rests on the advantage of low cost Hardware Wholesale distribution which Horton has always had.

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HORTON *Washers Ironers*

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This ledger doesn't have to be w-o-u-n-d up!

It expands, contracts, locks like lightning

GETTING sheets in or out of the Aladdin Ledger isn't a slow-movie job. And you can't lose the key—because there *isn't any*.

Press a lever, as in the picture above, and ZIP—the cover jumps up! Insert or take out the sheets—press down the cover—and Presto—the Aladdin is securely locked again!

Simple as A B C. Safe—and wonderfully convenient.

You can have the Aladdin bound in rich corduroy as in the picture—in serviceable black Texhide—or full blue slate canvas. Two sizes. Two capacities: 7½ x 10⅜ in. for the small business, or the professional man; 9¼ x 11⅞ in. for any job a "he-ledger" can hold down. Hammermill Ledger Paper; convenient rulings.

The Aladdin, complete with 200 sheets and index, retails from $6.50 up, according to size and binding. It is sold by good stationers nearly everywhere. Look for the National Eagle trade mark inside the cover. Use the coupon below.

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(Continued from Page 82)

bureau de roi, made by Riesener and Caffieri for Louis XV and it sold on March twentieth for only $1250.

It should be remembered in reading about these extraordinary figures that these high prices are only for very beautiful, rare or unique things; and that very beautiful, rare or unique things are always worth large sums of money.

It should also be remembered that on the strength of these high prices for worthy articles a good many dealers have put up, beyond all reason, prices on commoner and more ordinary antiques. Prices that are being asked for stuff that grades from junk up to ordinary things are perfectly astounding and are not warranted by any condition now obtaining or likely to obtain in the future.

The greatest event of the season was the sale of the Leverhulme collection in February, which totaled $1,268,976. This was the first occasion that a valuable European collection was placed at auction in the United States. A hue and cry was raised about this in England, for experts knew very well that the success of this sale would mean that henceforth New York would take precedence over London as the world's mart for artistic treasures. Consequently people on both sides of the Atlantic watched for the result with great interest.

Der Tag for Collectors

As the first day of sale approached, applications were made for seats that far exceeded the capacity of the salesroom. Seven hundred persons, however, had cards of invitation: Well-known collectors who took part in the bidding, agents representing other collectors, representatives from museums, art critics and dealers, and ladies and gentlemen of fashion. The sale lasted from 2:30 to six o'clock, and during its progress the bidding became so excited that the contestants frequently broke out with shouts and yells in their frenzy to secure desired objects.

One of the sensations of the occasion was a set of eight mahogany side chairs and an armchair of the Chippendale style, which sold for $15,000. The pieces were exquisitely carved, with dripping water, or icicles, as some people call it, in low relief, with cabriole legs and ball-and-claw feet, and upholstered in dark-red striped silk.

There were many sessions of the Leverhulme sale; and I may say that one-quarter of the total number of articles reached four figures.

One of the most beautiful items in the entire collection was an Adam suit consisting of two sofas and two armchairs, the wood carved and gilt, with lion's head arms and upholstered in palest green antique-silk damask. The lines were exquisite. This suit brought $8900.

Mrs. George F. Baker, Jr., paid $11,500 for an English eighteenth-century satinwood bookcase, ten feet tall and eight feet wide, in the Sheraton style, dating from 1790. Mrs. Henry Walters, wife of the banker and railroad financier, paid $8000 for an eighteenth-century satinwood commode believed to have been made by Thomas Chippendale; a set of six panels of eighteenth-century Aubusson tapestry reached $34,000; a seventeenth-century petit-point panel, nineteen inches by twenty-two inches, brought $2900; a grand pianoforte made by John Broadwood & Sons for the Queen of Spain in 1796, the case designed by Sheraton and ornamented with cameos by Wedgwood, $6100; a seven-piece English golden-walnut suit—settee, four chairs and two stools—William and Mary period, $12,500; two eighteenth century satinwood commodes painted in the style of Angelica Kauffman and Pergolesi, $7600; four William and Mary marquetry chairs, $2700; six mahogany Chippendale chairs, $2700; a George III mahogany settee, $1375; four eighteenth-century Aubusson tapestry panels, eight by twelve feet, $13,800; a large George I English walnut armchair, $4250; two eighteenth-century satinwood commodes sold to Mr. S. D. Bowers for $11,600; a pair of semicircular console tables sold to Mr. E. F. Albee for $1150; a Tudor marriage chest, dated 1540, was purchased by the Boston Museum of Fine Arts for $3500; two William and Mary chairs sold to Gov. Alvan T. Fuller, of Massachusetts, for $1100; a commode of rare woods, thought to have been made by Chippendale, from the Sir Anthony de Rothschild collection, $4000; an early Georgian cream-lacquer cabinet $2700; George II petit-point screen, 8.5 inches by 13.5 inches, $1050; an eighteenth-century mahogany-and-satinwood *secrétaire* bookcase, $4100; two Adam satinwood bookcases from the collection of the Earl of Chesterfield, $1600; a Chippendale mahogany armchair, $1000; two seventeenth-century table covers, $10,000; a Georgian mahogany double chair-back settee, $2750; six mahogany chairs, $3200; a pair of eighteenth-century gilt settees, $4000, and a carved mahogany window seat, dated 1782, $1250.

The commodes and cabinets attracted a great deal of attention. A French commode of 1740 brought $5750; a Sheraton inlaid segmental commode of 1780 brought $5050; a French lacquer-and-ormolu commode, $3500; an Adam segmental satinwood commode, $4500; an English satinwood commode, $4100; a Hepplewhite chestnut-and-tulipwood commode, $1800; a Queen Anne lacquer cabinet, dated 1710, $2250.

A mahogany dining table brought $4500; a pair of mahogany card tables, 1760, $1800; a mahogany side table, 1760, $1200; a semicircular sycamore side table, 1780, $1000; a George IV satinwood side table, 1790, $1200; a large oak gate-legged table from an old manor house, $250.

Embroideries and needlework panels also brought large prices. Miss Jane Swords, for instance, bought an eighteenth-century petit-point panel, English, for $1700; and a landscape in gros-point embroidery sold for $2700.

A tremendous price was paid for three Elizabethan needlework panels of 1580, by P. W. French & Co., $7750. Another eighteenth-century needlework panel, English, 1715, sold for $1000; and four chair-seat covers, English tapestry, 1750, brought $1800. Stuart stump-work needlework—raised and stuffed figures—attracted much attention, and small panels were sold from $900 to $250 each.

There was not much glass in the Leverhulme collection. The highest price was reached by a pair of Waterford cut-glass three-light candelabra which sold for $1875. Another pair brought $1500.

Pewter and Glass Go Begging

A large mahogany table was set with a complete service of ruby glass and this brought very moderate prices. Thirteen circular double-lipped ruby-glass finger bowls were purchased by Mrs. Fritz Kreisler for $600; twelve ruby-glass plates of 1780 were bought by Mr. W. H. Hamilton for $750, who also bought six ruby-glass fruit dishes for $375; and a ruby-glass punch bowl brought $275.

Fritz Kreisler, the violinist, bought a mahogany inlaid tea caddy for $140. A Georgian silver soup tureen and cover brought $1000; George II oil-and-vinegar cruet, 1746, $290; George III silver tea urn, 1764, $600; George III silver tea urn, 1771, $700; Adam silver cake basket, 1784, $235; three George III silver tea caddies in shark-skin case bought by Gov. Alvan T. Fuller, $310; and also a George II silver pitcher, 1757, for $185.

Sheffield plate did not bring high prices. Mr. Vanderbilt purchased a Sheffield-plate cruet stand for $150; Mrs. E. C. Vogel, a pair of three-light candelabra for $450; and Mr. J. Henry Foster an oval tea tray for $200.

Pewter went for even less. A George III pewter service of twenty-nine pieces, dated 1780, was carried off at $150; a George III large circular platter, 1740, for only

(Continued on Page 86)

Low-cost Transportation

Star Cars

The POWER and QUALITY leadership of the Star Car—Four and Six cylinder types—becomes even more attractive when the low first cost, economy of upkeep, and long gasoline mileage are considered. If you want power try the Star in mud, sand or on hills. If you want superior quality at low cost your next car will be a Star.

Ask the nearest Star dealer to demonstrate any model listed below.

NEW STAR SIX
TOURING $725 COUPE $820
COUPSTER $745 COACH $880
LANDAU SEDAN . $975
f. o. b. Lansing

Bodies By Hayes-Hunt

IMPROVED STAR FOUR
ROADSTER . $525 COUPSTER $610
TOURING . . $525 COACH . $695
SEDAN . $795
f. o. b. Lansing

DURANT MOTORS, Inc., 250 West 57th Street, New York
General Sales Dept.—1819 Broadway, New York
Dealers and Service Stations throughout the United States, Canada and Mexico
Plants: Elizabeth, N. J. Lansing, Mich. Oakland, Cal. Toronto, Ont.

MORE POWER and SUPERIOR QUALITY

The LIQUID Floor-Covering
for Wood or Cement — Inside or Outside

Resists Hardest Wear—Easy to Clean
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BECAUSE Koverflor gives a surface of super-durability, because it resists the action of oil and grease, and because its tile-like surface can be cleaned with the least effort—this extraordinary liquid floor covering is especially adapted for use on the floors of garages. It protects and beautifies all hard-used floors, including the floors of porches, kitchens, bathrooms and basements. Koverflor comes in solid colors and also clear. It is simply applied with a brush, like paint, and can be had at hardware and paint stores. Ask your dealer.

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Prove the Merits of KOVERFLOR Yourself

If your dealer hasn't it, we will send, postpaid, a quart at $1.40, a pint at 75c, or a half-pint at 40c. (Pacific Coast points: quart $1.60; pint 90c; half-pint 50c). Koverflor comes in Clear, Cream, Spruce, Tile Red, Dutch Blue, Dust, Linoleum Brown, Mahogany, Green, Grey, Russet. State color, and address our nearest office. Sample Book on request.

*Amount Enclosed*_____ *Color*_____ *Check here for Book*

*Your Name*_____

*Your Address*_____

(Continued from Page 84)

twenty-five dollars; a Flemish coffeepot for twenty-five dollars; an English hot-water jug, eighteen dollars; a Flemish spice box, 1790, and two Norwegian bowls all went for eighty dollars; and Governor Fuller took away a French chocolate pot of 1780 for the astonishing sum of fifteen dollars.

It must not be imagined that these extraordinary prices will set a precedent for individual pieces that may seem to their owners to be of similar design, quality, age and value. The very fact that a piece is identified with a famous collection enhances its interest to collectors; and pieces of furniture, tapestry, silver, embroidery or glass owned by private individuals rarely attain equal market value with pieces in renowned collections. Added to beauty, rarity and condition, pedigree plays a very important part in valuation. Then, too, excited bidding at an auction sale sometimes inflates the price unnaturally. For example, because two persons were competing for the wig stand as described at the beginning of this article—and skyrocketed the price, anyone who possesses an old wig stand had better not appraise it at four figures. Wig stands will doubtless appear in many antique shops in the near future; for the clever faker will see that they get there. It need not be imagined either that because the satinwood pieces at the Leverhulme sale attracted so much attention all satinwood will slide up the scale in value. The pieces here were all of the early East India variety, of a lovely golden or delicate straw color and as soft as velvet to the touch. An added value was the rare finish of the cabinetwork and the exquisite decorations.

Lionized Mahogany

We shall probably soon see, too, a great deal of mahogany decorated with lion's heads on the arms and knees and with lion's feet, which type dates from about 1725. Lion mahogany is rare, but there is a little of it in the country. As it attracted attention at the Leverhulme sale, it will be the thing soon to collect lion mahogany; and the busy American fakers will doubtless produce antiques of this kind.

There is a great deal more antique furniture manufactured than the public imagines; and it finds its way into the shops of unscrupulous dealers in antiques who wish to make hay while the sun shines upon the modern craze for antiques. Beginner collectors should be very careful in paying large sums for antiques of any description, particularly for primitive Americana. Simple highboys and lowboys, gate-legged tables and plain old chairs of a type that were made by carpenters rather than by cabinetmakers are the easiest articles in the world to reproduce. Many persons within the past two years have paid hundreds and even thousands of dollars for American antiques which date from 1920 onward, and which have been defaced and antiqued to give them the proper seventeenth and eighteenth century appearance. The awakening of these collectors is going to be very sad.

European fakes are just as bad as those made in our own country. Skillful cabinetmakers and carvers in England and on the Continent know how to copy antiques and afterward to give them the deceptive patina of age. Even old lacquer can be faked, and so can antique velvets, brocades, damasks and silks.

Some years ago a famous English journalist was searching in out-of-the-way corners of that ant hill of humanity, London, for strange occupations of some of the human ants. He questioned one woman in the neighborhood of Soho as to what her husband did to earn a living.

"'E's a worm heater," she told him.

"Eats worms!" the journalist exclaimed in horror.

"Yes, sir," she replied. "Worms in furniture, you know. 'E bores 'oles in furniture to look like worm 'oles. 'E's a worm heater."

It seems this man had become so uncannily expert in imitating the exact peregrinations of the inhabitants of all the ancient woods that even entomological experts would have been deceived.

Money to Spend, Not Burn

Our American collectors live and learn. Those who make mistakes laugh them off, profit by experience and are stung no more. As a rule, however, they put themselves under expert advice until they feel able to depend on their own judgment. Our American bankers and capitalists who enjoy having precious and beautiful objects in their homes—and whose collections are ultimately to go to museums for the benefit of the public—apply themselves to the study of their treasures with the same intelligence that they apply to their businesses; and the same astuteness that has enabled them to amass a fortune of the first order enables them to amass a collection of the first rank.

As a nation we are not afraid to spend money. Indeed, it is this very expenditure of money that makes us prosperous and makes us an open-minded as well as an open-handed people. It should be a matter for rejoicing that wealthy Americans are willing to spend these large sums upon beautiful objects; and the very few who may object can apply the lesson of the following little story regarding one of the late dukes of Devonshire. One day an overzealous and critical friend, who thought the duke might be pleased to hear of the fact, went to him especially to say: "Your Grace, do you know that your son is spending a great deal of money?"

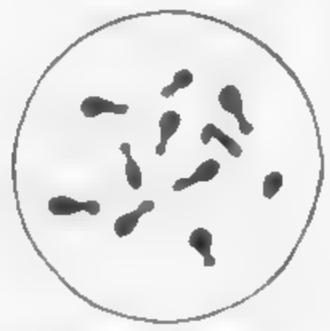
And the duke very coldly replied, "The Marquis of Hartington has a great deal of money to spend."

Americans have a great deal of money to spend!

St. Mary's Lake, in Glacier National Park

A Challenge
We'll make a little wager with you that if you try one tube of Listerine Tooth Paste, you'll come back for more. LARGE TUBE—25 CENTS

DANDRUFF?



Bottle Bacilli, the cause of Dandruff. Illustration Reproduced from Hazen's "Diseases of the Skin." C. V. Mosby, Publisher

Dandruff, known scientifically as Pityriasis Simplex Capitis, is a disease of the deeper rooted cells of the scalp

It may spread by infection through personal contact (combs, brushes, etc.). Many people, for instance, and especially children, are free from the disease until infected by actual contact with dandruff bacteria

Dandruff is a disease difficult to cure, but easy to check

When checked it has a persistent tendency to reappear, and often in more virulent form, with possible loss of hair or even total baldness

The treatment to check dandruff requires constant cleanliness and the use of a suitable antiseptic solution to combat the disease and to heal the scalp.

Do something about it!

DANDRUFF is a danger signal. If you have it you should do something about it.

Perhaps you never knew it before, but dandruff is a germ disease. It spreads by infection from personal contact, as with the common use of combs and brushes. Children, for instance, are never troubled with dandruff until actually infected by some contact.

Dandruff is a disease difficult to cure but easy to check. It has a tendency to reappear, unless properly treated, and often brings with it the possible loss of hair or actual baldness.

The ideal treatment to combat dandruff conditions is the systematic use of Listerine, the safe antiseptic.

We have received hundreds of unsolicited letters from Listerine users, who are most enthusiastic in their claims for what Listerine will do in this way. If you are troubled with dandruff you owe it to yourself to try it.

The use of Listerine for dandruff is not complicated. You simply douse it on your scalp, full strength, and massage thoroughly. The effect is antiseptic, cleansing and healing. And you will be amazed to see how this treatment, followed systematically, combats dandruff.

Moreover, Listerine will not discolor the hair nor will it stain fabrics.

Not only men but women have become devoted users of Listerine for this purpose—women, particularly, since bobbed hair has been in vogue and has made them more conscious of dandruff if it happened to be present.

Try Listerine some evening when your scalp feels tired and itchy. Dandruff is probably causing the trouble. Apply it generously and then massage vigorously. You will find it a stimulating tonic for the scalp, and in addition to combating dandruff, you will find that it adds that luster and softness to the hair that is so important a part of being well-groomed.—*Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, U. S. A.*

LISTERINE

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The color notes of this comfortably furnished living room are repeated in the Blabon floor of Linoleum — pattern 361 — with a Blabon Plain Gray Linoleum border

If ever a woman longs for less work about the home it is with the approach of warm weather! Fortunately, with a little wise planning now, she can make her wish come true.

Here is a room, for instance, colorful, airy, inviting! Upholstered furniture with slip covers of soft yellow cretonne, gaily figured; woodwork of rich walnut, walls of grayish tan; and a Blabon floor of gray linoleum with an all-over pattern repeating the colors of the furnishings. And because of this smooth, crackless, non-absorbent floor, it is so practical and easy to keep clean!

Where dirt and mud are so frequently tracked in, a Blabon floor can be wiped up in a jiffy with a damp cloth. Imagine how your household cares would be reduced—with Blabon floors all over the house! And why not? There are charming designs and colorings suitable for any room upstairs or down.

The modern method of cementing linoleum down over builders' deadening felt insures watertight seams which are practically invisible, and makes a Blabon floor permanent.

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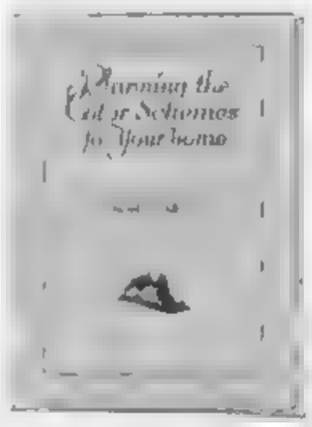

Hazel H. Adler, author of books on interior decoration, gives valuable suggestions on harmonizing furnitures and draperies with walls and floors, in our 36-page book, "Planning the Color Schemes for Your Home," beautifully illustrated in full color. Sent anywhere in the United States upon receipt of 25 cents.

The George W. Blabon Company
Philadelphia
Established 75 years

BLABON'S Linoleum

WHOSE COUNTRY IS THIS?

(Continued from Page 7)

America meant easy money are pleased. It is nonsensical to say that peoples who were used to coming to us and boarding with us for a while in order to send their earnings back to other lands are now rejoicing.

But we have spent years in making a decision about immigration, and have made it. Within a year or two it has proved itself a policy of excellent results. No one else may be pleased; America and her people are pleased indeed. This is no mere selfish pleasure; perhaps the highest duty of a people to the world is the building of the best civilization of which they are capable. When we restricted immigration we moved forward on that road. When we restricted immigration we saved America from becoming meaningless.

To offset what we have done may not be the purpose of those who come this year knocking at the doors of Congress and the committee rooms asking for exemptions, changes, privileges and exceptions under our immigration law. It may not be the purpose or intent of these plausible minorities to undermine the effect of the Immigration Act, but such often would be the result if Congress or the Department of Labor rulings were to give way.

"It is the same old game," said a member of the Immigration and Naturalization Committee. "They come with propaganda, petitions signed up by traveling agents, resolutions which any mass meeting will pass, and spokesmen glib of tongue. About everyone interested puts in an appearance personally or through a committee-room lobbyist, and all voices are heard except one—the voice of the American people—the voice of the general welfare."

What do the sixty-odd bills "giving relief from the operation of the Immigration Act" represent? A mere half dozen are harmless enough and one or two are actually on the side of stiffening the restrictions. But the bulk of the bills introduced and nine-tenths of the wailing and gnashing of teeth before the committee are distinctly on the side of breaking down the exclusion of undesirables or tend to loosen the restriction as to mere numbers. Some of these proposals are sincere, some are sly, some are sentimental and some are selfish.

Restriction-Law Sniping

It is not necessary to go into the technical details to indicate the trend of the proposals embodied in the legislative bills, in testimony during hearings or in direct or indirect suggestions. Sometimes the end sought is the transfer of certain groups from the immigration quota allotted to various countries to the nonquota class; sometimes the proposal is to extend preference inside the quota to new special classes. The result is the same in kind, if not in degree. The real point is that a proposal has been made to let in new immigrants, not primarily because they will make better citizens than other immigrants but because they or their racial groups want them to come or because some industrial or agricultural interests want cheap labor. Neither of these wants may be blameworthy; they may not be, however, consistent with the general national welfare.

The variety of restriction-law sniping covers a wide range. Look at it! There is a proposal to extend the nonquota privileges of entry of children of immigrants in the United States under eighteen to those under twenty-one. There is the proposal to bring in by the same means the fathers and mothers of immigrants. There is a proposal not only to admit any soldiers who were in the American forces in the war but also the relatives of soldiers. It is proposed to open new doors to nurses.

It is proposed to admit domestic servants on their agreement to stay in their jobs for three years, which no machinery of Government can enforce after the immigrants once are in the country. There is a proposal to let in one or two thousand immigrants who, having obtained mere visas of their passports, are stuck somewhere in transit—through no fault of the United States. There is a proposal to admit ministers, priests and rabbis on new terms and to admit their relatives, as well. There is a proposal to admit to new status Spanish residents of Porto Rico who failed to elect to become American citizens.

There have been proposals to import Chinese into Hawaii and Mexicans into Texas, California and other states on new terms, on the theory that these laborers, once in the country, can be made to stick to the work they were brought to do and can be herded and kept out of cities and returned—in some magic undescribed way to their land of origin when the seasonal work is over. There are even proposals to introduce bills for the special relief of Antonio This and Rebecca That.

Fewer and Smaller Mouse Holes

By and large, this sniping, as the congressmen call it, is usually a process of asking the United States to open an indefinite number of holes for an indefinite number of mice. The proponents are always ready to promise a minimum number of mice—one mouse, a mere handful of mice, a few hundred of mice only, or merely some 200,000 or so of mice. And will the newly admitted mice apply in their turn to get in their children, their parents, their uncles and aunts and relatives? And will the applications to admit more mice multiply in direct ratio to the quantity of new privileges opened? Of course they will! Once the mouse-hole business has started, there will be a hundred mouse-hole proposals where only one grew before. Once grant privileges of labor importation to one group of industrial or agricultural applicants and lo! oh, Destiny, how many others will demand equal privileges—and get them?

And when the mouse-hole gnawing once begins, the political pressure on individual congressmen will be another grievous burden of organized minorities. Rare will be the member of the House who will not have some organization among his constituents hanging on his neck, demanding a mouse hole as the price of its support for reëlection. The mouse-hole gnawing is a quiet process; it goes on when the forces behind our general national welfare are unorganized and sleeping.

No witness and no lobbyist turns up at the hearings and says, "I appear for the whole American people. I appear to preserve our present immigration policy. I appear to argue in favor of building a civilization which shall be neither an alien boarding house for easy-money-loving transients nor a dumping ground for undesirables."

Today the one force which resists the mouse-hole process is the force of some courage and wisdom in the Committee on Immigration and Naturalization—in men like the chairman, Albert Johnson, of Washington; Robert L. Bacon, of New York; John C. Box, of Texas; and others. The only other available force is publicity.

First of all there is the odor of much uncertainty as to how many mice will in the end slip through every new mouse hole. As fast as government experts can give estimates of this kind there are proposals to open up a hole of a slightly different shape and size.

Coert du Bois, chief of the visa office of the Department of State and formerly a most efficient member of the consular service in the field, is testifying and there are comments from congressmen which speak for themselves:

THE CHAIRMAN: Mr. Du Bois, the committee is working on twelve or fifteen or eighteen bills providing for amendments to

(Continued on Page 90)

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The black areas (ferrite) and the white spots (cementite) are large and irregular. That makes it easy for the acid in ink to attack the ferrite. In a few hours the ferrite is eaten away and only the hard, sharp cementite is left. The pen is jagged, scratchy. You have to throw it away. Cheap pen—false economy.

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WRITE YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS IN THE MARGIN BELOW

(Continued from Page 88)

the act of 1924 so as to relieve the situation as to wives and children of American citizens and also parents and other relatives. We are still looking for statistical information as to the possible number in the various classes. Have you anything to offer?

MR. DU BOIS: Mr. Chairman, I knew that you were working on bills along this general line, and for that reason the State Department sent out a call to the consuls in Europe, particularly in Eastern Europe, for their best estimate, from such data as they had available, without calling on the local authorities about it, as to the numbers that might be involved in any legislation that would affect fathers, mothers, wives and minor children of aliens resident in the United States, and they have given us these replies. The consuls in the various countries have submitted telegraphic reports giving their best estimates of the number of persons who would be involved in any legislation affecting fathers, mothers, wives and unmarried children of aliens now resident in the United States, as follows.

Mr. Du Bois then gave the total estimate at 622,700.

MR. BACON: Mr. Du Bois, you have studied the Perlman Bill?

MR. DU BOIS: I have read it, Mr. Bacon.

MR. BACON: Have you been able to make any estimate of the number of people coming from any of the different countries of Europe under the Perlman Bill—from Poland, for example?

MR. DU BOIS: Yes, I made something of a study of Poland to see what would happen. The present Polish quota is 5982, with a demand against it of 75,000, as we know. Now under the Perlman Bill the 3000 preference relatives would be nonquota and would come forward at once. In addition, there would come forward at once about 33,500 relatives of aliens, making a total of Polish-born persons that would come into the country immediately, or as soon as the visas could be ground out, of 36,500. In the year 1926–27, you would still have the quota of 5982, or practically 6000. Under the preference provision of the Perlman Bill the entire number would all be relatives of aliens, so we would have 5982 relatives of aliens coming in under the quota, or a total of 42,482 aliens of Polish birth. This, of course, would displace entirely the present waiting list of nonpreference persons. In other words, it would displace 2991 persons from the orderly waiting lists that have already been established, because the quota would be made up of preference relatives, whose alien relatives in the United States had filed petitions, and they would not file them in the same order as the people who are now listed on the consuls' waiting lists. As a matter of fact, most of the people who are on the consuls' waiting lists are relatives, in varying degrees, of aliens in the United States.

MR. VINCENT: It would abolish that list, because the petitions would be in here in entirely different order.

MR. DU BOIS: Exactly.

MR. BACON: And they would start, as soon as they could get visas, more than 42,000 from Poland alone.

MR. DU BOIS: Yes, sir; and all the 42,000, upon arrival in the United States, would be entitled to certain privileges as to their relatives still in Poland, under the Perlman Bill.

MR. BACON: In other words, the 42,000 would be the beginning of an endless chain?

MR. DU BOIS: Yes, sir.

MR. BACON: It would accumulate like a snowball rolling downhill?

MR. DU BOIS: Yes, sir.

MR. BACON: In geometrical progression?

MR. DU BOIS: Yes, in geometrical progression.

MR. SABATH: Now if the fathers and mothers of these people were here, and their children were here, who would they send for?

MR. DU BOIS: Fiancées, probably, pretty soon.

MR. SABATH: What?

MR. DU BOIS: Fiancées, would they not? Or brothers and sisters?

MR. SABATH: Well, their children are here, and they would not have any more relatives out there; and if their wives come here, they would not have any more wives out there, would they?

MR. DU BOIS: A great many of the children would marry.

There appears to be some controversy over the attitude of former immigrants themselves as to these mouse-hole proposals. Members of the committee are discussing it thus:

MR. HOLADAY: I want to ask this question, and let me make a little preliminary statement. In those sections where I am personally acquainted—I do not have the large cities—I find that the foreign born are becoming pretty well Americanized and are not objecting to restrictive immigration.

MR. BOX: Selective?

MR. HOLADAY: Selective and restrictive.

MR. BOX: I see—both.

MR. HOLADAY: In other words, they are favoring it. Then I have noticed here, from the large cities, what appeared to me to be an almost utter disregard of the interests of America, and the desire and the chief desire seemed to be how many foreigners they could get in without any respect to what effect it might have on the public or on America. I just wondered what conditions you found in medium-sized cities like Rochester.

MR. JACOBSTEIN: I will give you my observations. I have had considerable experience with foreigners of many nationalities. I have been in factories. I was labor manager for several years and I had to come in contact with the worker every day. Frequently this immigration question would come up. My observations were impartial and certainly made without regard to this pending legislation. It is the same old story. The fellow who has a wife or father or mother on the other side objects to the law that will not let him bring his own nearest and dearest relatives into the country. But when he is thinking of his job he, too, realizes that if we allow 500,000 more people to come in his wages may be cut. His thought is: "Yes, I know that; but, after all, it is only my wife and my children I want." In other words, labor is driven and divided between two motives. If they are personally affected as to wives and children and parents, they are apt to take the view that it will not hurt to let a few more in, because they are thinking of their family life; but if they have them over here and have a job, and want to protect them, they see the necessity for restricting immigration.

THE CHAIRMAN: Now then I would like to make this statement: Demands are made to the State Department and the Department of Labor and to this office and to members of Congress generally, indicating a desire to have about the following list: Russian refugees, Jewish refugees, Syrian refugees, temporary visitors who have changed their plans and desire to remain permanently in the United States, actors, artists, singers, lecturers and professional men, domestic servants, skilled laborers, technical laborers desired in industry, brothers, sisters and fiancées of American citizens, families of resident citizens and aliens, and then every kind of individual appeal you could possibly think of in the whole range of human existence.

Of course there is a great deal to be said for the immigrant who came before the act of 1924, and had declared his intention of becoming a citizen, being allowed to bring in his relatives if he came here contemplating no separation of the family. But do not be deceived when his hardship is used to confuse the issue. The real proposal, as made, apparently involves some 9,000,000 immigrants now in the country who, according to Mr. Bacon of the committee, have not yet declared their intention of becoming citizens.

(Continued on Page 93)

Will they ever get there?

EVERY lump of coal that goes into your furnace has a definite duty—to be converted into heat and get upstairs to warm your radiators.

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So few of them are successful!

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Why? Because they generally slip out through heating pipes that are poorly insulated or even bare.

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To prevent this is the function of Johns-Manville Improved Asbestocel. This unusual pipe covering is scientifically designed to save the maximum of heat. It will quickly pay for itself—and at the same time provide a warmer house because it holds the heat until it can get upstairs where you want it.

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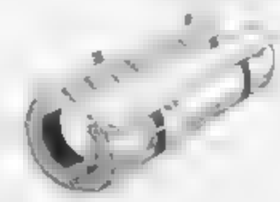

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Answering Some Questions About LATEX—

The New Word in Tire Building

Breaking rough ground*

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Latex producing trees grown from seedlings*

Tapping the trees*

Question—What is Latex?

A—Latex is the milky-white watery liquid that flows from the bark of a rubber tree when it is tapped. It is the source of all rubber.

Q—Why then is "Latex" a new word in tire building?

A—Because it was only when the United States Rubber Company began producing *Latex-treated Web Cord* that Latex was used in tire building.

Q—How is Latex used in building United States tires?

A—Every cord in a tire must be impregnated with rubber before it is built into the structure. In United States Tires this is done by soaking the cords in Latex. By this method, the cords are impregnated with *pure natural rubber*, giving the cords exceptional flexibility and strength.

Q—If only United States Tires use Latex to impregnate the cords, how are other tires built?

A—The cords are "solutioned" in a bath of *dissolved* rubber; or they are "frictioned"—rubber squeezed into the cords by roller pressure.

Q—Where does the United States Rubber Company get its Latex?

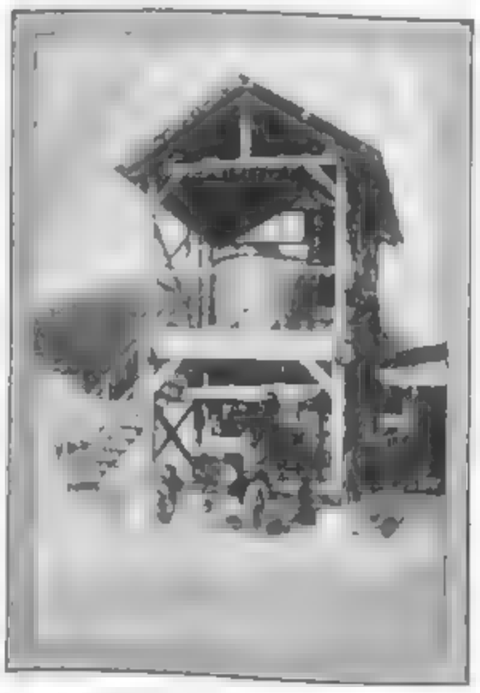
A—A large part of it comes from the rubber trees on its own plantations in Sumatra and Malaya; and the balance from neighboring plantations where the United States Rubber Company Plantation Experts know the proper quality can be secured.

Q—Is there then a difference in Latex?

A—Yes. Just as there is a difference in maple sugar, apples, peaches or pears, or the product of any tree.

Q—Why don't other tire builders use Latex?

A—The processes for using Latex were discovered, patented and are owned by the United States Rubber Company.



Typical Storage Tank and Tank Truck at a Latex collecting station*

United States Rubber Company

Trade Mark

*The above photographs were taken on the United States Rubber Company's Plantations in the Far East.

UNITED STATES

ROYAL CORD

BALLOON

(Continued from Page 90)

MR. HOLADAY: I just wanted to ask this one question: In what way do you feel that the present law is inhuman?

MR. PERLMAN: Because it separates families; because a husband who is here cannot have his children come and join him; because the wife as a citizen of the United States cannot bring her husband here. You have placed the wife in the nonquota class, saying to the country and world at large, "We recognize that the wife of a citizen shall be able to join her husband as soon as possible so as to be with him when he is in his home." But you do not say to the woman citizen, "You can bring your husband as quickly as a man can bring his wife."

THE CHAIRMAN: Are any of these going back to their families, to stay out and remain with their families?

MR. PERLMAN: I do not think so.

THE CHAIRMAN: Are they not attempting to do that by returning to their families?

MR. PERLMAN: I do not think we could deport American citizens. They have made this their home. If you say, "Aren't some of them going back?" then you seem to feel that if you want to eliminate hardship, that the wife cannot come, that the minor cannot come, that the husband cannot come, it is equivalent to giving the privilege to the husband or wife to go back and join the wife or husband.

MR. HOLADAY: Don't you know, as a matter of fact, that the immigration law of the United States has never separated a single family?

MR. PERLMAN: I do not know that.

MR. HOLADAY: They all came here voluntarily; they can return at any time. I notice in this morning's paper that there are ten ships sailing from New York to Europe. The statement that is generally made, that the immigration law separates families, I seriously object to.

MR. PERLMAN: Do you seriously urge that a woman who is a citizen of the United States, who marries abroad, should leave this country and join her husband abroad, so as to eliminate this hardship of separated families?

MR. HOLADAY: I say that if she suffers any hardship it is a hardship that she voluntarily assumed.

MR. PERLMAN: You mean because she subscribed to our law? That is true. But should we pass a law—should we tell our people that you must take a law and keep a husband from his wife or keep a wife from her husband or a child away from its parent citizen?

THE CHAIRMAN: You have advocated that very thing yourself.

MR. HOLADAY: The law does not say that. She knows what the law is, and they come here voluntarily.

MR. BOX: Leaving their families?

MR. HOLADAY: Leaving their families; and then immediately say, "Look at the hardship!"

A Southwestern Mouse Hole

The chairman at another time pointed out the fact that if citizenship for immigrants carried with it the privilege of bringing in relatives, the applications for naturalization would at once leap into tremendous figures, not because of a worthy desire to become citizens but mainly because a new mouse hole had been opened and taking citizenship would give the right to use that hole for alien relatives.

The same kind of gnawing of holes goes on under proposals to bring in seasonal, industrial or agricultural labor.

It all looks fine until the following questions are asked:

First, how can there be any guaranty in a free country, where peonage is unlawful, that the imported laborer will stick to the work he came to do? Secondly, if he does not, how can we find such individuals and bear the expense of deporting thousands of them?

Thirdly, what is to prevent these huge groups from settling in cities?

Congressman Box, of Texas, has entered upon the records of the committee the following significant facts, among others, as to the influx of Mexicans and the general policy of importing cheap labor:

"The check put upon immigration from Europe, Asia and Africa is increasing pressure against the Mexican border. Labor importers have been the biggest factor in bringing in undesirable populations from the time they began to bring captive blacks from Africa during and following Colonial times. The movement ultimately caused the Civil War, with all its dire consequences. If Mexico, South America and the West Indies are left open as practically limitless sources from which to make importations of serf labor, the country will be flooded with peon populations, unless the people and Congress protect the country against ruinous mistake."

Drifting Cities of Peons

"The continuance of a desirable character of citizenship is the fundamental purpose of our immigration laws. Incidental to this are the avoidance of social and racial problems, the upholding of American standards of wages and living and the maintenance of order. All these purposes will be violated by increasing the Mexican population of the country, but would be promoted by the passage of the Box or Bacon bills. The Mexican population in the United States is increasing very fast. We have several hundred thousand native-born Mexicans, who are multiplying rapidly. In addition to these, our Mexican-born Mexican population was 103,395 in 1900, 211,915 in 1910 and 486,418 in 1920. Our foreign-born Mexican population increased 105 per cent from 1900 to 1910, while the general population, including all foreign-born, increased only 21 per cent. From 1910 to 1920 the foreign-born Mexican population increased 129 per cent, while the total of the entire population, including all native and foreign-born races, increased only 14 per cent. In twenty years our foreign-born Mexican population has increased more than 450 per cent.

"Besides native born of that race, Texas had in 1920, 249,652 foreign-born Mexicans, and has as many more now. The above are the census figures."

There is no way to prevent the influx of these immigrants into other states. Colorado and even Michigan may complain of their arrival.

It is not because they are Mexicans that they are undesirable.

Says Congressman Box: "Some of the would-be importers suggest a plan to move these drifting thousands of peons two or three times a year. People of that type, whatever their nationality, are not desirable as immigrants. They are objectionable as residents and citizens. The interests proposing these labor-importing measures say frankly that they want them because they are of that class and do not desire to own homes or even to rent land. Leave the Mexicans who have homes, independence, intelligence, ambition and social standing out of consideration. None such are wanted."

Mr. Box gave sufficient evidence to show that whole counties are controlled by the round-up of the Mexican vote and that the presence of these imported laborers has raised grave questions for the Southwest and perhaps later may do so for the entire country. He says:

"California receives the second greatest number of these people, Texas being the first. So burdensome have they become in that state that the California Commission of Immigration and Housing spent months in making a survey of them and the effect of their admission, and in January of 1926 presented to the governor of California a report of their investigations. I obtained this report by telegraphing to the governor of California. The following is taken from it:

"'Immigration from Mexico during the last five years has been exceptionally heavy, the greatest number coming to Texas and

REX A shoe to match summer clothes for light weight, and straw hats for light color. It's Panama Tan, a new light shade of calfskin, exclusive in Walk-Overs. The leading Walk-Over prices are $7, $8.50 and $10. This style, $8.50

Style shoes with rubber-tired comfort *for* summer-tired feet

POOR old Summer! He gets blamed for bathing beauties, reckless motorists, picnics, and other calamities. Don't blame him for your foot troubles.

It is your own fault when your feet burn, chafe, ache and misbehave in hot weather. There's a double-strength remedy waiting for you in a pair of Walk-Over summer-weight shoes.

Look for the Walk-Over store. Ask for summer-weight Walk-Overs. Climb out of the heavy brogues that you've been lugging around all winter.

Slip your supplicating feet into shoes that look as light as a feather and feel as soft as a pillow.

Light-weight shoes! Walk-Over has them for you, with all the personal fit, the half-century-old quality, and the uncopyable comfort that have made Walk-Over shoes famous all over the world.

March in a Fourth of July parade in shoes that don't know how to pinch or squeeze. Stroll over seaside boardwalks or rocky mountain paths in shoes with a light feel and heavy wear.

Wear them all summer, and walk into fall with feet as free from aches and pains as shoes can make them. That's the kind of comfort built into the new, summer-weight Walk-Over shoes for men. Write for the free style book, and the name of the nearest Walk-Over merchant.

Geo. E. Keith Company
Campello, Brockton, Mass., U. S. A.

Next time you have your shoes off, notice the shape of the back of your heel. It is wide at [illegible] Walk-Over [illegible] shoes below.

Walk-Over Shoes

for men and women

The diagram at the extreme left shows, in black, the space left by ordinary shoe heels. No wonder shoes gape. See at the right how the exclusive Walk-Over pear-shaped heel fits. Look for this trade-mark

Walk-Over
on every shoe
© 1926, G. E. K. Co.

"YANKEE" Action is Smooth as Silk

So smooth that practically no effort is needed to drill holes—this means speed.

Just push! Then notice the action. You can hardly realize that the point is actually turning and quickly biting its way into the wood.

For, like all "Yankee" Tools, the design of "Yankee" Automatic Push Drills is so ingenious and the construction so superior, that time and labor are reduced to a minimum.

Drill point revolves backward in upward movement of handle to clear chips.

Eight Drill Points 1-16 to 11-64 inch in handle of each Drill. And every single one of them has been given the "Yankee" individual test.

No. 41 (Illustrated). No. 44 has spring with Adjustable Tension to regulate pressure suitable for difference in hard and soft woods, or for large and small Drill Points. Turn cap on handle to get any tension you need.

Some other "Yankee" Tools

Ratchet Screw-drivers
Ratchet Breast and Hand Drills
Ratchet Bit Braces
Automatic Feed Bench Drills
Vises, Removable Base

Dealers Everywhere Sell "Yankee" Tools

"Yankee" on the tool you buy means the utmost in quality, efficiency and durability

Write for FREE "Yankee" Tool Book

NORTH BROS. MFG. CO., Philadelphia, U. S. A.

"YANKEE" TOOLS
Make Better Mechanics

California. Texas is often used as a distributing point, and we have many in California who have come from there.

"'The Mexicans are now doing much of the common labor in the fields and on railroads and seem almost essential in both lines of endeavor. They are, however, causing an immense social problem.

"'In Los Angeles, where approximately 7 per cent of the population is Mexican, the outdoor-relief division states that 27.44 per cent of its cases are Mexican. The Bureau of Catholic Charities reports that 53⅓ per cent of its cases are Mexicans, who consume at least 50 per cent of the budget. Twenty-five per cent of the budget of the General Hospital is used for Mexicans, who comprise 43 per cent of its cases. The city maternity service reports 62.5 per cent of its cases Mexican, using 73 per cent of its budget.

"'While the commission realizes the fact that it is necessary to use farm labor in our state, nevertheless it believes that unrestricted immigration from Mexico should be stopped.'"

The Importance of Deportation

As to the gnawing of mouse holes to get cheap labor Chairman Johnson has made two pertinent comments:

THE CHAIRMAN: Just a few years ago the leaders in the steel industry criticized this committee and said that if they did not have an influx of cheaper labor ——

MR. BOX: About 4,000,000.

THE CHAIRMAN: About 4,000,000—they would have to remove the steel industry to the banks of the Rhine, where labor would be cheap for a long time. But we went ahead with restriction and the steel industry is not only here but has changed from a twelve-hour day to an eight-hour day.

And again:

THE CHAIRMAN: I will state that we had at one time a set of hearings when the sugar people who were here wanted some labor, and at the same time in still another hearing the sugar planters of Hawaii came here with an appeal that they be permitted to bring in some 40,000 Chinese to relieve their situation; and one of the original promoters of the sugar-beet industry, who died recently, opposed the plan of letting more Oriental labor into Hawaii to help their plantation situation, on the ground that it would interfere with the sugar-beet industry here.

MR. CUMMINGS: In other words, he had more money invested in sugar beets than he did in cane.

THE CHAIRMAN: We found out whose ox was gored. I am simply illustrating to you the problems that we will have if we undertake to listen to everybody.

Finally we may be sure that the mouse holes in practice are for one-way traffic. They let undesirables in; it is not so easy to get them out. There is no longer any doubt that our deportation machinery is not working well. Most Americans do not know this. They do not know the number of bootleg aliens who slip in and are never deported. They do not know until, for instance, citizens of Chicago invoke the Federal Government to relieve its crime wave by deportation of aliens, that we have even a greater need to expel aliens proved undesirable, lawbreaking and dangerous than we have to prevent the opening of new mouse holes.

This interesting passage from the hearings discloses something of our deportation system:

MR. SABATH: Mr. Chairman, there is one situation I would like to speak about, and that is this: There are some aliens who are bad eggs, who have gone to the penitentiary and have come out and are still in the country. Why not spend the money for deportation in deporting the bad eggs, instead of deporting some fellow who is six days overtime, or somebody who might have overstayed his time?

THE CHAIRMAN: They are doing that, but they have run out of funds.

MR. SABATH: They are spending a lot of money in a lot of nonsensical cases, instead of deporting the bad eggs.

THE CHAIRMAN: Well, they are going to get $600,000, of which approximately $450,000 is to be used to clear a deficit which was about $300,000 by the first of February, a paper deficit, and for deportations. They have been obliged to let cases come out of the penitentiary and not be deported.

MR. SABATH: I think that is criminal.

THE CHAIRMAN: I think this will fix it up. The other $150,000 is to be used for replacing vacancies in the board of control. Now the bill carrying appropriations for the Labor Department will be reported on Monday, and in that bill they have added at our request $1,000,000 to the budget recommendation. The budget recommendation was extended from the previous year's $5,000,000, so that it will be $6,000,000. They will offer from the floor a committee amendment carrying either $50,000 or $100,000 for salary adjustments to pay the inspectors over there. Now as to this $100,000, we cannot write new law into that appropriation bill, but the theory is that it will be cut three ways, one-third to the board of control, one-third for rearranging the bureau, because the functions of the bureau are changing as the work is increasing in the various activities, and the other third for enlarging the necessary deportations, and those are the criminals.

Well, I have been all through it. These people accuse themselves and get themselves in the way of deportation ahead of these others. In addition to that, their neighbors and friends file an enormous number of complaints, asking for the deportation of this person or that person. Now, although this is not an executive office, I get two or three letters a week, just addressed to the chairman of this committee, calling attention to other people who should be deported. I had one just this week from a man who wants his son-in-law deported because his son-in-law is a bigamist. That is the way they go. Now they are not searching the byways to get these cases. They admit that they are 230,000 cases behind; the deportations ran short of 10,000 last year, and 3500 of them were across the border, and about 7000 were really deported. This year they expect to shove the actual necessary deportations up to 18,000 or 20,000. There are 250,000 to be deported, of which about 100,000 are probably safe. Now when you begin to talk about the department going after people, you want to remember those figures.

MR. SABATH: Well, that is a large number, but they may be technical violations of the law, people who were permitted to come here temporarily and whose time has expired. I want to see every criminal deported as soon as we can get hold of him. I think it is an outrage when people are convicted of crimes and allowed to leave the prisons and still be permitted to remain here.

THE CHAIRMAN: You can see by the reports, for example, that 200 cases came out of the penitentiary and were allowed to disappear in the crowd because they could not hold them; the immigration authorities did not have the money to feed them and hold them for deportation.

Whose Country is This?

No one seriously doubts that a registration and identification system for immigrants would give great efficiency in keeping track of undesirables, so that we might eliminate by deportation the proved undesirable or criminal immigrants from those we had welcomed and wish to keep as citizens. But the moment this suggestion is made the mouse-hole partisans shriek out that this is un-American. Of course there might be no necessity of applying registration to aliens already here who did not bargain for registration when they came. But what of those who are coming later? If registration were a condition of entry, those who accepted its burden—whatever that slight burden might be—would accept it as a condition of entry into the United States. We have every right to say to the alien, "After all, you are a stranger. We welcome you and hope you will do well here. We welcome you for a period of probation. Why not? We ask you during this period to give us some means to keep track of you. If you think that is humiliating—as it is not—then pray stay overseas."

There is something insolent about this gnawing of mouse holes in our immigration barriers. There is something insulting in objections to our deporting aliens who have not lived up to their promise and have come to America to engage in banditry and bootlegging. There is something odiously bumptious in alien objection to registration as our condition precedent to entry.

We have allowed ourselves to look upon the absorption of immigration as a vague obligation attached to America but hitherto unknown and unpracticed by any other nation in the history of the world.

It is really time we took a moment for meditation.

Whose country is this?

This luscious fruit cocktail, flavory with the sweetness of ripe bananas, is an ideal appetizer

When the last bit of green is gone from the tip and the first fleck of brown appears on the side...

Several not-so-well-known facts about a familiar fruit

To eat a banana you break a seal. Nature invented the germ-proof package.

As long as that package, or skin, is green or greenish yellow, its contents are starchy.

As the green disappears and the yellow turns to gold flecked with brown, the starch changes to fruit sugars, making an easily digested carbohydrate or energy-food.

So you see a really ripe banana can always be told by its gold and brown colors. For some reason this is not generally known.

Bananas are at their best when you buy them by the dozen or hand and let them ripen in your home. Do not put them in the refrigerator. Cold interferes with the ripening process. Put them in a bowl or dish and let them ripen at room temperature.

Tuck a ripe banana in the school lunch box. Children love the rich, full flavor and its easily digested nourishment supplies the energy they need for study and play.

Modern methods of cultivation, and tropic sun and soil make Fruit Dispatch Bananas the most choice and finest flavored that grow. They are brought north in ships specially constructed to keep bananas at their best.

Tempt the appetites of children and older members of the family alike. Serve bananas in a wide variety of appetizing ways. In the new cook book, "From the Tropics to Your Table," are eighty-three banana recipes, and several pages of menus arranged by a cooking expert, to help you in planning meals for every occasion. This recipe book is free. Merely fill in and mail the coupon below, and your copy will be sent to you.

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THE SWORD AND THE SEA

(Continued from Page 23)

next morning. After it, Mrs. O'Neill settled down on the porch with a knitting bag. Mrs. Jarvis was busy in the kitchen. Nora fidgeted about, eyed the clematis and the poplar trees with an intense scowl.

"I can't stand it! I'm all strung on wires!" she cried at last. "Come on, mom, let's rubber round the place."

But her mother preferred the porch. "Not me! Any time you walk anywhere in the country you spoil a good pair of shoes. I'm thankful to sit still, and I don't see why you're not. Lookit that bird out there, too—that cutie one with the red vest. Must be a robin. Lookit him pull at that worm. He'd oughta be in the movies."

But Nora had vanished. There was a path, shaded by plum trees full of green fruit, which led to the barn, and this she followed. It led her by a fenced-in garden and she peered curiously at the orderly rows of vegetables. Then came the chicken house, whitewashed, empty save for the roosts. Now she was in an open space, barn and barnyard before her, cornerib at the right, wagon shed and stables beyond. Chickens and a strange spotted fowl she could not identify strolled about her, a file of fat white ducks marched with solemn importance toward the watering trough by the barnyard. Nora laughed at them, and the sound made them dart their sleek heads toward her inquisitively. The barn doors were open and she went over and peered within. It was a shadowy place, sweet with dried hay from the lofts above. The floor was wide and clean, an invitation.

"A swell place to dance," said Nora half aloud. She stepped within and began a sliding, kicking, ankle-twisting Charleston, snapping her fingers and singing:

"She's my jazz momma, she's my jazzy baby doll.
Talk about a-loving, she knows it all ——"

She whirled about, tossing her head and stamping, a strange, gay little figure for that place, with her scant yellow frock tied about her waist to make every revelation possible, her rolled nude stockings of cheap silk, her high-heeled pumps, her bare arms, her long yellow ten-cent-store earrings, her bright red lips and painted cheeks. But she could dance.

"Mame looked out in a pretty pink kimona,
All smelled up with powder and cologna."

Presently she became aware that Dean Jarvis was standing at the door, looking at her, but she did not stop. "Hello—want to dance?" she called out, stretching out a welcoming hand as she did a neat and intricate slide and turn. He didn't answer, and she paused. "Can you do the Charleston? Bet you can't."

"You win. I never heard of it."

She came nearer. "My gracious, this is the backwoods! Didja ever hear of one-steps or fox-trots?"

"Oh, no; all we dance here is clogs and reels."

"Now you're kidding me. Say, what you doing today? Wanta take a dancing lesson? Put a little wax on this floor and it'd be fine."

"I haven't got any time. I'm cultivatin' corn and I come up to get a rein. Mine's broke."

She watched him as he rummaged through odds and ends of leather and rope. He threw his hat down and she realized suddenly that though he might be a hick, he was handsome, strong and brown and broad-shouldered.

"You're not very polite," she said at last.

"What's the matter?" He looked up mildly.

"Don't you ever talk?"

"My mother says I don't. That's the reason she takes boarders, so's to have somebody to talk to."

It made her furious, the amused quirk of his mouth, his easy escape.

"You act to me like I was a child," she burst out angrily.

"Well, now, you're not more'n fifteen, are you?"

"I like that! I'm nineteen, nearly twenty."

"You look like a little girl. And you act like one, I'd say. I didn't mean to make you mad—I'm just busy."

"Maybe your sweetie won't let you talk to other girls."

"My sweetie?" He didn't identify Jennie in the term.

"Yes, your mother said you were going to be married this fall."

He flushed. This little creature was too pert.

"It don't concern you if I am," he began, but as the words left his mouth he realized their foolishness. "Maybe," he went on slowly—"maybe if you're a nice, well-behaved little girl, and don't get too fresh, you'll find somebody willing to marry you some day, I shouldn't wonder."

Nora began to laugh; she could not help it.

"I'll stop picking on you, I guess. You can pull a stinger when you do talk, I'll tell the well-known world. Listen, where are you going now?"

"Back to the field."

"I want to go. It's fierce to sit round with nothing to do."

"But there's nothing out there. I'm cultivating corn." He saw that this conveyed nothing to her. "I mean, I'm walking up and down the rows behind a horse pulling a cultivator—that's a kind of hoeing machine. The ground's all soft and sandy and the sun's hot as the dickens. You'd ought to have a sunbonnet or a hat and some regular shoes to go out there."

She had no intention of losing him so soon.

"Isn't there any trees I can sit under?"

"Well, there's a tree."

She fell into step beside him. The tree settled it. Dean shrugged his shoulders. She was a funny little piece. Dancing in that yellow dress, she was a butterfly on the wing or a maple leaf caught in the October wind. He had liked seeing her—it made another picture in the gallery of his fancy.

"You lived here all your life?" she asked.

"Pretty much, except for the war."

"Oh-h, were you in the war?"

"High private in the rear rank."

"Didn't you love it? Wouldn't you rather be a soldier or a sailor, or anything but sticking in this dead hole?"

He answered her after a pause, and in a remote voice that seemed speaking to himself, not to her. They were passing a great field of wheat, headed and ready to ripen. Now it was green, green of cool deep water, and in the light wind it rippled and moved and seemed to run away in one wide soft current, a changing, shifting, fluent tide of color.

"There is my sea," said Dean Jarvis. Beside the rough farm lane there was a plow, where he had left it only yesterday to go on with a drainage furrow. He pointed to the plow. "And there is my sword," he said. There was another strange pause. "So I am a soldier and a sailor," he said, "right here."

Nora had no idea how to answer him. None of the sleek-haired, check-suited lads she knew ever said anything like that. She thought he might be kidding her, and looked at him with suspicion. But no, he meant what he said. She looked at the waves of living green, at the shining blade of the plow, and her reply came involuntarily.

"Gee, that's poetry!" she gasped. "It's something in a book."

"There's your tree to sit under," said Dean, as if he had not heard her. "You get out of the sun."

He stopped to mend his rein, spoke to the waiting horse and turned the cultivator into the young corn. Nora went on, and found the shade of the black oak he had indicated a grateful sensation. Her shallow pumps were filled with sand, so she kicked them off and shook them. The tree was by the fence, and over the fence was a roadway, not much traveled seemingly, for grass and weeds grew between the wheel ruts and scrub brush crowded at its sides. The fence, too, was almost hidden by sassafras and pokeberry, briers, ragweed and bouncing Bet. There might be snakes there, she considered fearfully, but anyway she couldn't sit on the ground. With some trepidation, Nora pushed the growth aside and climbed to the top rail.

This was better. She could see Dean, now halfway down the long row. She could see his wheat field, too, and it seemed to be flowing toward her. The sea! And the sharp, shining steel plow, a great sword to cut the bosom of the earth. She put her hands on her own thin bosom, feeling that keen edge. All that was Celt in her woke in response to his image. All that was vain and shallow woman in her woke to combat his indifference.

She'd make him look at her! She'd make him crazy about her! It wouldn't be hard—not with her experience. He didn't know anything about girls, except these hick girls away off here in the country. She'd make him sit up and take notice! She'd turn his head round and round like a gaudy pin wheel. And then, when he was completely off his poor stupid nut, she'd laugh at him and leave him flat and go back to the city with mom. Him, with his funny talk! Why, he'd fall easy as pie for her! It would be something to do to pass the time in this stupidest place of the whole world that mom had pushed her into. Oh, it would be fun!

Her eyes glittered, her lips twisted back in a smile of anticipation, she cocked her head one side with knowing pleasure, and watched him eagerly as he came slowly toward her between the rows of corn.

"You're not very comfortable there," he said, when he'd reached the end and was turning his horse. "Don't you think you'd best go up to the house?"

"How long you going to stay?"

"Till the dinner bell rings."

"Then I will too."

She was like a saucy yellow bird, perched there on the fence, he said to himself. Why in the world did she want to stick out here? People didn't use the back road much, but if anyone should come driving along and see her—and no one could miss her—there'd be talk in the neighborhood. Jennie would laugh when he told her about this—laugh and tease him. He thanked goodness anew that Jennie knew how to be sensible.

He went on with his cultivating, the patient slow walk up and down the long field. Now and then he stopped the horse to pull out some specially tenacious clump of crab grass or a ragweed too close to the corn shoot to come under the cultivator's teeth. He said nothing more to Nora, but she stuck in his mind like a burr on his coat. Crazy, like most city folks, and ignorant as a baby about things that really matter, and no more use than a Christmas-tree decoration. There, that was what she was, a bright, shiny, useless piece of decoration. He had placed her now, and this accomplished, he forgot her easily, and the sight of her there on the fence, her elbows on her knees, her chin on her fists, her bright coloring pulling his eyes inevitably when he came toward her, did not disturb him any more. As a burr, she was pulled off and dropped.

When the dinner bell rang he waved to her to follow and she ran to his side. She began at once to talk, with vivacity, watching for the effect on him.

"The sunshine in the country's not a bit like in the city. There it's hard and cruel and dries you up, when it doesn't make you melt to a grease spot. Here it's hot, but it's sort of soft and friendly—it feels good."

"That's so today." She was only a burr and he had brushed her off.

"What are you going to do tonight? Would you take me in town to the movies? Would you? I can't stand sitting round all day and all night too; it makes me nervous something awful. They have movies in that town. I saw the sign last night."

"Yeah, they have movies; but I don't know as I can go tonight."

"Oh, come on, please!" She made her best baby eyes, struck her most pleading note.

She was excited, it gave her a thrill to cajole him.

"I'll see about it by suppertime," he said at last. "You go on up to the house. I've got to feed this horse before I come in."

Mrs. O'Neill pounced on her when she appeared. "Where in the world have you been? I've been worried to death. I didn't know but a snake had bit you, or you'd been kidnaped."

"Oh, I was just rambling round, and I got so hot I sat a while under a tree." She knew if she told Mrs. Jarvis that she'd been with Dean she'd make an enemy of the old woman. "My, what a wonderful-looking dinner!" she said flatteringly.

"There, I told you not to worry," said Mrs. Jarvis. "Set down, the both of you." And Nora's mother subsided with fussy clucks and murmurs. As Mrs. Jarvis went out to the kitchen, Nora winked behind her back and whispered, "I was out vamping her precious boy."

"Oh, you!" exclaimed Mrs. O'Neill, laughing fondly and foolishly. "I might 'a' known."

She was quite calm now. When Dean came in for his own dinner she looked at him speculatively. She had talked a great deal to Mrs. Jarvis and listened even more. These people were solid stuff, their money and worth were real. Nora might do a great deal worse than pick up with a young man who owned a farm worth twenty thousand dollars, actually owned it and this substantial, comfortable house. To own one for oneself to live in, and be free of the monthly recurrence of the landlord's birthday seemed to Mrs. O'Neill a foretaste of heaven.

Dean ate silently, hardly glancing at the boarders, though whenever he did look up he was sure to find Nora eying him with the air of sharing a secret. Mrs. O'Neill became secretive, too, and triumphant, imagining Nora married to money and herself released forever from peddling egg beaters and vanilla extract and strings of pearl beads. As for Mrs. Jarvis, that keen woman perceived that something was going on in which she had no part, so she began to watch. Outwardly, they all tried to remain the same as before; but actually, each one of them was playing a part and holding up her usual face as a mask. And they were acutely and hostilely aware of one another—that is, the women. Dean was unmoved. He ate a good dinner, remarked that there might be a thunderstorm late in the afternoon, and departed for his cornfield in so easy and natural a way that his mother caught her breath in relief. She could rely on Dean, she felt, even if these two boarders were turning queer on her. But what was it all about? With a mother's suspicious divination, she was certain that it somehow concerned Dean and this girl in the yellow dress and with the fresh ways. Mrs. Jarvis was prepared to be amused and entertained by anything her boarders did so long as Dean was left out of the picture. With Dean in it, she became simply and thoroughly a tigress with every claw in readiness.

She tried a bit of craft. As she was urging her boarders to have more of her marvelous black walnut custard pie—a poem in pastry if ever there was one—she offered an invitation.

(Continued on Page 101)

This gold button identifies the Bonded Real Silk Representative when he calls at your home or office

You hear it everywhere —

"the best-wearing silk socks in America — bar none"

Men, Listen! Here is a small item of dress, but a vital one. We refer to the matter of silk socks. Where, if at all, is there a silk sock that combines good looks with long wear?

Millions of well-dressed men everywhere say that the only satisfactory answer they ever have found is "Real Silk SUPER-SERVICE Socks" —the silk socks with the puncture-proof, 4-ply, friction-tested toes and heels and extra durable wear-resisting tops of special processed lisle.

One thing is sure—in all the history of silk socks none ever captured such a tremendous following. And we'll venture that you, *too*, will discover the reason if you'll just write the Mills or 'phone your local Real Silk Branch Service Office and have a Representative call and show you samples.

REAL SILK

Super Service

MEN'S SOCKS

WITH FRICTION-TESTED TOES AND HEELS AND SUPER-SERVICE TOPS

SOLD DIRECT FROM OUR MILLS TO THE CONSUMER AT A SAVING

OUR 10,000 BONDED REPRESENTATIVES CALL DAILY AT HOMES AND OFFICES

REAL SILK HOSIERY MILLS · *World's Largest Manufacturers of Silk Hosiery* · INDIANAPOLIS, IND., U. S. A.

250 BRANCH OFFICES IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA. CONSULT 'PHONE DIRECTORY FOR YOUR LOCAL OFFICE

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44 years of building nothing but National Cash Registers

The first National Cash Register was built in a one-room workshop. Today that shop has grown to a factory of 23 buildings.

FOR 44 years The National Cash Register Company has been operated upon these five principles:

1 To build nothing but cash registers.

2 To build a product that will give the greatest service at the lowest cost.

3 To constantly keep our product ahead of the needs of merchants.

4 To provide the right cash register for every kind of business. More than 500 models are now required.

5 To be of service to all merchants.

This policy has been responsible for putting twenty-three buildings where there was formerly a one-room workshop. It has put high-grade cash registers within reach of every merchant.

More than 500 models of National Cash Registers. Priced from $75, $100, $125 and up. Easy terms. Liberal allowances.

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Offices in all the principal cities of the world

National Cash Registers

Health may become a shadow unless you guard The_ _____Danger Line

When need a woman begin to lose charm?

When ill-health begins. Not before! The charm of vigorous, vital middle-age is just as fascinating as that of youth itself. . . .

Yet so many women lose health and attractiveness too early, through neglect. Especially through neglect of their teeth and gums.

For tooth decay may strike poisonously at your heart, your nerves, at the delicate membranes that cover your joints and whose injury frequently brings crippling rheumatism. Dentists and physicians tell us that thousands age prematurely, or become virtual invalids through tooth decay and gum infection.

Yet there is a way to avoid these dangers—a way to have sound, white teeth and healthy gums.

Read this carefully

Do not think it enough to brush your teeth daily with any good cleansing dentifrice. That will not prevent acid decay, nor neutralize the acids that irritate your gums and lead to disease.

No tooth-brush can reach into the fissures on and between your teeth, nor in the tiny crevices that are formed where your gums meet your teeth—the meeting place of teeth and gums called The Danger Line by dentists, because it is there that the decay which is hardest to control occurs. It is there, too, that Pyorrhea and other gum infections usually begin.

To keep teeth sound and gums healthy you need a dentifrice which will not merely clean but neutralize the acids that cause trouble. There is such a dentifrice—Squibb's Dental Cream.

One perfect way

Squibb's Dental Cream contains more than 50 per cent of Squibb's Milk of Magnesia—long recognized as a safe, effective antacid. When you brush your teeth with Squibb's Dental Cream, tiny particles of Milk of Magnesia penetrate into all the places where your tooth-brush cannot reach, and not only neutralize the acids which are there at the time, but they remain in the mouth for a considerable time thereafter, neutralizing dangerous acids as they form.

Begin the use of Squibb's Dental Cream today and see your dentist twice a year. Keep your teeth sound and white, your gums pink and healthy. Avoid the danger to your health that neglect or inadequate methods may bring. You'll find Squibb's Dental Cream at any drug store—only 40 cents a tube.

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In almost any drug store you will find 20, 30, even 40, different kinds of dentifrices. Many people buy these dentifrices . . . changing from one to another. They seem disappointed. They brush their teeth regularly . . . yet they still have decay and gum diseases . . . WHY?

Because your teeth need more than brushing. They must be protected at The Danger Line.

Try this simple test—*Tonight, just before going to bed, take a tablespoonful of Squibb's Milk of Magnesia in water, swallow part of it—and use the rest to swish about the mouth and as a gargle. You will be surprised in the morning to find how clean and sweet your mouth feels. The Milk of Magnesia will not only have neutralized the acids in your mouth, but sweetened the stomach. The same result may be obtained by using Squibb's Dental Cream—it contains over 50 per cent Squibb's Milk of Magnesia.*

SQUIBB'S
DENTAL CREAM
Contains over fifty per cent of Squibb's Milk of Magnesia

(Continued from Page 96)

"I'm going to drive over to see Mis' Myers this afternoon to get a setting of white Leghorn eggs she promised me—I do like to have a couple broods of fall fryers—and I'll take you both along if you want. Jennie Myers is the girl Dean's engaged to."

There it was, a reminder and a challenge, flung straight in Nora's face.

"I'd love to go," said the girl instantly. "And so'd mom; wouldn't you, mom?"

Nothing could have fitted better with Nora's plans. Once she saw a fellow's sweetie she knew exactly what line to take. Oh, exactly! It was a shame there was no one here but mom to enjoy the game she was playing. Back in the city she could run across the hall and tell Rosa Dolan, or down the block to Ella Downes, and giggle it all with them. What a tale she'd have for them when she got back though! She smiled sweetly at Mrs. Jarvis and asked if it was a long drive, and would they wear their hats, or wasn't it the style in the country.

"I'm going to wear mine, but you can do as you like," was the answer, which was as sweet as Nora's smile. Mrs. Jarvis could play a game, too, with the best of them.

At first, when they arrived at the Myers farm, Jennie wasn't to be seen. Mrs. Myers met them, her face drawn with pain.

"I'm almost crazy with the tic," she said, holding her cheek. "Indeed, I'm just up and about—I've been in bed all morning. All the work's behind; Jennie's churning now."

Nevertheless, she pressed them to sit down, to drink raspberry vinegar, to eat raisin cookies. Nora was disappointed, and lounged behind them silently. Mrs. Myers noticed this.

"You go round to the dairy, why don't you, and visit with Jen? She'll be disappointed not to see you, and she won't mind you catching her in her working clothes." She came back to the elders. "Young folks are always livelier together, I think."

It was exactly what Nora wanted. She hurried round the house, and on the back porch she found Jennie Myers, her sleeves rolled up, a great lump of pale golden butter caught between her palms. She was deftly shaping it to get the water out and to fit it into the mold.

"Hello," said Nora. "I'm Nora O'Neill. I'm boarding over at Mrs. Jarvis'."

"I can't shake hands, but I'm glad to see you. Sit over there where you won't get splashed. Oh, would you like a drink of buttermilk? It's just fresh."

"Does it mix all right with that raspberry stuff your mother gave us?"

"I'm afraid not, though I don't believe a little would hurt you."

The two girls were taking each other's measure, feeling their way. Nora was surprised and displeased that her appearance didn't fuss Jennie more. Why, the girl was as cool as you please, for all she had on a dreadful old faded gingham and a big apron, and her sleeves rolled up like a cook! Nora had meant to be superior and queenly, but it didn't come off. Besides, Jennie's good looks were disconcerting. Of course it was hick stuff to wear your hair long and have a complexion that needed no paint; but even so, she was stunning—so straight, so slender, such curling lashes over such long brown eyes, such round arms, and delicate deft fingers, and—yes, such very good ankles, and small feet, even in low-heeled heavy shoes.

"You look like a girl I saw in a movie couple months ago," said Nora at last. "I can't remember the name of it, but she was a farmer's daughter, and fell in love with a city man who robbed her of her innocence – "

Nora quoted the film with unction, but Jennie's laughter stopped her.

"I don't mean to be rude," said Jennie, tilting up the butter mold and pressing out a round pat with fluted edges and a spray of oak leaves and acorn in high relief on the top, "but I always get laughing at the movies when they have country people in them. The poor farmer's daughter who falls for the city man—well, now, it is funny!" Her long eyes glanced up from a second pat of butter and begged Nora to enjoy the joke with her.

"I suppose you think it's funny because you have a farm beau yourself."

"Maybe so. Oh, I don't say it couldn't happen, but the movie people never make it seem real." The allusion to Dean brought red up on her cheeks, but didn't bother her. "Well"—she changed the subject amiably—"isn't it awfully nice over at Mrs. Jarvis'? She's the best cook in the county."

"Oh, yes, it's fine. Of course we only came last night, but I think we'll like it, though mom's fearfully particular." What could she say to cut through Jennie's self-possession? "I'm crazy about Mr. Jarvis," she went on. "He's as handsome as a picture, and so kind and obliging. He's going to take me in town tonight."

It was out –a little malicious flash of lightning. She had the satisfaction of making Jennie give the least start of surprise, raise her brows and press her red lips together as if to keep back a fitting retort. It was clear now to Jennie that Nora meant to hurt—was, in quite a gratuitous feminine fashion, her enemy. But why? It was sudden, confusing, strange. She looked at Nora again, more attentively. It occurred to her that a man might find such a girl, in a gay bold dress, with decorations of lipstick and cheap jewelry, highly attractive. Some men, that is. But not Dean Jarvis. Jennie knew Dean very well. If Dean's fancy could be taken by such trash as this, he might go his way and welcome. But there, she was thinking nonsense. She became aware that she had not answered Nora and that Nora considered her silence as a victory.

"I hope he'll take you round a lot whilst you're here," she said at last, softly, "if it gives you any pleasure. The country always seems dull to folks that come from the city."

Nora looked at her in amazement. The girl didn't show the least resentment.

"You don't mind his taking me round then?"

"I don't know why I should." She swung up the heavy tray of butter pats with a superb strong movement of her arms. "I've got to take these into the dairy. Excuse me." She walked past Nora with proud disregarding step.

The dairy, deep cement, and cool and dark, was so near that Nora could look in at the open door. There were shelves at one side, and a trough with water at the other holding round stone crocks of milk, like a galaxy of full moons.

Jennie lifted the tray of butter to one of the higher shelves and called back to her guest, "I've got to finish up the work in here. You'd best go back to the others on the front porch."

For once Nora's glibness failed her. She had been dismissed, and even though she screamed and shrilled and scolded, she knew that Jennie would take no further notice of her. All right, all right! She'd begun this game about Dean merely to pass the time, to keep herself from passing away with boredom, but now—now—well, just watch her smoke, that was all! Now she'd show this girl, who tried to be so upstage and sniffy, where she got off! This hick jane trying to high-hat Nora O'Neill! It would be funny if it wasn't so—so—so outrageous. Oh, if she could only think of something utterly devastating to say!

But she couldn't get the right effect by slinging words, however harsh, at the back of a girl who stood in a shadowy cavern full of milk and butter. There was nothing to do but go back to her mother and the other old women. Fortunately, Mrs. Jarvis was just ready to start home, and in another moment they would have come after her, so her reappearance was at the right moment, and she was spared questions.

On the drive home she could hear Mrs. Jarvis talking to her mother:

"Oh, yes, they're real well off, the Myerses. There's two boys, besides Jen, both of 'em married -their father give each of 'em a big farm. The home place is for Jen when they die, they say. It's worth more'n ours, even. But goodness' sakes, I'd be glad to have Jennie for a daughter if she was as poor as Job's turkey. She's a grand girl. I'm sorry you didn't meet her, but you will before you go. Handsome as you please too. You'd ought to see her and Dean together, Mrs. O'Neill; really, you'd enjoy looking at such a couple."

Nora, listening, beheld a life she had never known, secure, comfortable, stable, and with a strange and simple sweetness about it. Nothing much going on, no thrills, no excitement, but—it made her feel forlorn, a waif on the black edge of poverty. This was why Jennie wouldn't quarrel with her; this was why she had been so superior and ritzy.

"And that's why I'm so spiteful against her," Nora thought, in a flash of honesty. "I thought I'd put it over on her, and I couldn't get at her at all." Her spite deepened. "The nerve of her, saying to herself that she's got property, and she's got a beau, and she should worry!" So she whipped up her resentment against Jennie.

Anyway, this made it easier with Dean. Nora might feel her poverty, but her faith in her fascinations was not lessened thereby. It had always been so easy for her to pick and choose among the lads on the block and the boys in the dance halls, she would find Dean easier still. And then Jennie wouldn't be so high and mighty! Her imagination loosed itself in a glorious scene where Jennie begged her to give her back her lover. And she would laugh and say, "I don't want him—it is he who wants me!" She had seen that situation, text and all, in the movies.

Until suppertime she was very busy setting a fresh wave in her bob, acquiring a glassy pink manicure and choosing which among her frocks she would wear. She came down, all eager expectancy, but to a table empty save for Mrs. Jarvis.

"Dean said I should tell you he was sorry, but he was too tired to go in town tonight. He's had a real hard day. He said he'd take you some other time if he could." There was satisfaction and inquiry in Mrs. Jarvis' voice. She would have liked to find out how Dean ever came to say he'd take the girl anywhere.

Nora shrugged and sulked. "Oh, for heaven's sake! Have I got to sit around here like a goof another evening? I'll be dead!"

"I'm sorry. I don't drive at night myself, or I'd take you in. I might phone over to the Myerses and see if anybody's going in from there, if you want. Only I don't think it's likely on account of Mrs. Myers' neuralgia."

"Don't bother."

Mrs. O'Neill spoke peevishly: "I don't see why you aren't content to rest a little; it's a lot better for you than gadding out all the time, the way you do at home. Every night till two and three o'clock. That's the way with young folks nowadays. They want to be on the go every minute. What's the use of having a vacation in the country unless you make good use of it?"

"Oh, mom, cut it out."

She ate her supper quickly, flounced out to the porch, and to her surprise found Dean there, in his accustomed place on the steps, smoking. She dropped down beside him, closer than was necessary.

"You're a nice one, to throw me down when I was expecting a little fun! What's the big idea?"

"I'm sorry if you're disappointed, but I'm really dog-tired tonight. I'd have gone to sleep driving the fliv, honest I would, and probably run you into the ditch."

There was no use complaining—she would be sympathetic. "Say, I'm sorry you're on the fritz. I don't care much about going. Let's talk. What did you do all afternoon?"

"Worked."

"No wonder you're tired, poor boy." She laid a caressing hand on his arm. "You work too hard. Oh, listen, what's that?" There was a far-away bird note sounding beyond the poplars.

"It's a bobwhite calling his mate. Once in a while they keep right on till it's pitch dark. Pretty, isn't it?"

"It's lovely. Say, the poor old lonesome fella out there, whistling to his girl, and she off playing round with some other bird. That's funny. That's just like real life."

"You got funny notions about real life."

"Not so funny. Look, here you and me are sitting talking, all so nice and cozy, and maybe your girl is way off there on her porch, whistling for you."

Dean laughed. "You're a queer kid."

"That's twice today you called me a kid. Trouble is with you, you don't think anybody's grown up unless she's got long skirts and long hair, like an old woman." She let this covert sneer at Jennie sink in and went on flatteringly: "I've been thinking all day about what you said this morning -you know –about the sword and the sea. I love to hear things like that. Did you ever make up any more?"

"I don't make them up."

"But you must think them then. Tell me some."

"I can't talk to order that way."

"You don't talk so much any time, seems to me. Say, you going to let me teach you some new steps? I'd love to dance with you; you look like you're an awful good dancer. I can twist a wicked ankle myself, I'll tell the world. Where you going? Don't go in yet. I don't want to be out here all by myself."

"I've got to get up at half-past four. You won't be by yourself. Your mother and ma will be here in a minute."

"But I'd rather have you." She caught his arm. "Don't go."

She lifted her scented face to his, pressed a warm hand into his. He evaded her with abrupt impatience.

"Good night," he said again, and went into the house. "Silly kid," he thought. "What does she think I am anyway—cheap skate who wants a girl pawing him over? She must be crazy." There she was, back like a burr in his mind, a persistent sticky burr refusing to be brushed off again. And his hand—the hand she had touched—when he put it, little-boy fashion, under his cheek to go to sleep, brought him a faint reminder of the perfume with which she was surrounded. It was spicy, it held intimations of carnations and jasmine, and it made him dream of walking among big brilliant flowers, which changed, as he neared them, and became girls—skinny little painted warm girls who came too close to him and asked him tiresomely to make up some more things to tell them. A queer kid—a very queer kid. It was impossible even to dream of her as a grown-up and responsible person.

He did not see anything of her the next day, though she went all the way to the cornfield to look for him, but he had finished his cultivating there and gone with the hands to the other side of the farm. When he came for his meals he took them in the kitchen, telling his mother that he didn't want to sit with the ladies in his working clothes, and that he wasn't going to change. In this she acquiesced, for her suspicions of Nora were still acute. She wasn't going to have any little city snip running a rinktum on her Dean—not much. Guilefully she got out the flivver and drove off into town with her boarders for a long afternoon at the Community Club, where Mrs. O'Neill enjoyed herself almost hysterically as a grand and sophisticated visitor to the hinterlands, and Nora drooped and moped in scornful boredom. When they got home, very late, black Maude had given Dean his supper and he had gone on horseback to see Jennie. Nora went to bed after telling her mother that she was going to pack up and take the train for the city the next day. She couldn't stand it here another minute; she'd be a raving lunatic.

But the next day it rained, not a polite, gentle drizzle, but a hard, swishing deluge that blotted out the landscape and turned

(Continued on Page 103)

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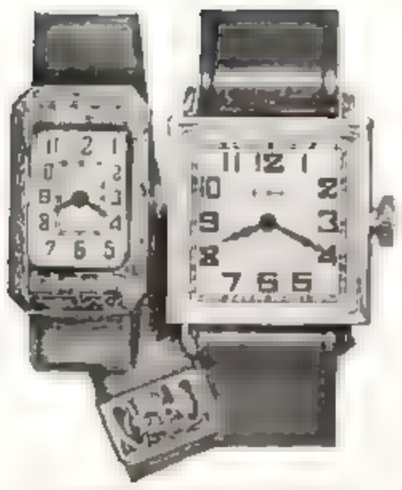

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(Continued from Page 101)

the house into a cavern of dryness and safety in an angry flood. There'd be no packing and starting to the city today. At first Nora said she would stay in bed all day and let her mother bring her meals. Then a shrewd thought started her to flinging on her clothes madly, but she came down slowly and carelessly, for the benefit of Mrs. Jarvis' too-watchful eyes.

"Grand for the crops—the wheat needed it awful," was that good lady's comment on the downpour.

The green sea of the wheat! Nora tilted her coffee cup, put indifference into her voice.

"What do farmers do when it rains like this? They can't go out with plows and hoes and things, can they?"

"There's always chores round the barn. Now, Dean's going to get out all the grain sacks today and look 'em over; then when threshing time comes we won't be in a stew about that. I expect it'll clear up by noon. 'Rain before seven, shine before eleven,' the old folks say."

She'd be soaked, but that didn't matter. She ran upstairs and tiptoed down with her mother's cape—she'd half a mind to take off her shoes and stockings and paddle along barefoot for a lark. Quietly, so as not to disturb the steady stream of conversation still going on in the dining room, she let herself out of the front door, stood shiveringly for a moment on the porch, and then dashed out into the storm, taking that side of the house without dining-room windows. Breathless, wet to the skin, she flung herself into the barn. There was no one there! Only the horses stamping and rustling in their stalls. She could have stamped, too, with anger.

Then she heard sounds in the granary alongside, became aware of a half-opened door in the shadow. She peeped in.

"Hello," she said. "What price rain?"

Dean looked up from his piles of sacks. "Well, of all the —— How'd you get here?"

"Flew in my airplane. I've ruined my wave, too, and all on your account." She shook her hair—the perfume he remembered cut through the smell of grain and dried forage. "Now don't make a fuss because I'm wet, and don't say I oughtn't've come, and don't try to tell me to go back to the house, for none of it's any use. If I stick around and hear any more about mom's liver and your mother's shooting pains in the back, I'll murder both of 'em. Have a heart and let me stay down here with you. You can't do anything else, anyway, so that's that."

"Stay if you want to."

She seized a feed basket, turned it upside down and perched upon it. "What did your girl say about me when you saw her?"

Dean answered truthfully: "She said you were pretty, but not real."

"For Pete's sake, what does she mean I'm not real? Real what?" Still, it was a flattering comment.

"I don't know."

"And you don't care."

"Why should I?"

"I never met such a fella in all my life. Why, you might be a stick or a stone or—solid ivory from the ears up."

"That's fair enough," countered Dean. "Now I know what's the matter with me."

Nora sighed. "I don't know what to think about you. But look—how am I not real? I think it was mean of her to say that. She don't know anything about me, and she's never been around any to judge folks. And she's had it soft all her life—plenty to eat, a nice big house, people to take care of her. She doesn't know what it is to be up against the world, with men getting fresh and chasing after you like dogs after a bone. I could tell her some things about being real, I could."

"Maybe if she heard you now, she'd think you were real. You didn't talk like that to her, did you?"

Her mood changed again. "I should say not," she giggled. "Say, I'm so wet I'm getting cold. I'm going to give you a dancing lesson to warm me up. Come on, let those old sacks off for a while."

She dragged him out on the barn floor and began to sing:

"Oh, my baby—oh, my baby,
Don't say no, just say maybe ——

"La-la-lee-lo—round on that left foot—that's it—now again—la-la-lee-lo—you're getting it back, back, stupid, not forward—now I go back—see? Isn't that catchy? Try it again."

They circled the barn to her tune and to her determination. Dean liked to dance, he was young, the new step was tricky and amusing; it was amusing, too, to be pounced on so determinedly, made to play.

"Oh, say, you're all right," she said at last. "Wish we had some music. I could die dancing."

She knew that dancing with her had made Dean like her better; she knew that he was more friendly, and that assurance cleared the air between them. When he went back to his sacks they talked easily, naturally. With skillful touches she built up a picture of herself, shaped to appeal to his pity, his kindness. A brave, frail creature, working so hard every day, at such meager wages, fighting such odds of harsh employers, long hours, always tired from ungrateful work, with a helpless complaining mother and a dreary cramped home for background—Nora almost believed it herself as she spun the yarn. She had the true Celt's ability for self-dramatization, self-delusion.

It interested Dean if it did not quite take him in.

"You don't look so poor and wretched as you make out," he objected. "Not by half."

"I'm not going to sit down and cry because I don't get a square deal," she answered indignantly. "Just because I like to dance and don't gloom around and beef about things all the time like a regular crape hanger, that's no reason why I shouldn't open up once in a while and tell somebody my troubles, somebody like you, who can understand. Have a heart, brother—and don't kid yourself that a smile is a sure sign of a good time. Lotsa people smile and look happy because crying makes your nose swell up and get red."

Her flippancy made her appeal the greater.

"You poor young one," said Dean, and this time she did not rebuke him for stressing her youth.

She flattered herself that at last—at last—she'd really got him going. So she waited until all the sacks were sorted and piled, while he shelled a supply of scrub corn for the chickens, while he gave the stock their noon feed.

By this time the sun was struggling out, the storm was over, and a drenched and muddy world waited for them to take the path to the house.

"Everything looks swell after a rain, doesn't it?" asked Nora, to draw him out. "The trees shake out their leaves like green feathers." She was groping after his own note of imagination, but she was disappointed in his reply.

"That's just what Jen said the other day after a thunder shower."

"Oh—her!" She ran in and left him alone. The big goofy, to have to drag in that girl, after her whole long morning with him! All the same, Nora reflected later—all the same, she'd bet he'd be thinking of herself every now and then. And she'd take good care he shouldn't have a chance to forget her. The brave, courageous pose—that was the stuff to get him. The aching heart masked with a laughing way. She'd try that again. Only she mustn't overdo it. He wasn't so dumb, even if she did call him a goofy and a hick—no, he wasn't nearly so much of a goofy as lotsa boys she knew in the city.

In one thing she was right—she had made Dean think about her. In her consciously pathetic pose he had seen the real pathos, far beyond her vision. He had seen her as she would never see herself, but as she really was, untrained, ignorant, incapable, a scrap of human wastage. He went to his own domain for a simile.

"She's like a weed that's kind of pretty," he told himself, "and yet it's nothing but a weed and no use anywhere."

In the days that followed he found that he liked to have her tag him about, liked to talk to her, to listen to her slang, her stories of the people on her block, her girl friends, her boy friends, the shops where she had worked, the dances she had attended, her Sundays at Coney, the lights and the smells and the noises and crisscross of emotions that make up the city streets. She did not insist again that he take her to town to the movies, though twice he took them all, with her mother and his, and she sat on the front seat and snuggled tight against him in a way that incensed Mrs. Jarvis almost to madness.

"What d'you let her act that bold way for? Suppose Jen should see you?" she demanded. "And all the time you spend listening to her everlasting talk. I'm so afraid somebody'll get hold of it and tell Jen. I thought you had more sense."

"I thought you had more, ma. She's nothing but a silly kid."

"Silly, all right. But that'll make Jennie all the madder at you."

He had never told his mother anything, so he did not tell her now that Jennie knew all that Nora said and all that Nora did, and found it entertaining rather than dangerous. If she had any doubts, she kept them from Dean. Dean came to see her as usual, they went on with their plans and hopes. Jennie found no need for alarm in anything he said about the boarder from the city. Only now and then she looked at him long and searchingly, and once she asked a question:

"Do you like her, Dean?"

"Some ways I do and some I don't. She's what you said, Jen—she's not real. She funnies up her hair and slathers paint on her face and gets on those tin earrings and thin stockings and blue-jay dresses till nobody could tell what sort of a girl she is. It makes me think of war camouflage. She tries to be so smart and so wise, but underneath she's just a fool kid, I think, and hasn't ever had anything much."

"Well, don't get too sorry for her."

"The only thing I'm sorry about is that she and her mother aren't going home this week instead of next. Ma makes me shave and put on a clean shirt before she lets me into the dining room. Most of the time I eat in the kitchen or on the back porch. I'm sick and tired of it."

Jennie put her cheek against his, a rare and fond caress. She was no more demonstrative than Dean, but like all women, she could never resist the engaging little boy that lingered in the man she loved.

She did not go to the Jarvis homestead for her usual visits; she made her mother's neuralgia and the extra work a prolonged excuse. She was afraid of Nora's manner, her dislike. She was as sure as she was alive that Nora was trying to get Dean away from her, was Jennie; and though she would not say it to Dean, she would be intensely relieved when the O'Neills were gone. Jennie had seen other girls angle for Dean and had not cared, but that was because he had known what was going on and resented it. Nora wanted him—and he was oblivious. There was where Jennie felt the danger. Besides, Nora was a stranger, full of new ways and wiles which might win him against his own intention, without his knowledge. Jennie felt herself treading a narrow path above a steep precipice. It might lead to safety—she very much preferred to believe that it would lead to safety—but it wasn't easy going, and it might end in a blank jumping-off place. If she could only know what was going on over at the Jarvis place! Dean told her things, but was it everything? And did it happen just the way he told it? It would have gratified Nora immensely if she could have known how deeply she affected Jennie.

Indeed, Nora needed some gratification. For all Dean listened to her, seemed to like

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a matter of taste whether you let the painter do it, or do it yourself. If you do do it, get Murphy Da-Cote Enamel at your hardware or paint store and a soft brush, put it on one day and drive the car off the next. Thus you tie up the car only while you are doing the job. It dries while you sleep.

So you see there isn't a single reason why you should put it off any longer.

All you've got to do is decide, and decide now, that you simply won't drive that car again in its shabby coat.

Ask your wife if you don't believe it. She will tell you it's about time. And it is, isn't it? And don't forget Murphy.

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her, she could get from him no betrayal of anything deeper. If she leaned against him, he might have been the porch pillar for all the response he gave. If she maneuvered her hand into his, he took his away, not precipitately, but as one who avoids contact. She might tease him to dance with her and cuddle up to him provocatively, but he sheered off or stopped dancing.

"Let me show you how some of the girls and boys dance nowadays. Cheeking, we call it."

"Rub that paint of yours off on my face? I guess not," was his reply.

Another time. "Say, don't you like me at all, Dean?" Wistful, this trial.

"Sure, I like you fine."

"You don't ever show it."

"It's the deepest nature feels the most and gives no sign."

"Oh, apple sauce, pineapple juice! That's not the right answer at all."

But he did not ask what the right answer might be.

Her time was growing so short, she must go back to the city so soon, she was desperate. Finally she hit on a scheme. She'd get him to take her over to see Jennie, and perhaps the contrast would show him how desirable she was. Nora still had perfect confidence in her power to charm, only, somehow, she hadn't just found the way to work it with Dean. But put her beside another girl, and that girl a hick, a regular old-fashioned country skirt, and any man's eyes would be opened. She must—she must break down his indifference somehow. She had grown afraid of her anxiety to win him. She still tried to tell herself that it was only for amusement, only for the fun of watching him fall, only to pass the time; but deep in her heart there was a lack of conviction to her protestations.

"What's the matter with me?" she thought. "What a scream it would be if I'd go dippy over a hick! What a razz I'd get from all the crowd if they knew it! I don't care, though; I don't care. If he—if he—oh, he's worth a hundred million of them all. Oh, why, why doesn't he ——"

She was afraid to go on. Something was happening to her, something elemental, something relentless and cruel, and temptingly sweet for all its cruelty, and it swept her stagnant little soul into a maelstrom of pain and hope.

Mrs. Jarvis had frowned upon the proposed call on Jennie. She knew that it was only one more of Nora's tricks, as she called them, designed for no good purpose. Still, she could not stop it.

"I think I'd ought to tell her good-by," said Nora innocently. "Of course she hasn't been over to see me, but I don't see why I should be rude because she is. I'm real interested in her, being Dean's sweetie and all."

Nothing more infuriated Mrs. Jarvis than to hear Nora call Dean by his first name and to allude to Jennie as his sweetie, but she did not let go of her anger, because she was afraid of the girl and what she might do. What if she could get Dean away from Jennie? What a mess they'd all be in then! For by this time, Mrs. Jarvis heartily despised Mrs. O'Neill as a poor thing, and sensed that Nora's mother would be only too glad to settle herself and Nora here in the Jarvis homestead for life, with Nora as Mrs. Dean Jarvis. There'd be a pretty kettle of fish! So, with this in mind, Mrs. Jarvis held her tongue, though it took a powerful effort.

Nora dressed carefully for this visit. A scarlet dress with white bandings and buttons, her best pearl beads, her thinnest stockings, her spikiest-heeled, flimsiest satin slippers, her most careful make-up, her Frenchiest wave. The result satisfied her. She was, she knew, a riot, a knock-out. Stack her up beside this Jennie jane and—oh, boy!

"Aren't I all right?" she asked Dean, as they got into the flivver. Her excitement, her eagerness made her eyes big and bright, animated her.

"Why, yes, you're all sparkly," he said.

"I feel sparkly. That's just the word. You can be a mighty bright old thing when you want to. You can say the nicest things I ever heard. But I told you that before."

"Go ahead, I love taffy."

"It isn't taffy; it's the truth. Why don't you ever think I'm serious? Why won't you ever see ——"

She bit her lip, checked by his look of mild wonder.

"I don't know what there is to get all worked up about," he answered at last.

Thereafter she was silent. But she revived her animation and her sparkle when she reached the Myers home. She deliberately sat down beside Jennie; Jennie in a last year's dotted swiss no more than six inches from the floor; Jennie, with cotton stockings and low-heeled white-canvas pumps; Jennie, wearing, actually, that bit of ancient fashion history known as a sash, and wearing it almost at her normal waistline! Can you imagine!

Nora could have laughed out loud as she took in these details. Poor Jennie—no beads, no earrings, no bob, no rouge, and handicapped by a sash!

Dean and Jennie were very quiet, but Nora talked feverishly. Her talk was full of "I said to Dean," and "Dean said to me," to emphasize intimacy. She detailed the dancing lessons, multiplied them liberally in number and in length. "If he could only get out with a live one every now and then he'd be as fancy a stepper as anybody. I want him to come up to the city and go round to some dances with me."

"First I've heard of that," remarked Dean ungallantly. He was somewhat appalled by Nora's behavior. Nor did he exactly approve of Jennie's stiffness and aloofness. No use being hateful to the kid, just when she was going away, even if she was silly. None the less, he didn't relish her airs.

"Is Dean coming up to the city to see you?" asked Jennie.

"Well, I should hope so! I'd be fearfully disappointed if he didn't. I don't know what I'd have done here in this lonesome place if it hadn't been for him. He's been swell to me." Nora rattled her beads, tossed her head. Dean felt that this had gone far enough.

"I don't expect to go to the city until we go together, Jen," he said gently. He got up. "Time to go home," he said, and held out his hand to Jennie for good-by.

The light from the open door was full on his face, and Nora saw him as she had never seen him before. He was looking at Jennie with all his heart in his eyes, all his tenderness. He was telling her silently, but potently, that he loved her, that he had never loved anyone but her and that no sounding brass and tinkling cymbals of a feminine sort had ever made him waver a hairbreadth in his allegiance to her. Jennie put out both her hands to him in answer and understanding, and Nora saw this too; and seeing, had the bitter knowledge that a man who is held by true affection to one woman is walled away from others by a barrier stronger than all else on earth. Jennie let go of Dean's hands, turned blithely to Nora.

"Come again next summer," she said. "We'd be pleased to have you." She was serene once more. A little note of irrepressible joy sang in her voice.

Nora had little to say as they drove home through the night. She did not lean against Dean's shoulder or try to touch his hand. She sat and stared drearily into the darkness. She had had a glimpse of a world which she would never enter; a world where there were no ugly motives, no mean suspicions, no treachery, no petty plots and plans, no cheap vamping and flirting and indiscriminate kissing.

Her pain stifled her. She had been caught fast in her own trap.

Her mother was waiting for her in their room. "Did you land him?" she asked.

"What d'you mean?"

"My soul, Nora, d'you think I'm stone-blind? You've been working your finger nails off to get this fella, and I wish to heaven you had—he's worth money. I been helping you along all I could; you know it. It's the first time I ever saw you so crazy about a boy, I must say."

"You're crazy yourself. I wouldn't have him for a gift. That hick! Bury myself in this graveyard for the rest of my life? Run, mom, the squirrels will get you!"

Mrs. O'Neill sucked her lips mournfully. "And I was hoping maybe at last I'd have a little peace and an easy time before I died."

"Mom, shut up!" Nora turned on her fiercely. "Cut it out—see? Let me alone. You make me sick, whining. You make me sick!"

She buried her head under the bedclothes and clenched her hands so that her nails cut the flesh, that the pain might keep her from crying. She was burned and destroyed with hopelessness, with passion. If he had only cared for her, if he had only looked at her, just once, as he looked at Jennie tonight! Oh, she could not bear to think of it! And yet all her life long she would think of it, would be torn with anguish because of it.

All she hoped for now was that he should not know—or her mother, or Mrs. Jarvis that she could keep her pride intact, face them seemingly her own careless self.

So in the morning she put on a little brighter color to cover the pallor of sleeplessness, and she made herself very busy with packing, with bright absurd talk. How glad she'd be to be back in the city! How the crowd would all come round! She'd have to do a lot of extra dancing to make up for lost time! And as for movies—why, she'd be a perfect boob, she'd missed so many new films! She rattled on like this, watching the suspicion and the dislike fade out of Mrs. Jarvis' eyes, forcing her mother to join in her chattering elation.

She kept it up until the last moment. Dean had put them on the train and stood beneath the window as it pulled out. It swept over her anew—she was losing him, she would never see him again, she loved him with every bit of her fluttering, restless, trivial little soul—and he would never know it.

She leaned to him, her smile swept from her lips, her eyes shining with tears.

"I'm drowned in your sea, Dean," she said huskily. "Your sword has pierced my heart."

He told Jen about it as he sat beside her on the Myers porch that night. The twilight was a dim calmness about them, and there was honeysuckle in bloom somewhere near, white and sweet with dew.

"Funny thing for her to say, wasn't it? She was a queer kid. What d'you suppose she meant?"

It was actually so—he didn't know, he hadn't seen. Jennie's arm tightened in his. She would keep the other girl's pitiful secret; she would do that for her, because she, too, loved Dean. She answered easily, as if the matter were of no account.

"Just her way of talking. Yes, she was a queer kid."

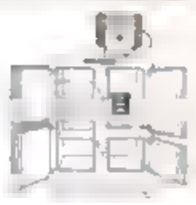
Flathead Lake and Mellin Island, Montana

The things we depend upon most we appreciate least

5¢ worth of ELECTRICITY

What a wonderful nickel's worth it is!

5¢ spent for electricity will run a washing machine for two hours.



5¢ spent for electricity will keep the refrigerator cold for eight hours.

5¢ spent for electricity will make a hot kitchen comfortable with an electric fan for ten hours.

5¢ spent for electricity will run a vacuum cleaner for three hours.

5¢ spent for electricity will run a sewing machine for seven hours.

5¢ spent for electricity will light your reading lamp for two long evenings.

The cost figures in this advertisement are based upon electricity at 10 cts. per kilowatt hour.

MOST of the good things of life cost much more than they did in 1914; electricity, the shining exception, actually costs no more. This is a record of which the electrical industry is justly proud.

It means that you can use electricity very freely and still be very economical. It means that no American husband ought to allow his wife to waste time and energy in doing one single household task that electricity can do for a few cents an hour.

The electric switch is only one of the many contributions which the General Electric Company has made to the electrical industry. G-E has built giant generators for Central Stations; it has made the motors which do hard and tiresome tasks; and in G-E research laboratories it has developed better MAZDA lamps to light our factories, highways and homes.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

BOTH ends of the ordinary type of flap are fitted over the valve stem of the inner tube, establishing the fixed length of the flap, but it is necessary for the flap to be longer than the rim circumference in order to allow it to pass over the rim when mounting tire.

During inflation of the inner tube, the flap attempts to contract (contrary to popular conception, flaps do not expand during inflation but attempt to contract) and adjust itself to the rim circumference. But the circumference of the ordinary overlong flap cannot be decreased sufficiently to permit it to always ride centrally between the beads of the tire because both ends are fitted over valve stem. In an endeavor to take up its surplus length, the flap frequently is forced to wrinkle, crease and side slip off the rim and up the side wall of the tire into the flexing area.

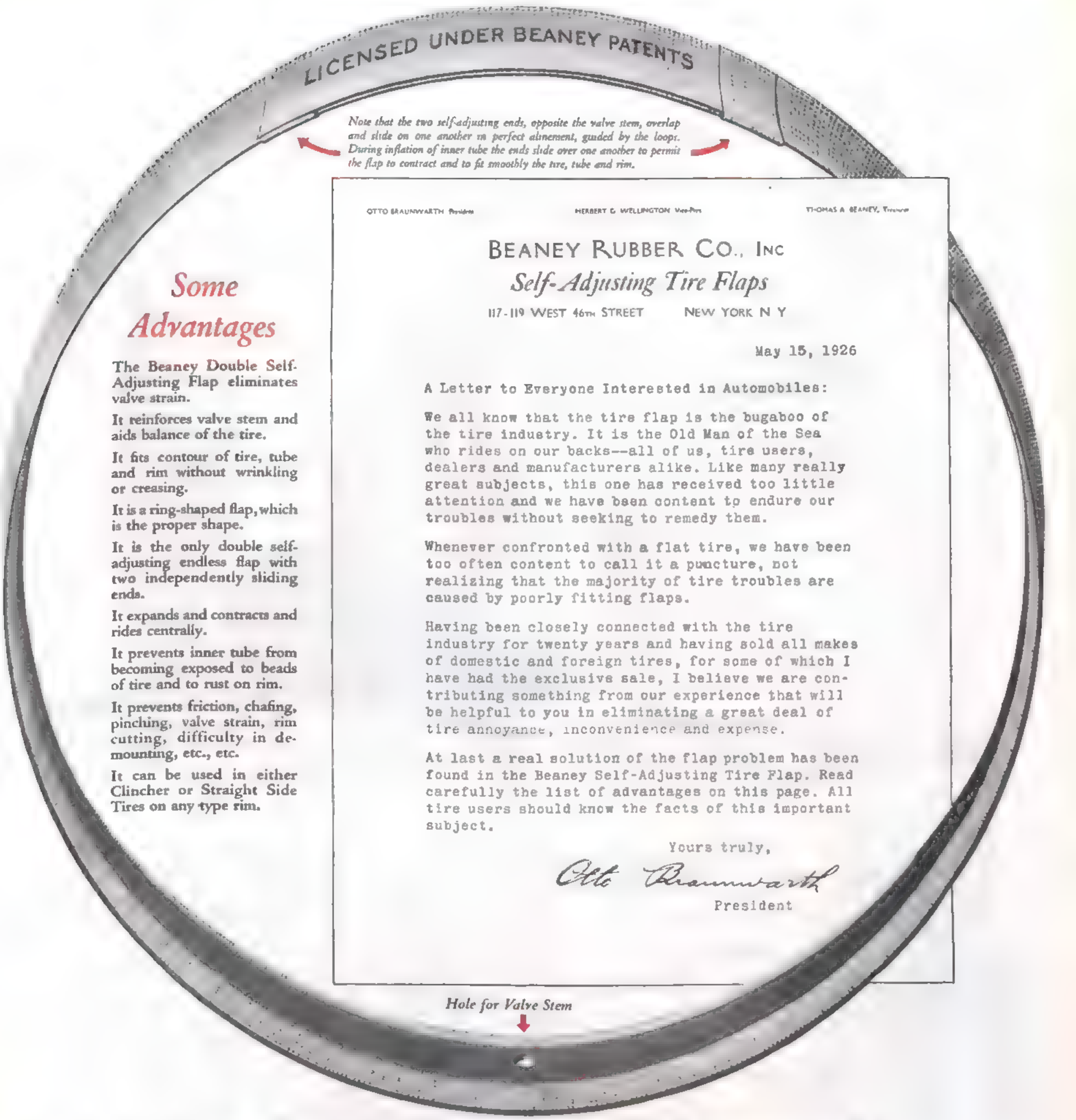
This action exposes the inner tube to the edges of the tire beads and rust on the rim and results in chafing, tube pinching, strain on valve stem causing leaky valves, rim cutting, freezing to the rim, difficulty in demounting, etc.

Avoid

the squirming

FLAP

that has been *Biting* your *Inner Tubes*


LICENSED UNDER BEANEY PATENTS
Note that the two self-adjusting ends, opposite the valve stem, overlap and slide on one another in perfect alinement, guided by the loops. During inflation of inner tube the ends slide over one another to permit the flap to contract and to fit smoothly the tire, tube and rim.
Some Advantages
The Beaney Double Self-Adjusting Flap eliminates valve strain.
It reinforces valve stem and aids balance of the tire.
It fits contour of tire, tube and rim without wrinkling or creasing.
It is a ring-shaped flap, which is the proper shape.
It is the only double self-adjusting endless flap with two independently sliding ends.
It expands and contracts and rides centrally.
It prevents inner tube from becoming exposed to beads of tire and to rust on rim.
It prevents friction, chafing, pinching, valve strain, rim cutting, difficulty in demounting, etc., etc.
It can be used in either Clincher or Straight Side Tires on any type rim.
OTTO BRAUNWARTH President
HERBERT G. WELLINGTON Vice-Pres
THOMAS A. BEANEY, Treasurer
BEANEY RUBBER CO., INC
Self-Adjusting Tire Flaps
117-119 WEST 46TH STREET NEW YORK N Y
May 15, 1926
A Letter to Everyone Interested in Automobiles:
We all know that the tire flap is the bugaboo of the tire industry. It is the Old Man of the Sea who rides on our backs--all of us, tire users, dealers and manufacturers alike. Like many really great subjects, this one has received too little attention and we have been content to endure our troubles without seeking to remedy them.
Whenever confronted with a flat tire, we have been too often content to call it a puncture, not realizing that the majority of tire troubles are caused by poorly fitting flaps.
Having been closely connected with the tire industry for twenty years and having sold all makes of domestic and foreign tires, for some of which I have had the exclusive sale, I believe we are contributing something from our experience that will be helpful to you in eliminating a great deal of tire annoyance, inconvenience and expense.
At last a real solution of the flap problem has been found in the Beaney Self-Adjusting Tire Flap. Read carefully the list of advantages on this page. All tire users should know the facts of this important subject.
Yours truly,
Otto Braunwarth
President
Hole for Valve Stem

by using the ring shaped

BEANEY SELF-ADJUSTING TIRE FLAP

To Tire Dealers: One of the advantages to the dealer is the elimination of approximately twenty standard sizes, requiring a smaller investment in stock with more frequent turnovers and a greater margin of profit.
Manufacturers Licensed Under Beaney Patents.
Send all inquiries to

Lee Tire and Rubber Co., Conshohocken, Pa.
Kelly-Springfield Tire Co., 250 West 57th St., New York City
Dunlop Tire and Rubber Goods Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ontario,
Sole Distributors for Canada

This modern "ice man" calls once - with Frigidaire - and the ice stays always

Frigidaire dependability has been proved by 150,000 users. Its economy is an established fact. And the new models, with metal cabinets, offer revolutionary values. Their prices are low and they are sold on the GMAC plan of time payments. Frigidaire keeps all foods colder, better, longer—freezes ice cubes and desserts—adds greatly to household convenience, and safeguards health.

DELCO-LIGHT COMPANY, Dept. B-189, DAYTON, OHIO
Subsidiary of General Motors Corporation

The World's Largest Builder of Electric Refrigerators

Frigidaire
ELECTRIC REFRIGERATION

THERE IS ONLY ONE ELECTRIC REFRIGERATOR NAMED FRIGIDAIRE

THE WELCOME LITTLE VAGABOND

Continued from Page 17

Severe self-consciousness attacked Bum mercilessly; but, swiftly imitating, he stood up, too, very straightly, pulling up his drooping left side with a hunch of the shoulder. And he, too, smiled at the lovely gray lady who had come so softly he had not heard; but it was a smile of alarmed apprehension. To Bum, she was like an apparition clothed in gray floating smoke. Accustomed as he was to the garishly fashionable garments of his mother, Mrs. Baxter's gown—all gray gossamer stuff, touching the floor, floating from her shoulders like fluttering wings—made her seem a supersoul compounded of no such earthly clay as legs and arms and trim-trunked body like his mother's. She was a face in a cloud; a pale cold face with great gray eyes and white hair piled high and softly on her stately head.

Bum knew himself, with a flame of shame, to be just what the lovely lady saw—an incongruous little lump of ugliness trespassing in the realm of beauty.

"My *gracious*, Stanley!" she said.

Her voice, lovingly surprised, was like an out-loud whisper. The millionaire man went to another chair and took hold of its back while she sat down in it. Then he limped back to his own chair. And still the lady did not speak to her unexpected guest. It became necessary for Bum to breathe. He did so. The gasping intake of his breath made a little sound, and his blood nearly burned him up. Awkwardly, he pushed himself back on the funny bench, his charmed eyes painfully lost in the amused gaze of her gray ones. Finally the welcome sound of the millionaire man's voice stopped the horrid silence:

"Mother, this is a neighbor of ours. I've asked him to have tea with us. His boat nearly foundered under the bridge and I rescued him. His name is Rutherford Ryan, but his intimates call him Bum. I find him a most interesting young man."

Mrs. Baxter, to Bum's great relief, transferred her gaze to her son, looking as if she were astonished at something—something which warmed the coldness of her face. Bum cautiously inhaled another breath through the crack of his politely petrified smile. Yes, for some strange grown-up reason, graciousness had grown in the lovely lady's eyes until they were as beautiful as the rest of her when she turned back to Bum, whose set smile turned into that most delightful of all human expressions—the grin of brave innocent boyhood.

"Why, Bum, I think it's very nice that you are going to have tea with us. Please come and shake hands with me. My name is Mrs. Baxter."

Bum slid off the bench and went to her with his brisk little uneven gait. He was wholly unmindful of his lameness; but he knew that again, for some strange grown-up reason, the lovely lady was startled; she flushed deeply and real lingering tears came into her eyes. Something surely was the matter.

A quick curious glance at the millionaire man told him that something was the matter with him too. Baxter was staring straight ahead of him and his upper teeth showed white where they caught his indrawn lower lip.

But whatever the matter was, Mrs. Baxter quickly put it aside. Abruptly, as if quickened by some silent command, she leaned lightly forward and kissed Bum's freckled forehead.

"You welcome little vagabond," she murmured, holding his cheeks in her two soft hands.

"How d' you do?" mumbled Bum, bereft and bewildered.

He could proudly and properly have shaken hands, for Sammy's aunty had taught him which hand was exclusively used for such purpose, and he could always remember this social statute, because the hand was on the same side as his sound unshrunken leg. But what was the formula to follow when lovely women kissed you and called you strange names?

Bum Had Stood Breathless, With All His Weight on His Good Leg and Little Thrills Down His Back

Bum twisted and gasped and grinned. And then Ching solved the situation by arriving noiselessly with the wheeled table at the side of Mrs. Baxter's chair. The soft prisoning hands dropped from his face and Bum scurried back to his bench.

After that, discomfort fled. Oh, it was a beautiful tea party. Ching had made miracles instead of the usual staid English cakes. There were the grandest sandwiches, all oozy with goodness; there was an extra pitcher of chocolate and enough whipped cream to have some on every cup; there were pretty candies; there were nuts.

But there was something at that tea party which had never been at any tea party on that porch before. It was Stanley Baxter's long-silent, old-time buoyant laughter, and in it was the clarion call of destiny for Rutherford Ryan, aged "pretty near seven," and called by his intimates, Bum.

II

THREE days later—three heaven-happy days in which Bum had played in paradise with the millionaire man—Bum sat on the rickety doorstep of Owl's Eye, whence he had thrice been ordered to depart and whither he had thrice returned, his hands very busy with a large new knife and his ears very busy with listening to a conversation between his mother and Sammy's aunty, who had effected one of their numerous reconciliations immediately after Sammy had carried home the news that Bum's mother had been invited to have tea with Bum's millionaires—and was going.

Bum now wished that he hadn't told Sammy anything about it; of course, his old aunty would have to come over and spoil everything. In fact Bum almost wished that he had lost the inviting note, which, yesterday, he had brought home so happily and proudly, for it had brought mystery into his life. And mystery is a terrible thing to wrestle with, even when you are pretty near seven and old for your age. His mother had received the note as eagerly, as enthusiastically, as he had hoped. He had stood breathless, with all his weight on his good leg and little thrills down his back, watching her. She had tossed her tawny hair out of her eyes and had begun reading it out loud:

"My dear Miss Hetherington: My son and I shall be so glad if you can have tea with us tomorrow afternoon. We have become greatly interested in your dear little son and are hoping that perhaps matters may be so arranged that we ——"

His mother had stopped reading aloud. When she finally looked at Bum there was a queer tightness around her scarlet mouth.

"What's the rest?" he said.

"They've got a nerve." It was the voice she used when she quarreled with Dan Drummond.

"What's it say? Don't you want to go?" The thrills became chills.

"Huh!" She tore up the note with slow fingers, staring at him with a smiling mouth and eyes that seemed angry. "Sure I want to go. They're crazy to have me and I won't disappoint them. Here, run down to the corner and get me a can of tomato soup. And don't blab everything you know, either."

And there the mystery began, continued and remained. The consequence he had attained in his mother's

(Continued on Page 113)

ANSONIA

APEX JUNIOR

A New Type of Clock in
Necrolian Bronze

Never before has a clock case been made of Necrolian bronze, a metal of richest coloring and texture, which will always retain its beauty, unmarred by corrosion or finger marks. The face, sides and top of the Apex Junior are beautifully decorated in relief. The sunken bronze dial with raised bronze numerals is a part of the case, and needs no protective glass. The clock appears to have been carved out of a block of solid bronze.

Apex Junior looks like a very expensive clock. But we have effected great economy in manufacture and you can purchase one with a plain dial for only $3.50; with radium hands and numerals for $4.50. It runs 30 hours and has a continuous alarm attachment; stands 4½" high x 3¾" wide.

Then there is the Apex, a larger clock, 5¼" high x 4½" wide, with the same kind of Necrolian bronze case in antique, bronze or green finish, but with an entirely different movement. Apex needs to be wound **only once in ten days** and has an **automatic** alarm which resets itself every day. The price of Apex is $7.00 with plain dial; $8.50 with radium hands and numerals.

Candlesticks of Necrolian bronze to match either Apex or Apex Junior at $3.00 the pair

At Jewelers', Department Stores and Drug Stores
Canadian Distributors.—Lymans Limited, Montreal
Prices in Canada are a bit higher
(Patents Pending)

APEX

THE ANSONIA CLOCK COMPANY
Makers of Fine Clocks for Half a Century
7th Ave. & 12th St., Dept. P, Brooklyn, N. Y.

ANSONIA *means* CLOCKS

AN ENTRANCE WITH AN HONORED ANCESTRY

Stroll through the streets of old Salem; linger among the pre-Revolutionary houses on Long Island and in Philadelphia; go back to Old England herself, and you will see the forbears of this modern Curtis design. And wherever the best houses are being built today, this entrance is still being used and is still conspicuous by reason of itssheer loveliness. No other doorway of this type on the market today equals it for beauty of proportions and delicacy of details. The fluted pilasters and fan-light transom of this Curtis design are recent achievements of large-scale production that are now within the buying power of the modest homebuilder as well as the owner of the mansion. The complete entrance is C-101 and it includes the door, frame, sidelight sash and transom. Other Curtis door designs can be substituted if desired. The entrance is built for stud, brick veneer or masonry walls. The photograph is from the home of Mr. A. L. Lambie, Pittsburgh, Pa.; George B. Crisman, Builder, The May Lumber Company, dealers

A house like Mr. Parsons', shown below, requires a stairway that is of the same architectural type. Note how this Curtis stair C-900 carries out on the inside the Colonial feeling of the exterior. These Curtis stair parts are made in birch, a wood that can be either painted or stained. Here the balusters only are painted. Curtis designs include stair parts for homes in all architectural styles and suitable to all decorative treatments

On the exterior, too, Curtis Woodwork has been used in this home of Mr. John T. Parsons, Pitcairn Place, Shadyside, Pittsburgh, Pa. Note the skillful spacing of the windows and the tasteful treatment of the porch columns, blinds and other exterior woodwork. Louis Stevens was the architect; George B. Crisman, the builder and The May Lumber Company, dealers

Get beauty in these

Then your furnishings will always have a beautiful background. And with Curtis Woodwork your home will be beautiful even though sparingly furnished

Woodwork is *permanent furniture.* Doors, windows, trim, stairways are a structural part of the house itself. Yet they are also a part of the furniture. They are built in, not moved in.

Therefore, woodwork, being of both architectural and decorative character, should have a dignity and quality not possessed by movable furnishings or decorations.

You can get tired of an ugly door quicker than you can of an ugly chair, because it is bigger than a chair and you expect more of it. The same is true of other woodwork.

That is why it is so important to have woodwork right, from the beginning, before you begin to decorate. Changes in the woodwork afterward are expensive, inconvenient.

Realizing the importance of good design in woodwork, the manufacturers of Curtis Woodwork went to architects of highest standing for Curtis designs. The pictures show examples.

Every woodwork form, from small moldings to large pieces of cabinetwork, was carefully worked out, in approved woods and sizes.

These designs were detailed to conform to the generally accepted architectural types of houses —types that have stood the test of time.

Good design has not added one cent to Curtis Woodwork prices

Every article of Curtis Woodwork is manufactured in large quantities. That is why it is pos-

DOORS · WINDOWS · FRAMES

REPRODUCTION OF A CHINA CLOSET IN THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

In the designing of every article of Curtis Woodwork the best precedents have been followed This china closet (C-703) is a copy of one that was recently put on view in the American Wing of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City. The original was found in an old home built over two hundred years ago) in the Connecticut River valley. The arched-top doors and the crossed-rails in the lower door are interesting details that suggest even an earlier origin for this design, because they show an Old England influence. Hence this china closet can be used not only in English homes but it is also appropriate to houses in the Colonial style. It is often used in Spanish and Italian houses, especially when stained. The raised panels and moldings (See Fig. 2 below) are of such character that a charming piece of permanent furniture is produced when the design is painted. The drawing is made from a photograph taken in the home of Mr John T. Parsons, in Pittsburgh, Pa. (See opposite page.)

GOOD CONSTRUCTION, TOO

Beauty is not the only value that such Curtis Woodwork as this china closet offers. For example: Note Fig. 1. The shelves rest on nickeled pins (A), set in holes in the sides of the cabinet; hence they are adjustable in height and are removable for cleaning. Figure 2 is a cross-section of the bottom door showing the "raise" in the beveled panel, which adds so much to the beauty of the door. This china closet is made with a triangular back to set in a corner. Fig. 3 shows a sectional plan. In Fig. 4 you see that the edges of the shelves are beautifully molded instead of presenting a flat, uninteresting front. This case may be installed in your present dining room economically if you have 2′ 9¼″ of clear wall space in one corner. It is 7′ ⅛″ high overall

permanent things FIRST

sible to supply you with Curtis Woodwork at little or no more cost than ordinary millwork. Indeed, when such on-the-job expense items as cutting and fitting and sanding are taken into account, Curtis Woodwork costs less.

You can depend upon the uniform quality of Curtis Woodwork because every article is produced by one manufacturer according to very definite standards as regards materials, construction and workmanship

These articles are manufactured in advance of your needs, so confine your selections to Curtis designs and sizes (consult your Curtis dealer on this important point) and avoid the expensive errors and disappointments so common with made-to-order millwork.

The leading lumber dealer in your community (if you live east of the Rockies) is probably a Curtis dealer. He will be glad to show you his stock and explain more of the quality points of Curtis Woodwork than these pages can give you. Ask him to show you other designs in the Curtis catalog. Or write for a free copy of "Curtis Woodwork"—32 pages of interesting information and ideas for homebuilders

The Curtis Companies Service Bureau

432 Curtis Building, Clinton, Iowa

Curtis, Towle & Paine Co., Lincoln, Nebraska, Curtis Sash & Door Co., Sioux City, Iowa; Curtis, Towle & Paine Co., Topeka, Kansas, Curtis & Yale Co., Wausau, Wisconsin, Curtis Bros. & Co., Clinton, Iowa; Curtis-Yale-Holland Co., Minneapolis, Minnesota, Curtis Door & Sash Co., Chicago, Illinois Curtis Detroit Co., Detroit, Michigan; Curtis Companies Incorporated, Eastern Sales Office 25 West 44th St., New York City.

CURTIS COMPANIES INCORPORATED.CLINTON, IOWA

FIG 1

FIG 2

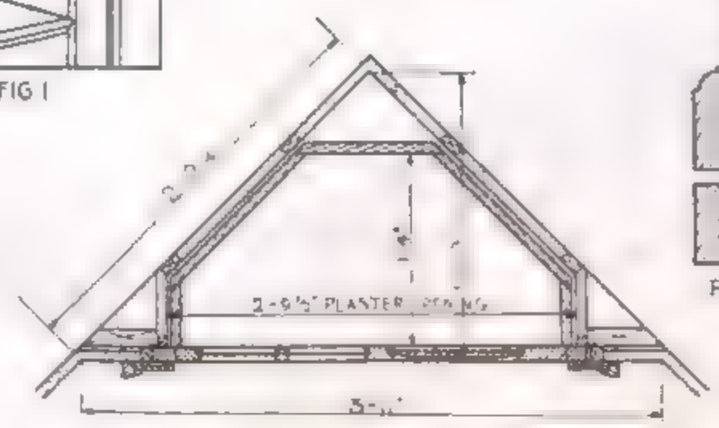


FIG 3

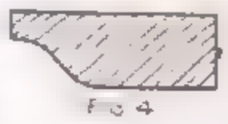


FIG 4

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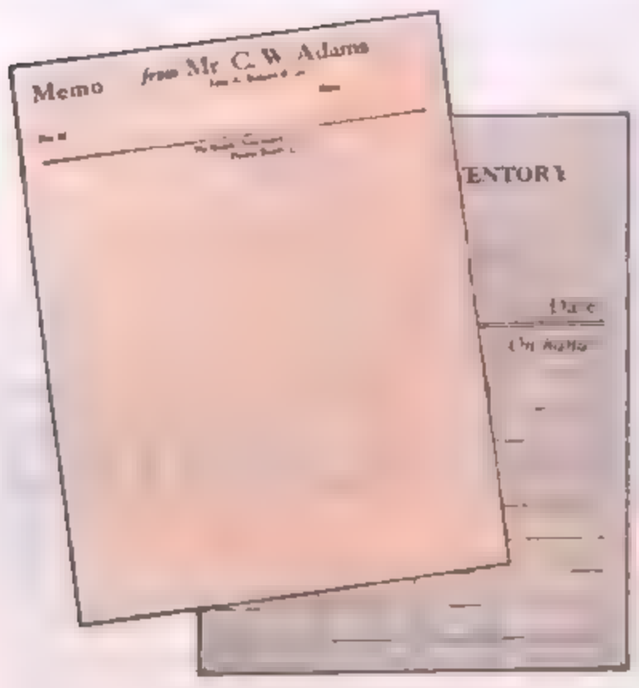

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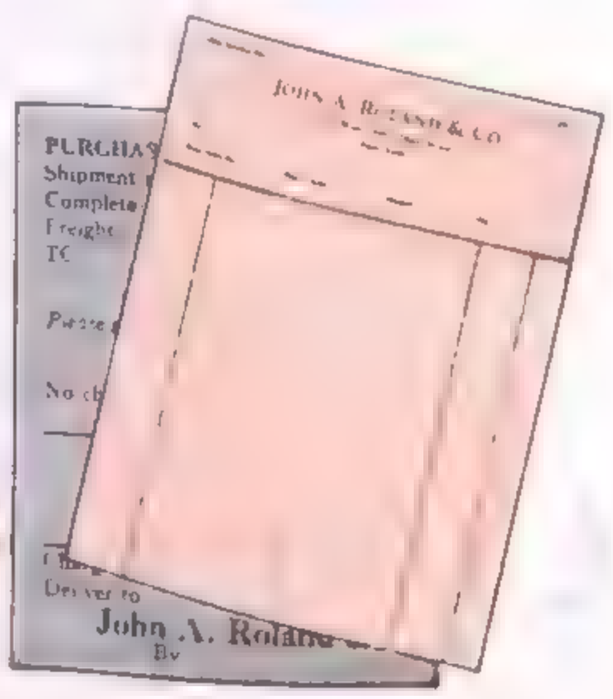

(Continued from Page 109)

eyes went out like a snuffed candle. All that evening she stayed at home and banged everything she touched. She burned the tomato soup and threw it out of the window—right through the rusty screen. They ate cheese and crackers and some milk that was a little bit sour. When Dan Drummond had telephoned her from New York, as he did every evening, she answered in monosyllables and cut him off. When the telephone rang again she left it unanswered. She sent Bum to bed an hour early, without a bath, and told him to shut up when he reminded her that he hadn't had one the night before.

"You're getting too classy," she said; "a little dirt's good for you."

Then she went out and sat on the steps. It was more than mystery when Patty Hetherington sat in the moonlight—alone. Bum couldn't go to sleep, try as he would; his hot head hurt with the wonder of it. When she finally came in, she brought him a drink of water and slapped him because he spilled it on his pillow; but once, gaining a faint consciousness through deep distant sleep, he dreamingly knew that he was lying closely in her strong young arms. There was rain somewhere; the drops were on his face. Never had he been so close to his mother; never had he so fiercely loved her; but he could not fight off the sleep that kept him from understanding about it.

And in the morning she was still a stranger. Though night had taken her anger away, it had left increasing mystery. He wanted to ask her questions, but he couldn't. After a highly nondescript breakfast, partaken with directness and dispatch from the utensils in which it was nonchalantly prepared, she told him to go down to the lake and stay there

"Ain't I invited to the tea party?" he had inquired, nimbly catching the tattered straw hat which she threw at him.

"You are not; and what's more, I wish I wasn't."

"Ah, mum, they're awful nice, honest they are."

"Yes, they are! He's a frozen oyster and she's a hard-boiled old snob. I wish they'd never set eyes on you, that's what I wish. *My 'dear little son.'*"

Mystery? Too weak a word. Bum had hurriedly departed for a sunny sequestered spot on the rocks to ponder over the fatal note. Until the note came, he had been a Napoleonic go-getter, in his mother's estimation, for his conquest of the Baxters. He felt sick with confusion.

Sammy had presently joined him, with ideas more bewildering than beneficial. Because of certain anachronisms in his past, Sammy was the child of an aunt and as such he shared his Aunt Lorena's antipathy for the general genus of man. Sammy was ten, born and bred of temerity, and astute. Bum could no more withhold secrets from him than a clover blossom can baffle a bumblebee. Sammy summarized the situation with authoritative candor:

"Ah, 'tain't nothin'. Your mother's stuck on herself and she's sore 'cause you've got a better stand-in than she has. But she'll think you're some pumpkins again, all right, all right, jest as soon as she's made a hit with the rich guy herself. Aunty said last night that she jest bet, him bein' crippled and jest like you are an' everything, that mebbe he'd ask your mother to come over. An' she said if your mother'll jest work things right, mebbe she can marry the guy."

"My mother don't want to get married to nobody, Sammy Davis," said Bum with proper resentment. "She's goin' t' be a movin'-pitcher star, and stars has got to stay single."

"Ah, like fun she is! Aunty says this crippled guy's her one best bet if he's crippled enough."

Though this was slightly beyond Bum's complete comprehension, he asked no questions. The shrewd, skeptical, square-chinned Sammy was quick to contempt for seven-yeared innocences, and Bum always pretended to understand him.

"He jest limps, that's all. Lookee what he give me!" And with the loan of his precious new knife Sammy was pleasingly diverted to creative industry.

After modeling two miniature canoes and a sailing vessel, he condescendingly permitted Bum to accompany him to a cannibal cave where two colored cronies of terrible reputation were entertaining at a cannibal luncheon of live crickets and roasted chipmunk. This function took time and a better digestion than was Bum's. They were obliged to stop at Sammy's aunty's cottage for first aid, where Sammy's aunty locked the ex-majestic Sammy in the lean-to shed, gave Bum some soda for the relief of his immediate anguish and some castor oil for more permanent results; and learned about the tea party.

Lorena Davis did not hesitate. Enraged as she was with Patty Hetherington, Lorena loved her, and here was a situation which her superior hand must guide. She hurried along the hillside path to Owl's Eye, scattering questions over her shoulder at the limping, breathless Bum. And they arrived just as his mother was stepping into Dan Drummond's yellow and not inconspicuous coupé which had been loaned her for the week-end. One look at Lorena told Patty that their quarrel was over.

"Hello," she said. "What's that kid been into?"

"He's been eating crickets and rabbit's fur, but he's thrown it all up. . . . Patty, you're not going—like that?"

Bum was astonished. He thought his mother looked wonderful, as pretty as a poppy. Woo stopped the engine. His mother stepped down again. Programs always changed when Sammy's aunty appeared.

"Besides, Patty, it's only 2:30," Lorena went on, skillfully switching the sides of her reversible apron-dress and stabilizing the hairpins in the heavy braid of brown hair that wound her head. "Nobody ever has tea until half-past four. Thank the Lord, I got here in time!"

Then they went together into the summer shanty and paid no more attention to Bum, except to order him off the porch every time he carelessly essayed to sit thereon. But on his third return he had managed to sequester himself behind a tattered morning-glory vine, his busy ears hidden.

It was a beautiful world. The sky was as soft as blue thistledown; the waters of the lake lapped lazily at the shores; a rowboat with an outboard motor scuttled buoyantly around like a water bug; children laughed. But his mother's voice, inside the shaky shanty, was out of tune with beauty. It was a twangy, discouraged, boyish voice:

"Aw, Lorena, what's the use? I've as much chance with him as a flat tire in a speed race, an' it's all I want, too, I tell you. I only want to get a good leg out of it for the kid. Since they've taken such a shine to him, I don't want to queer his luck, that's all."

"Oh, that sounds very well, Patty. But there's no reason on earth, if you play your cards right, why you shouldn't marry this man and be somebody. Why, his wife'll have a skeleton key to the best society before the ink's dry on her marriage certificate. I know about him. He was engaged to Marcia Van Ester before the war. She's married now to a lord, over in England."

"What'd she turn Baxter down for? Wouldn't the key work in Europe?"

"*Mr.* Baxter! For pity's sake don't be so rough, Patty! Only servant girls call men by their last names. Why, I read that he insisted on releasing her from her engagement after he was wounded. I suppose she was like most rich young girls and wanted a gay husband with good dancing feet. But it's different with you. I guess you've danced through enough misery to suit you. And his being crippled'll really be an advantage in a year or two, for he won't be getting gay like most of them. Besides ——"

"Oh, tune in on something else, can't you? I don't want him for a playmate, I tell you. If I'm as good in this picture as Riendutout says I ——"

"*Mr.* Riendutout!"

"Mister, then—why I'll be sitting on the world and I'll marry ——"

"—— for love, I suppose."

"Sure I will—I mean, surely. I've no objection to love, Lorena. There must be something to it or we wouldn't hear so much about it. . . . What you hunting?"

"Haven't you any garters at all?"

"Garters? Why, no, of course I haven't; nor a bustle; nor a wire pompadour."

"Oh, dear, I wish I had time to make you a pair. I hope you'll try to remember to keep your feet on the floor so they won't see your bare knees."

"I guess I'd better sit with my back to them and make signs; unless you can teach me a few French words to sing out once in a while."

Sammy's aunty could really talk French; Bum grudgingly envied her this one superior attainment over his mother. In the days before her Puritan feet had stumbled into romantic misadventure she had taught languages. Now that she was Sammy's aunty, she had charge of all foreign correspondence in a great department store. She had a cousin who wrote books. She was his mother's only highbrow friend, but friend she was in deed and need. They were puppets of loyalty strung together on the wire called courage, without which mutual quality there are no Ruths and Naomis. Neither knew that the thongs of their friendship were stronger than their power of willing, but neither ever bothered to dress facts with flattery when making personal observations.

"If I could teach you to use forgivable English, I'd be satisfied," Lorena now promptly squelched the French suggestion. "There, now I must say I've never seen you dressed in better taste, if it is my own dress."

"Well, you're the doctor. But it looks like a case of a successful operation and a dead patient. If the way I look makes *Mr.* Baxter think of wedding rings, he's sure—I mean, surely—got weird tastes. Give me that melancholy hat. There, the wreck's complete. *Voilà!* No use talking, Lorena, I'm going to spring *voilà* on them. It'll make up for some 'sures' and a couple of 'ain'ts.' And also, sweetie, I'm going to leave a lasting impression with a cheery little 'o-reevwar.'" With Lorena's solemn protests—Lorena had a sadly undeveloped sense of humor—Bum heard the sound of approaching feet. He slid off his precarious perch, made a brisk and stealthy detour and came innocently up the front path as his mother stepped out the door, tragically transformed. Gone was the white-and-scarlet brevity in which she had been previously dressed; gone the tight little bonnet made of nasturtium petals. Lorena had reapparaled her in a little black coal-bucket hat and a dark-blue untrimmed garment from her own wardrobe. It had long sleeves, and a lanky skirt that primly subdued the personality of his mother's pretty legs. He stared. His mother laughed.

"Cheer up, kiddo. How d' you think your sweet mamma looks?"

"All right, I guess," he mumbled, cowardized by the command in Sammy's aunty's eye. "Kinda funny, though."

"She looks a trifle more like a gentlewoman," said Sammy's aunty with firm satisfaction, as, promptly and properly at 4:25 the second departure was made; and Woo opened the door of the gay coupé for another Patty Hetherington, who looked—with her dimpled red cheeks, crimsoned lips and blackened threads of eyebrows—as incongruous in her borrowed raiment as some plucked tropical blossom vased in a milk bottle.

Bum's heart was a hole. What would the millionaire man think, having been fed for three days on anticipations of rare loveliness? But a remarkable demonstration on Woo's part brought a faintly beating occupant into the hole again. Woo, usually as silent and seemingly sightless as stone, was both chauffeur and chaperon for Dan Drummond's yellow coupé. Bum had enormous respect for the wooden Woo, who

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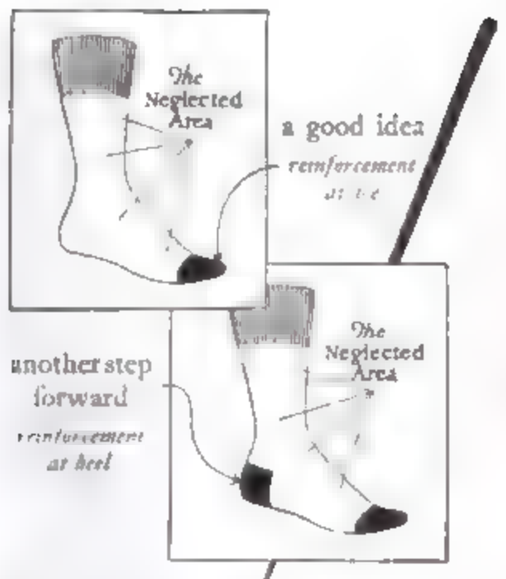

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seldom spoke and seldom smiled and never talked. And Woo, bowing before his mother, had actually warmed with approval.

"Oh, velly good; other time missy look like sing-song girl; this time look like nice mamma. More better."

"Now, didn't I tell you?" said Sammy's aunty.

Bum felt unconvincedly heartened. His mother wrinkled her nose at Woo and laughed.

"'Mamma' is right. I'm going to a mamma tea party, and don't you forget it, either, when you turn in your checks on me, Woo-boo. Good-by, my 'dear little son.' O-reevwar, Lorena. It's kind of a comfort to start out all ready for burial. All right, Woo, start the procession."

"God bless her," said Sammy's aunty softly, staring after the departing car.

Bum blinked up at her and wondered. She was a queer woman. Sometimes he almost liked her. But he would have liked her infinitely better just then had she returned to the imprisoned Sammy. Instead she remained, briskly busying herself by "putting this outrageous place in order" and drafting Bum for dish wiping and dusting. Bum became miserably certain that she was developing sufficient work to keep her there until his mother came back; then they would send him out of hearing again.

Finally he said, "Sammy's going to be locked up a long time, I guess."

"Not any longer than he deserves."

This did no good, so he surrendered openly to his apprehensions.

"Are you goin' to stay till mum gets back, Mis' Davis?"

He had long been privileged to call her aunty or Aunt Lorena, but neither familiarity had ever tempted him.

"He's kind of queer, like his father," his mother explained. "His father liked jolly people, but he never got fresh with anybody himself."

And certainly no impulse had ever touched Bum to be fresh with Sammy's aunty; his warm shy nature remained wholly alien to the flame of fellowship which burned under Lorena Davis' brusque competence. Now, at his revealing inquiry, she laughed understandingly.

"Oh, you can't get rid of me, Bum. I've got to hear all about the tea party. It would be pretty nice, wouldn't it, if Mr. Baxter should like your mother as much as he likes you? Just think—with all his money!"

Bum, without in the least knowing why, felt both acutely resentful and embarrassed.

"Aw, that ain't nothin'. Lots of men, rich as Mr. Baxter, I guess, likes my mother, don't they? Why, she could go places all the time with 'em. They just telephone and telephone. But she told Dan she wouldn't. That's why. I betcha Mr. Baxter likes my mother. He don't care if we're poor; if he'd cared he wouldn't have asked her to come over to his house. Bein' rich don't make any difference."

"No, not with the kind of men you've known, you poor little stupid. But this is different. The Baxters aren't the same kind of people. They're aristocrats."

"Well, ain't my mother a aristocrat?"

"She could be," said Sammy's aunty decisively; "and whether she will be or not rests a whole lot with you, Rutherford Ryan. Now listen."

Bum ambushed himself at the end of the sink, pricked uncomfortably by the nail where the dishpan belonged, twisting and untwisting the damp tea towel. But she followed him, leaned over and looked straight into his troubled blue eyes. Her voice was low and her eyes were earnest. She was giving him grown-upness; sharing responsibility. He swelled with importance, though he trembled.

"Every chance you get, dear, you must tell him how—how fine your mother is; how she's stayed by you through thick and thin; how she's gone without bread and butter to get doctors and good food for you. And you must never, never mention anything, not anything, about Mr. Drummond."

Bum's tongue cleaved to the roof of his mouth, but his face betrayed him.

"Bum, you have!" she said. "Oh, what a pity! Tell me everything you've said."

"Why, I—I jest said he gave us a ukulele, an'—an' that he was goin' to make my mother a star when he gets to be a pro-dooc-er, an'—that's all."

"No, that isn't all. Tell me what else."

Bum lied. He often did to Sammy's aunty. Sammy had coached him in this wisdom.

"There ain't nothin' else," he said.

"Isn't," corrected Sammy's aunty mechanically.

"Isn't," he echoed. "Honest, Mis' Davis." Instinct led him to channels of safety. "But I told him about Mr. Riendutout. Does that matter? I said he was old and liked my mother and took us riding."

"Oh, no; Mr. Riendutout's a harmless old imbecile. But, you see, Bum, Mr. Baxter isn't the kind of man Mr. Drummond is, and he wouldn't like him; and he would think—maybe he would think it wasn't nice for your mother to be his friend. I want you to promise me not to talk about him any more."

"All right," said Bum, "I wont, honest. . . . Please, can I go out now and catch crabs?"

Sammy's aunty thought not; she thought he looked tired and should take a nap. And his stomach ached a little. So he fell into a restless slumber, perplexed with mixed mysteries of Dan Drummond and of terrible menus of live crickets, courageously crunched; and of his mother's anger over the nice note in the pretty fragrant lavender-lined envelope; and of the millionaire man at whose beautiful house straight legs grew for crippled little boys.

III

WHILE Bum restlessly slept in the ragged hammock, a small confused captain of his own soul; and while his mother partook of tea that was tasteless and listened politely to the quiet, deliberated offer of her host to make her son—a proletariat Ryan—into an aristocratic Baxter; and while Dan Drummond furiously cooled his unexpected heels on the steps of Owl's Eye; and while Lorena Davis waited impatiently at the crossroads to warn Bum's mother of her vengeful caller; and while Sammy, in his hot prison, laid hot plans to poison his absent aunty—while all these things were happening, Bum's wayfaring fortunes slipped into celestial hands; not the intangible celestial hands of conjectured angels, but into sure human hands, deft, flexible, fleshed with smooth, supple, amber, sinewy fingered—feelers of fate.

For Ching and Woo, servants respectively of the man who wanted Bum and the man who wanted to be rid of him, met each other that afternoon and found friendship—a friendship whose roots grew greenly across many thousand miles and through several hundred years under the graves of their myriad ancestors which usurp the needed fields in Southern China.

And Ching and Woo talked together, and had the same ideas. Each saw his master with unblinded eyes. Both were good servants, though they served differently; for the provincially sophisticated Dan Drummond liked subservience and the arrogant Baxter loathed it and would have flung the dignified Ching into the lake at any sign of it. But neither Ching nor Woo served any white man in his superior soul. Aloof, they merely bowed before the manifestations of circumstances, albeit these circumstances proved worthy of their liveliest curiosity.

And in the present situation was food of greater delicacy to their imaginations than are sharks' fins and honey-fed mice to the most demanding palate. For what is woman, except to cleave to the men-children she bears, that she may teach them to honor their father's name? And if a woman—poor thing though she be—possess both virtue and fertility, should not all things work toward her reward so that the world may remark the wisdom of her ways?

Ching and Woo had the same ideas: older than the ancient hills of China.

IV

CONFUSION. Bum wakened from bewildered dreaming into a greater bewilderment of reality—late gray twilight and angry voices vibrating with their effort not to disturb him. Where had Dan Drummond come from?

"Oh, let him wake up! What d' I care? I tell you we're going to get straight on this right now, Patty! I had a hunch last night you were going to put something over on me today, so ——"

"Hunch? You make me sick. Don't you suppose I know that old Woo telephoned you? If I'd had any sense I'd never have told him I wanted him to drive me to the Baxters'. It's easy enough to be psychic if you've got plenty of stool pigeons around."

"Oh, so you admit you wanted to fool me—you admit it? From the minute you got wise to this rich guy, you've been laying out to vamp him. Wasn't I here when you first heard who lived over there, and didn't you say you'd give a dimple to get your lamps on him? You just bet you did! And now you expect me to swallow your hook, line and sinker about the brat. Baxter interested in that kid? Rot! Him—with all his money? Why, he could buy himself a house full of Little Lord Fauntleroys if he wanted 'em! Too bad you didn't have time enough to think up a better joke. That kid!"

Mystery breeds artifice. Bum ached with a desire to stretch his stiff little body; but he did not move, his slumber seemingly protected by a remarkable oblivion.

"Keep your tongue off that kid, Dan Drummond! Now I mean it! Are you going to or not?"

His mother's voice came from the corner, curtained off by cretonne, where she was evidently making a hasty change of costume.

"If you don't want him talked about, don't drag him in for an excuse."

"If you wasn't such a stranger to the truth, you'd laugh at how funny you are spying around like a bloodhound after a house cat. . . . This has been a pretty afternoon! First, Lorena dolling me out like a corpse; and then the fish-eyed Baxters dissecting me; now you."

"Whadda you mean—dissecting you?"

"Trying to make me expose the limbs of Bum's family tree. Gosh, that's a good line! I must use it on Lorena. Why, Lorena's a booze-baby cut-up compared to them! But if he's taken a fancy to spend a few thousand on the kid and give him a chance not to hobble around all his life, you'd better believe I'm not going to pass it up, not even if you want to go out of my life forever. Now digest that, will you?"

"Maybe I would if I was an anaconda and if I didn't know your appetite for vamping rich men. Why didn't you save their note for me to see, if it was so business-like?"

"Well, to tell you the truth, Dan, though it's a waste of breath to do it, I wasn't going to tell you anything about it, because I knew you'd play injured tiger just like you are. Besides, her old note made me so mad I tore it up before I thought. It just as good as said, 'Now please understand that we wouldn't touch you with the fire tongs if it wasn't'—oh, Lord, my grammar!—'if it weren't for your dear little son.'"

"Oh, yes, kiddo, pretty talk; pretty talk. But I notice it don't spill the big idea. What's the answer? What's it all about? How much did he shell out?"

"Gosh! A person 'd think you was a speed king with charity donations. I s'pose they oughta said, 'Good day, Miss Hetherington. Glad to meet you. Here's two thousand seven hundred and fifteen dollars and twenty-five cents to buy Bum a good leg. We hope you choke and he gets well. He's a nice kid. Ta-ta.' Well, they didn't. They fed me tea and asked politely how the movies were getting along. And they spent the rest of the time trying to

Continued on Page 118

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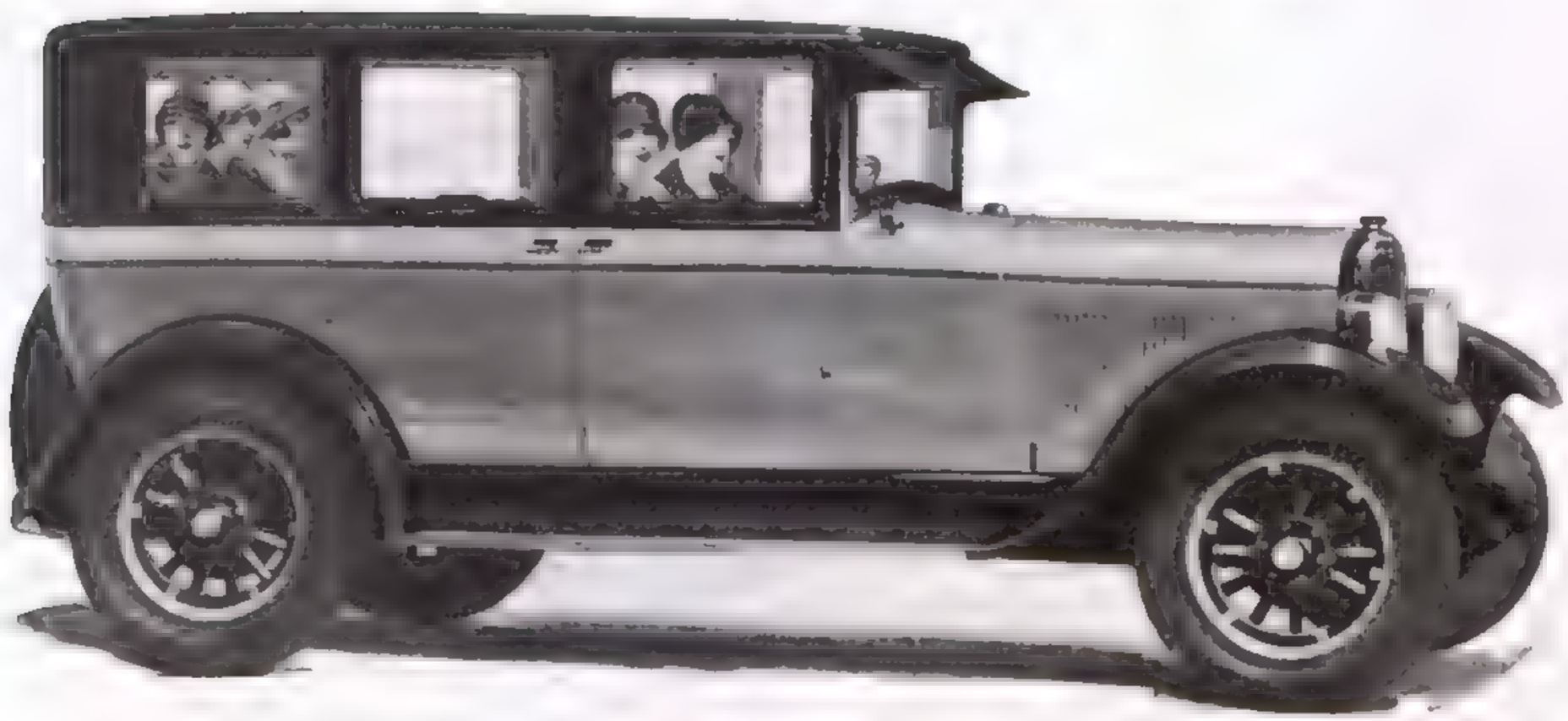

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(Continued from Page 114)

find out, without me getting on to 'em, whether there was any ministers and county clerks in my past—as if a girl in my business hasn't got anything to carry in her vanity box except marriage and birth certificates. I gave 'em to understand that Bum was just as legal a kid as the Crown Prince, and that's about all they did get out of me."

"Yes, an' you're workin' the same gaff on me, only it don't go, see? I never lose the main idea in a bunch of talk. I'm still asking you—what happened?"

"Well, why don't you listen then? I've been telling you as fast as I can. You better make a phonograph record of it, and study it. As I've said before, yesterday I got a note ——"

"Aw, cut the comedy, Patty! You can't fool me. When I see you looking the way you looked when I helped you out o' that car, I know that there's a reason. Now come across, you little wildcat, and tell me what it is, and I'll step over and shoot the guy."

"Why, you're crazy, Dan! I looked queer on account of this shroud of Lorena's. It's a cinch you're not qualified to produce any high-society pictures. Their kind of people don't ask girls to tea parties for anything except tea. You can bet his mother never left us alone to indulge in any reasons for gun play. All they wanted was to talk about the kid, I tell you. They're going to take Bum to New York next week to have a doctor they know look him over and—and see what he says."

Drummond emitted a half-convinced, half-skeptical grunt.

"And mamma is going, too, of course."

"No, Bluebeard, mamma just isn't. I happen to be working just now on a picture, and I'm not at liberty to ease around the country with a dowager empress who wonders if I ever bathe. Besides, they didn't ask me. I told them I had to go up to Maine next week and that my social secretary 'd attend to everything. Lorena can weather 'em better than I can." She paused, and her voice took on a note that Bum did not know as diplomacy but recognized as the voice with which she always victoriously ended arguments. "With all your talk about getting rid of the kid, Dan, I should think you'd be glad to have somebody take him off your hands—unless you've been stringing me about this Paris stuff. . . . See if you're sitting on my gloves, will you?"

A chair moved. The rings of the cretonne curtain rattled back over the rusty partitioning wire.

"Lord, Patty, I'm a fool over you—just a poor plain fool!"

"Oh, never plain, Dan; maybe a fool, but always a handsome one. Say, you look great, old apple-cheeks. I always like you better in white panties and a blue coat than in any other get-up. Somehow they make you look less like a prizefighter."

"Thanks, sweet little thistle. Listen, sunlight, you're not going to get sweet on this guy, are you, after the way I've let you torment me for two years?"

"Say, just mention one time when I've gone back on my word to you, will you?"

"Oh, I hand it to you for being a straight shooter; but nobody can judge the future by a woman's past, and I've got an uneasy hunch about this Baxter. He's going to work on you through the kid. I'm onto his game, all right, all right."

"Yes, you are not. Now I'm telling you that the only way he'd like to work on me is to push me into the lake with my hands and feet tied. You know there are folks in this world with ordinary human instincts about kids, an' this man's crippled and sore at himself and everything else, and Bum sort of got under his skin somehow. His mother came out to the car with me and she told me it was the first time her boy—he looks about a hundred, and gee, he's got a face like a clock—the first time he's shown a spark of interest in life since the war. Now that's all there is to it, an' you might as well get the green out of your brain before moss grows on it. Here, put this powder box in your pocket. I can't find my bag."

The screen door loppingly banged—banged more lightly—banged its last time. Bum lifted a wary head from the moist cretonne cushions and peered out the window above the couch. Hunched on his knees, he looked like a cautious little animal. His mother's tiny nasturtium hat went bobbing like a blossom through the gray twilight, just tipping Drummond's big shoulder. She wore her new yellow coat with its white rabbit fur collar, yellow stockings and many-strapped white slippers. She leaped lightly from the ground into the far corner of the seat with one spring of her supple body. She was her usual gymnastic animated self again. Woo closed the door on a burst of her quick laughter.

Bum gulped; his nose pricked; he rubbed his eyes fiercely, but the tears came in spite of him. Always, always she was going away somewhere; he had constantly the pain of her going, and seldom the joy of her home-coming, for he was usually asleep when she returned. And after a few more days he would have to go back again to board with Sammy's aunty—unless ——

The new area of warmth about his heart asserted itself—the warmth that kindles from a consciousness of value. The millionaire man's interest in him was still more a matter of excitement and pride than of affection; but the human heart answers no magnet so surely, so steadfastly, so enduringly, as the knowledge of its own value in the happiness of another. Helping breeds loving. Bum knew himself for a thing valueless, hampering, in the way, so far as his mother's well-being and career were concerned. But his logical little brain bored through this last day's bewilderment to the one great shining truth—he had become of real importance to a millionaire man! He outranked Sammy!

Just the same, he did not want his mother to go to Paris, nor did he want to be taken to New York to more doctors. Puzzling excerpts of what his mother and Dan had said raced through his mind. Gradually his body relaxed and he wilted down into a sitting posture on the sagging couch, his thin legs dangling. The unfriendly pieces of furniture in the squalid summer shanty took on weird personalities; they were animals and dragons, and very, very big. His imagination twisted all the day's confusions into a dizzying whirl. His cheeks grew hot, his feet were cold, his lips were dry. Happily, it did not grow dark. A big early moon stole the darkness from the night and lighted the little house softly, turning the frightening furniture back into chairs and tables again.

It was funny Sammy's aunty did not come to give him bread and milk and to make him wash his feet in water so hot it scalded, and to hear him say the Lord's Prayer, without a mistake, and to tuck the sheet closely about him. She always did these things when his mother went away. Perhaps she was mad again because his mother had gone to dinner with Dan Drummond. No, he heard her footsteps, but somehow different than usual, swift but stealthy, as if she were tiptoeing.

Bum felt goose flesh grow from every pore. The sagging, wire-bulging screen door opened with a whispered squeak, and through it, quiet as the moonbeams, slipped the lithe white figure of Ching—wandering exponent of the honorable Kwan Tai family whose ancestors knew the beauties of ivory and jade long before the great pass was cut through the Mei-lung Mountains, when Bum's unknown forbears knew only the beauty of the survival of the luckiest. Ching! Bum's brain burned with just one thought—sown there by Sammy and his colored cronies—Chinamen ate little boys! Bum had scoffed at this absurdity in the good brave sunlight, when Ching had occasionally met him on the hillside paths and told him stories about China, where all the little boys were brave as lions and did nothing but dutiful deeds from morning till night. Then, in the daylight, Bum had scorned the tale. Now, however, the gastronomic idea came into its own. Bum lived through a moment too horrible ever to forget. But Ching's voice was oiled with eager tranquillity and his golden smile shed sympathy—surely those gold teeth had never eaten friendly little boys.

"'Lo, Bum," he said. "Bum cly? Wassa maller?"

Fear still held Bum's voice, but he grinned.

"Oh, too bad, too bad. Wassa maller?" said Ching again. Pride rescued Bum.

"I been sick at my stomach. Sammy dared me to eat crickets."

"Sammy no good. Pletty soon he no blong flen any more. Lissen. Ching come talkee blig seclet. Bum good boy. Lissen velly hard. Do jus' what Ching say so. Make velly good joss for nice pletty mamma. Sabbee?"

Bum "sabbeed" nothing at the moment except that his life was to continue. And, horrible as the day had been, life remained desirable, sweet, precious. While his mind rested in relief, Ching hurried on with his eager errand. Squatting on his heels by the couch, his hands flying like caged birds, he poured out a freshet of pidgin English, punctuated by frequent "sabbees?" each of which Bum mechanically answered by a solemn nod.

The moonlight streamed through the window above Bum's head and fell full on the uplifted, tight-skinned foreign face, unmasked of its usual immobility.

Gradually Bum's brain began to register the general import of the strategy that was being urged upon him. Like Sammy's aunty, Ching had espoused the cause of matrimony between his mother and the millionaire man, seemingly with even greater fervor. He grew Cantonese and incoherent with his enthusiasms, but Bum continued to nod vigorously at each "sabbee?" gathering what he could from the flood of words. It seemed that Ching, never, never listening, but always hearing all, had learned that the millionaire man and his mother had offered to buy Bum to be their little boy to live there all the time, and have his leg cured and go to wonderful schools, and have horses to ride and dogs to play with, and boats and guns and radios and everything—except his mother.

Except his mother. Because she was "diffient." People who were "diffient" did not marry each other. Indeed, it seemed his mother was so "diffient" she was not even to visit the Baxters. She was to go away and never bother them at all. Bum spoke loudly, to be heard:

"I'm goin' to live with my mother. She ain't neither different. She's nice!"

Ching's face shone with a radiance of satisfaction.

"Yes, yes, jus' like Ching say so. More good for Bum live with nice pletty mamma. More good still, mamma malley Misa Baxter; catchee plenty money; be blig folks. Bum and Ching make mamma jus' same like Missy Baxter; talkee jus' same; eatee jus' same; all things jus' same. Bum, lissen, Ching know. Can do if Bum plomise do jus' likee eve'ything Ching say. You plomise?"

Bum nodded, permeated with confidence in this man's power. Ching's voice lowered magnetically:

"Then tomollo you tell Misa Baxter you no want go to New York without nice pletty mamma. You makee blig talk. Mebbe you play cly li'l' bit. Then Misa Baxter take nice mamma. Ching know. All place you go, you say want nice mamma go too. Then bimeby Misa Baxter think, 'Oh, Bum's mamma nice girl. Inside jus' like my kine peoples. Outside mebbe so li'l' bit diffient. No maller. Can fix. Mebbe we make malley.' Ching no make mistake. You sabbee?"

"Maybe he won't like it," Bum objected, "and maybe she won't, neither."

"Oh, he like anything velly good if can get bimeby what he want. All time he have what he want. He jus' think pletty soon you likee him so good you be glad stay his house all timee. An' don' wolly; your mamma she go, I guess. You lissen Ching. Mus' keep all things Ching tell you blig seclet from mamma. She get blig mad and spill beans. Sabbee?"

Bum did, sincerely this time. Ching hunched himself back a little.

"Now you watchee. Mus' learn nice mamma do all things like Missy Baxter. Mus' tell mamma no do this." He stilled his winging hands, held them motionless for Bum's scrutiny, and then poised his right hand as if he were holding a teacup, his long little finger extended conspicuously in a stiff semicircle. With the forefinger of his left hand, he dramatically touched the outbent little finger.

"Velly, velly bad. Missy Baxter never do. Mus' hold cup like so." He brought the curled little finger close to its mate, held his hand high and pretended to drink. "Now Bum make play he hold cup."

While Bum made an obedient but slightly uncertain demonstration, Ching went on with his instructions:

"Lissen! No tell mamma I tell you. Tell mamma you make notice Missy Baxter never twistee li'l' finger. Mamma velly smalt; she sabbee click."

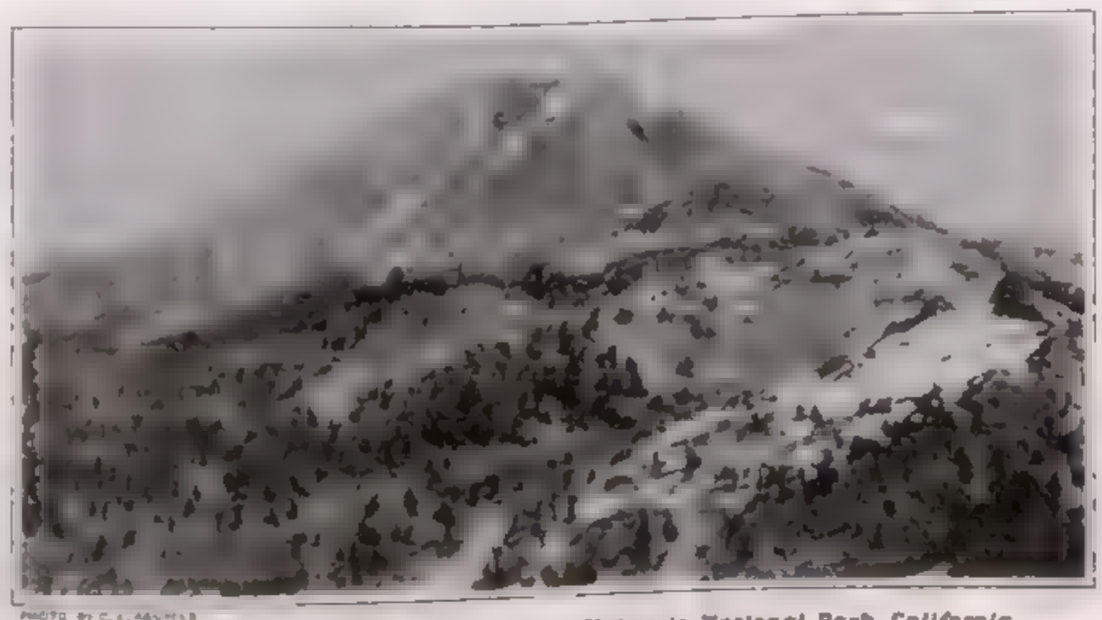
They were a weird picture, there in the moonlight, absorbed in the proper etiquette of little fingers. Lorena Davis looked upon them with her capable eyes almost blinded with astonishment. Fear was not in her.

"What in the name of heaven!"

That voice would accept only truth. The Chinese rose and backed away, silent as a shadow, judiciously waiting the next remark. It is so easy to tell a woman too much. But Bum was for once glad to see Sammy's aunty. He scrambled unsteadily to a point of vantage in the middle of the sagging couch and pointed a rigid finger at the retreating white figure. *Sauve qui peut!* Let these crusaders carry on. The strategies of this dreadful day had been bad enough; he wanted none of the tactics of tomorrow.

"She'll do it better'n me!" he excitedly encouraged the morale of the surprised celestial. "It's only Sammy's aunty, an' she can make my mother mind her. Honest she can. You tell her about the little finger. She can do it."

(TO BE CONCLUDED)



Lassen Peak and Soda Lake in Lassen Volcanic National Park, California

—*and* plenty of it!

When the *vital spots* are MUELLERS

Hot. Just a short word looking at you from a faucet handle—but it speaks volumes.

It tells of invigorating baths after hard days. It tells of heartening splashing that makes you forget even the alarm clock's clang. No, you wouldn't willingly be denied the luxury of that little handle for a moment!

And right there you have the best of all reasons for choosing faucets that have an established record for working right *always*.

Forget—if you can afford to—the money wasted when that hot water faucet ran all night. Remember only that it forced you to shave or bathe in cold water. Forget—if you can—the cost of faucet repairs and remember only the inconvenience to the whole household when the water was temporarily shut off. There still remains the fact that water—all you want, when you want it—is your *right*.

The hammer blows of 69 years have forged a golden reputation for Mueller Faucets. They are *your* kind of faucets—the kind that turn completely off and fully on—the kind that won't groan or splash. For the bathroom, the kitchen sink, the laundry—for every need—they offer uninterrupted service at lowest cost.

Your *merchant* plumber, knowing from experience the value of Mueller quality, will be glad to supply and install Muellers. If he does not carry them in stock, he can quickly get them from the nearest Mueller jobber. There are three hundred of these jobbers—established wholesalers whose large scale operations materially reduce the cost of supplying your local plumber and thus produce a saving that is later passed on to you.

MUELLER CO. (*Established 1857*) *Factories:* Decatur, Illinois; Port Huron, Michigan
Branches: New York, San Francisco, Los Angeles
Canadian Factory: MUELLER, Limited, Sarnia

MUELLER FAUCETS

faucets without a fault

© 1926, Mueller Co.

IDEALS O

If you wish to gain them, follow nature's laws —and, above all, this natural rule in skin care which has proved its effectiveness to the world

RIGHT living, right diet and proper exercise are the factors leading experts urge for physical perfection. For skin perfection these experts urge natural ways in skin care.

Thus, on expert advice, the artificial beauty methods of yesterday have largely been discarded.

Foremost beauty authorities have found beauty insurance starts with proper cleansing of the skin. They urge the soothing lather of olive and palm oils as blended in Palmolive as the safe, natural way in skin care. Most of the pretty skins you see today are due to it.

Use Palmolive according to the simple rule here given. Note the difference a single week will make. It is nature's formula to "Keep That Schoolgirl Complexion."

Start today with this simple care—
Note how your skin improves

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive Soap, massaging the lather softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then with cold. If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening. Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or one represented as of olive and palm oils, is the same as Palmolive.

And it costs but 10c the cake! So little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today. Then note what an amazing difference one week makes.

Soap from trees!

The only oils in Palmolive Soap are the soothing beauty oils from the olive tree, the African palm, and the coconut palm—and no other fats whatsoever. That is why Palmolive Soap is the natural color that it is—for palm and olive oils, nothing else, give Palmolive its natural green color.

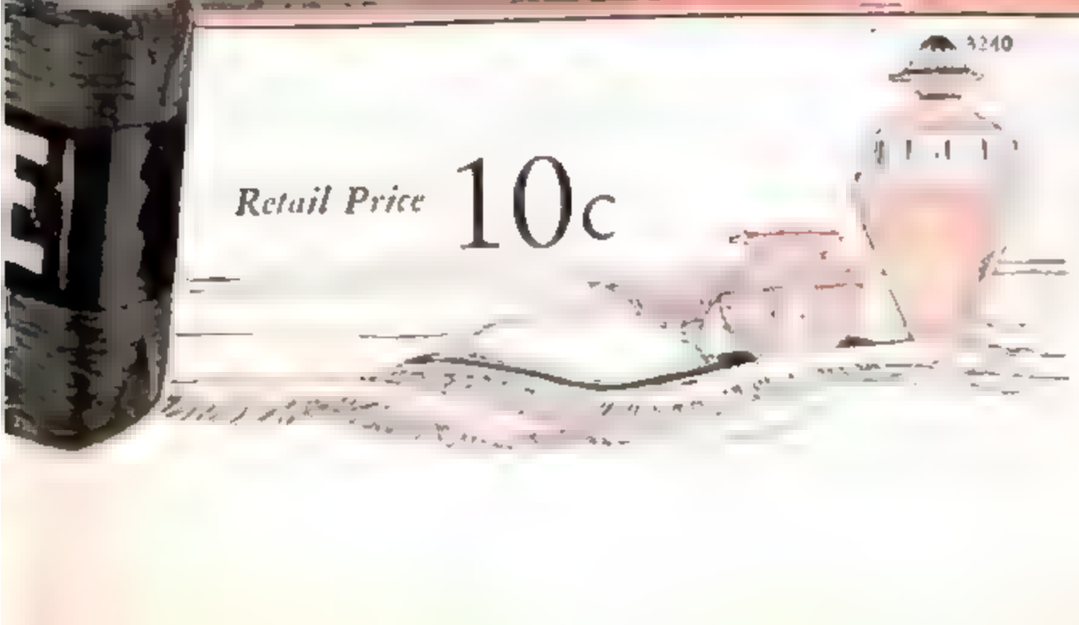
The only secret to Palmolive is its *exclusive* blend—and that is one of the world's priceless beauty secrets.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (Del. Corp.), CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

F BEAUTY

Physical Perfection

That Schoolgirl Complexion

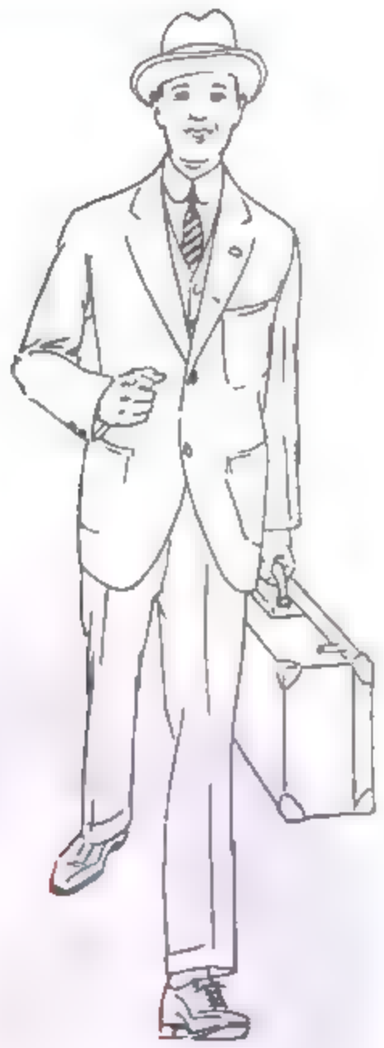


Retail Price 10c

PALMOLIVE is a beauty soap made solely for *one* purpose; to foster good complexions.

In France, home of cosmetics, Palmolive is the second largest selling soap and has supplanted French soaps by the score. In beauty-wise Paris, Palmolive is the "imported" soap.

Remember those facts when tempted to risk an unproved soap on your skin.



WHO IS THE FULLER MAN?

ANSWER: The Fuller Man comes to you representing a nation-wide service to housewives. This service was established 20 years ago.

QUESTION: Where does the Fuller Man come from?

ANSWER: He is a business man of your own home town. His business is a permanent one of growing importance.

QUESTION: What service does he bring to me?

ANSWER: The Fuller Man is a trained expert in easier, quicker ways to keep the home neat, clean and attractive.

QUESTION: Does this service cost me anything?

ANSWER: It costs you nothing. Every time the Fuller Man calls he explains new uses for the brushes you already have, and shows you new products to save time and work.

QUESTION: How many women does the Fuller Man help in the course of a year?

ANSWER: Over ten million. Now Fuller Men are welcomed in more than 10,000,000 homes two or three times every year.

QUESTION: Who designs the brushes he sells and where does he get all his helpful information?

ANSWER: Women suggest the brushes and furnish Fuller Men with many new, improved ideas about cleaning. These suggestions are tested and developed by our experts; and then tried by the 142 critical, experienced housewives of the Fuller Household Testing Bureau. After approval, the ideas are passed along to our 10,000,000 customers.

QUESTION: How can I get Fuller Products and Fuller Service?

ANSWER: Through the Fuller Man. He is thoroughly informed on improved cleaning methods and explains them fully to you.

Do You KNOW A MAN whom you would like to see prosper in a permanent business—to help us serve the growing demand for this Fuller Service? Write HIS name and address on this coupon and mail it to The Fuller Brush Co., 1062 Windsor Avenue, Hartford, Conn. In Canada, Fuller Brush Co., Ltd., Hamilton, Ont. [Perhaps YOU are the man.]

Name

Address

FULLER BRUSHES

FADED AND GONE

(Continued from Page 27)

"And among those glad to see us go," said Omar gloomily, "will be that nasty little Tansy Hoppel."

"I'd like to see him," I said.

We had been hearing about Tansy Hoppel at scattered intervals, but we had never laid an eye upon him, and, knowing Omar, we concluded that Tansy was either a very small man, a man of strong religious convictions, or else noticeably timid. He, we were told proudly by Omar, had been Julia's old sweetheart. She had been walking out with him for months.

Until we arrived in San Goleta, Tansy had the field to himself, with nothing but light competition, and was doing 100 per cent. Local gossip was certain that Julia would marry Tansy. They had been seen looking in furniture-store windows. Then fate thrust us into town. Omar rescued Julia from the masher, and immediately Tansy faded from the scene and our man became the leading contender, unchallenged and unafraid.

"Yes," I said, thinking it over, "Tansy will no doubt hear of our departure and mail himself a couple of cheers."

"There is one vegetarian I can lick," Omar boasted. "I walked up to him once on her porch and he turned and slank away."

"How big is he?" I queried.

"About half as big as I am," said Omar.

"No," said Bill Donovan thoughtfully. "Now that we've got this paper going, I hate to see it stop. I know people that actually like to read it."

"Get yourself another editor," counseled Omar, "and get a bigger one."

"No good," said Bill. "I have a better plan. I'm fond of you, Omar, and I don't want this town to regard you as a miserable little coward, afraid to stand up and defend himself."

"Which he is," said Harmony frankly.

"There's your lady to be considered," Bill continued. "This has about broken her heart."

"Don't I know it?" asked the victim.

"Now," said Bill, warming, "my notion is to demonstrate to the voters that the editor of the Sun is a brave man with, after all, the heart of a lion, though not a pugilist or a coarse barroom slugger; a cool, courageous man with nerves of steel in the face of real danger."

"How?" Omar asked.

"Yes," said Harmony. "How would you perform such a miracle?"

"Perfectly simple," said Bill.

He speedily outlined a plan that seemed, as it expanded, to have genuine merit. The Mountain and Seaboard Railroad ran into San Goleta, and in fact brought us there the day we arrived; but its passenger-and-freight station was at least a mile from the center of town. Local merchants hauling in freight had to drive their trucks out to the sheds, and there was talk of a new station nearer the center of town. Water Street, the main thoroughfare, curved grandly along the harbor's edge and was the pride of the community, being broad, paved and lighted with three-globe lamps.

"Here you are," said Bill, puffing at his real-estate cigar and walking the floor. "We take the Mountain and Seaboard line, which is a large, soulless corporation anyhow, and we discover as energetic newspaper men that the railroad is sending in a petition to the city council praying for a franchise to run a spur track down the middle of Water Street, with freight sheds where required. That, of course, will rouse San Goleta, because no railroad can come tearing into this man's town and deface the best street. So far, how is it?"

"Good," said Harmony, displaying interest. He is a born fool for schemes, and the more crooked and ingenious, the better he likes them.

"Then," said Bill, "what we do is to show up the low wretch who is trying to put over this nefarious job for the railroad, and there being no such individual, we naturally go out and invent a man and give him a name."

Omar now looked interested.

"Pretty slick," he said admiringly.

"We could call him George Beamish or Sam Gordon or Ray Ellis. Name wouldn't matter. We would describe him as a conscienceless lobbyist, soiling his filthy hands in corporation bribery; and the Sun, being a home paper, would attack the scoundrel and defend the people from his treacherous attacks, thus restoring Omar Gill, the editor, to respectability, and showing the citizens of this town that the San Goleta Sun always stands on guard, ever anxious to protect the interests of the people from corporation rapacity. Is it any good or not?"

"Pretty durned slick," said Omar again, even more admiringly.

"Yes," admitted Harmony, "that's good. And I can see a lot more to it."

"So can I," murmured our editor. "First, I could go after this fellow in the paper, and then I could offer to meet him in public and knock his block off."

"No," said Harmony. "There are some things nobody would believe."

There was considerable talk about the details of the enterprise, but the main outline remained unchanged; and it was decided that the three of us should stay in San Goleta and maintain the liberty of the press. The advertising business to this point was only so-so, and consisted principally of announcements by Bill Donovan, offering his lots at reduced rates. But the circulation was surprising, and explained, I suppose, by native curiosity to see who would be the next voter to have a legitimate crack at Editor Gill.

Meantime Omar had an interview with the fair Julia and found her more saddened than reproachful. It made her unhappy to know that her admirer could be booted about and made a laughingstock. The little man assured her that if she would stay her judgment she would soon change her opinion, and would learn what manner of man he was beneath a quiet exterior.

Next day the Sun came out with a double-leaded disclosure of the brazen demand of the Mountain and Seaboard line, exposing its full iniquity and informing the public that this rascally enterprise would come before the board of town councilmen in the form of a petition, and that the whole amazing steal was being engineered by Ray Ellis, the well-known promoter.

Harmony paused twenty-four hours and soaked Ray with his opening gun.

"We know all about Ray Ellis," said Harmony, in large black type, and speaking editorially for Omar Gill. "If we are not mistaken, Mr. Ellis has had his thumb in many a corporation pie and will hesitate at nothing to serve his moneyed masters. This scoundrel is the same oily fellow who was booted out of Denver, Colorado, in 1916, following the exposure of the boodle ring, and escaped jail by a mere technicality. We have no hesitancy in calling him one of the most dangerous and impudent crooks that ever came into San Goleta."

The town contemplated this editorial with considerable relish and sat back to await the natural crash. It was expected that Editor O. Gill would be found unconscious beside his shears, choked with his own glue pot before suppertime, and when nothing whatever happened to our gallant comrade—when, as a matter of truth, Omar was observed walking openly down Water Street with his chest thrown out, and strolling into the Grand Hotel lobby wearing a scowl, it became common belief that Mr. Ray Ellis was not yet in town. He might be coming, San Goletans told one another, but he certainly had not yet arrived

The next editorial assured the householders that the Sun was watching with a dozen eyes, and that no self-seeking corporation would ever secure a freight line down the main thoroughfare while red blood ran in editorial veins.

"As for Ray Ellis," continued the indignant outburst, "let him watch his step. This town is not El Paso, Texas, where, in a fit of drunken rage and because of his huge bulk, Mr. Ellis saw fit murderously to attack the district attorney when the latter caused his arrest for operating a crooked oil company. Likewise, San Goleta is not New York, where this same debauched scoundrel was caught running a fake matrimonial bureau through which he had defrauded thousands of innocent widows before the stern hand of the law gripped him."

Toward the middle of the week, Julia Jones came anxiously into the Sun office to see if Omar was still alive, and found him admiring himself behind a pile of letters commending him for his brave but precarious stand for purity in municipal affairs and defense of hearth and home.

"I am dreadfully worried about you, Omar," she said, and she looked anxious but pretty.

"Nothing to worry about," he assured her. "Us public men have our duties to perform, and as long as I run the San Goleta Sun, no grafter can come in here and destroy public property."

"But suppose this man attacks you like the others did," she said, her blue eyes filling with tears.

"Everything is now changed," said he calmly. "The next misguided galoot that lifts a finger in my direction is going to get shot through the gizzard without the slightest warning."

To show Julia that this was no idle boast, Omar opened a drawer and pointed to a revolver twelve inches long and full of explosives.

"I always felt," said Julia, shuddering, "that there was something reckless and daring in you underneath it all."

"I'm not afraid of anything on earth," said Omar. "I'm peaceful enough until they get me started, but once I'm started I seem to lose all control."

Julia went away after Omar had promised her he would be careful. The evening paper contained another rousing attack on Ray Ellis, urging the citizens to stand up for their rights and announcing that the Sun had learned that the preposterous demand for a franchise would come before the board of councilmen at their regular Monday-night meeting.

"And well for San Goleta," said the leading editorial, "that in a crisis of this kind it has a paper like the Sun to uncover the slimy progress of those who work in the dark. The unprincipled grafter who was arrested for bribery in Chicago in 1912 will find that he cannot stroll into San Goleta and lightly ruin the finest part of the town in the interests of a grasping corporation. Ray Ellis may be a desperate man, a man accustomed to smashing his opponents, but here he will find honest men confronting him, and if he tries bribery in this city the Sun will ruthlessly expose him and his dupes, let the chips fall where they may."

In San Francisco, which is general headquarters for the Mountain and Seaboard lines, the first vice president, a large man wearing a silk shirt, paused in the doorway of the second vice president.

"Andy," he said, "what is all this about San Goleta?"

"Dinged if I know," responded the second vice president.

"Look it up, will you?" requested the first officer. "I'll meet you at the clubhouse about two o'clock."

Saturday night's paper contained the final shot, and copies were purchased freely. Persons who had other engagements for Monday night made preparations to cancel them.

"Monday night," said Editor Gill, "the council of San Goleta will sit in solemn

ENGINEERED TO A STANDARD—
BUILT COMPLETE AT THE FACTORY

Kleen-Heet

There are
Two Types
of
Oil Burners
Industrial—and
Household!

The industrial burner is designed for *continuous* operation. It burns low-grade oils—with the aid of special pre-heating apparatus—under the care of a trained engineer.

The household burner is designed to be efficient in *intermittent* operation, as heat is needed. Automatically—without attention—it must provide clean, odorless, quiet, safe, even, economic heat.

The Winslow Boiler and Engineering Company makes both. Its superiority in both fields is accepted.

Kleen-Heet—considered by engineers the most perfect of household oil burners—is not an adaptation of the industrial burner. It is engineered specifically to do one job—and one only—to heat homes to perfection! And it does! Its *instant* efficiency multiplies the many advantages of oil over other forms of heating.

This marked engineering superiority of Kleen-Heet is reflected in a six-year record of unfailing performance—under every test of climate and season.

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To all who sell cones: McLaren Real Cake Cones increase your cone sales by their superior goodness. Ask your ice cream manufacturer or jobber, or write for samples and learn for yourself. Bakeries or warehouses in 66 principal cities insure prompt service everywhere. McLaren Consolidated Cone Corporation, Dayton, Ohio.

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McLAREN

REAL CAKE CONES

conclave in the city hall, and the main business to come before the City Fathers will be the petition of the Mountain and Seaboard line for a franchise permitting the company to run a track down the center of beautiful Water Street. This demand, as we have shown from day to day, has been fostered by the notorious professional promoter and lobbyist, Ray Ellis, who has no home town of his own, because no self-respecting city could stand him. This depraved scoundrel, steeped as he is in all kinds of crime, may attempt to force his vicious legislation upon the town. On Monday night the editor of the Sun will be present at the council proceedings in person, and if Mr. Ray Ellis has the sublime effrontery to present himself before a gathering of honest citizens, the editor of this newspaper will personally scourge the fellow out of town. It is a repellent task to handle tar or scotch a skunk, but nothing is ever gained by evading issues, and we calmly await the coming of Monday night."

The townspeople talked among themselves of the surprising change in Mr. Gill and wondered where the tiger blood had come from. Prominent citizens stepped into the Sun office to congratulate him upon his fearless stand, and one gentleman approaching senility even went so far as to state that what San Goleta needed was a mayor having the obvious qualities of O. Gill. Miss Julia Jones gave a light luncheon Monday noon in the Grand Hotel Grill and introduced strangers to the man who was rapidly becoming a local figure.

On Monday evening it was virtually impossible to crowd into the council chamber after seven o'clock. The entire town sidetracked the movies, disconnected the radio and hurried down to the city hall to see a small fat man slain, because it was universally conceded to be a moment for nothing short of manslaughter.

"If he said all that about me in the paper," remarked Appleby Laubersheimer, the postmaster, "I'd cut him into hunks and feed him to himself."

Miss Julia Jones, wearing a polo overcoat, asked me as a special favor if she could go along and sit between me and Harmony, and I said we would be glad to have her with us while she looked on and enjoyed Omar's triumph before his fellowmen.

Mr. Gill entered the ring at fifteen minutes of eight, wearing a red necktie, a semisport shirt with the neck open and a leather belt around his rotund person. The belt contained two holsters and emerging from each was the vicious butt of a nickel-plated revolver. Omar's face was set in a grim scowl. His belt and artillery caused him to sag slightly, but he strode with firm steps to the large table and sat down.

The beauty and chivalry of San Goleta milled around in the space reserved for spectators, some sitting and some standing, and there was a hush in the room, the same as in the death chamber when an East Side gunman is executed before witnesses. Harmony and I found seats for ourselves and the fair Julia where we could look out upon the general action and hear the subdued comments of the crowd, which were without exception words of admiration for a hitherto badly misjudged man.

"Spunky," said a stranger next to me, addressing a friend; "certainly he's spunky. He got beat up by Rudy Ginsburg and Cap'n Black—sure, he did—which only means he's no barroom scrapper."

"Do you know this Ray Ellis he's been exposing?"

"No, I don't know him; but I hear he's a tough egg, and they say he killed a guy in Omaha. Which shows you that Mr. Gill has got plenty of nerve. Look at them guns, will you?"

Miss Jones flushed pleasantly at the words of admiring comment, yet her manner was tinged with anxiety. Harmony looked on with polite interest, and from the opposite side of the room Bill Donovan saw us and waved a cheerful greeting.

President Pete Boyle called the council together and the clerk knocked for quiet in the chamber just as Julia was remarking that Omar made a splendid picture. Mr. Boyle apparently chose to ignore the drama at hand, for he began talking earnestly about the urgent need for a sewer out on North Maple Street, and for a few minutes Mr. Gill stood it and squirmed impatiently. He then rose to his feet.

"Pardon me, Mr. President," said he. Pete glanced at the warlike figure and seemed surprised. "Before you go any further," continued Omar, "there is just one question I would like to ask."

"Yes?" said Mr. Boyle politely.

"Yes," said Omar, glancing sternly at the sea of eager faces.

The little murmuring there was now quieted down and complete silence held the room in thrall. The council chamber clock ticked peacefully. Everyone listened with almost pained intentness.

"Yes," said Omar again, "one single question."

His chin was up and he was idly toying with the butt end of his right-hand howitzer.

"Well, go on, ask it," responded Pete in a kindly tone, anxious to have it over and get back to his sewer.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Omar, raising his voice slightly, "I am Omar Gill, editor of the Sun. Is Mr. Ray Ellis in the house?"

There was an instant of palsied silence and a slight scuffling noise was heard, appearing to come from the fifth or sixth row. A man arose. He seemed to keep right on rising, long after any ordinary man would have reached what the kindly old-time novelists called his full height. And I will swear with my hand upraised that I have rarely seen a larger man in this world; a larger or a thicker man, or one with redder whiskers. Over his right eye he wore a sort of leather blinker, and there was enough hair on him in plain sight to stuff a child's mattress. He was a ferocious and startling creature, standing there with his piercing gaze riveted upon the board of council.

"Yes," he said hoarsely. "My name is Ray Ellis."

A Scene in Vermont

He then stepped forward, and those standing near him melted respectfully, permitting him to pass. Mr. Gill took one horrified and incredulous look and swayed where he stood. His eyes blinked and his holster rattled against a table. Even at the considerable distance, I could see that he was gradually turning a light shade of cemetery green. The shuffling among the spectators continued, as though the large man was trying to get out and go somewhere.

There came a moment of sudden action, all the more startling because of the preceding quiet.

"Whoosh!" Omar said, or so at least it sounded to me, and simultaneously he bounded over the railing behind the startled lawgivers, bounded like a frightened gazelle upon a chair, and from the chair he leaped into the chill, starless night, passing through a window which fortunately was wide open. As he disappeared, his holster came off and clattered to the floor.

The council chamber turned to watch the editorial egress, and I glanced at Julia. She was staring at the window through which her hero had disappeared, and her nose was slightly turned up.

The sergeant at arms went about the room enforcing quiet and the clerk rapped repeatedly with his gavel.

"Silence!" he shouted.

The man answering to the name of Ray Ellis remained standing.

"Come forward, Mr. Ellis," commanded President Pete Boyle. Ellis obeyed, leaning his huge bulk upon the railing and beaming upon the assembly with his good eye.

"Your name Ray Ellis?" inquired Pete.

"Yes, sir," said the man.

"You the man with the petition for the Mountain and Seaboard line?"

"No, sir."

"You got a petition for a franchise?"

"A what?"

"A petition."

"What is it?" asked Ray.

"Don't you know what a petition is?"

"No, sir."

The council president looked blank.

"Where did you come from?" he asked.

"I came down here on a lumber boat."

"You did, hey? And what are you doing on a lumber boat?"

"I'm a cook."

"What brought you here?"

"All I know about it is a man gave me seven dollars and told me to stand up here and say my name was Ray Ellis, which I did, and which it ain't. My name's Martin."

There was a slight pause, punctuated by giggles in the crowd. Pete grinned.

"You earned your money," he said. "Go on back to your boat."

"Yes, sir," said the man, and the crowd began leaving.

"Well," I said, turning to Harmony, "here is the end of a bright career in San Goleta. Let's go find the wreckage and plan a new future."

On the way out, we jostled through the citizens and presently dropped in behind the fraudulent Ellis, who was lighting his pipe.

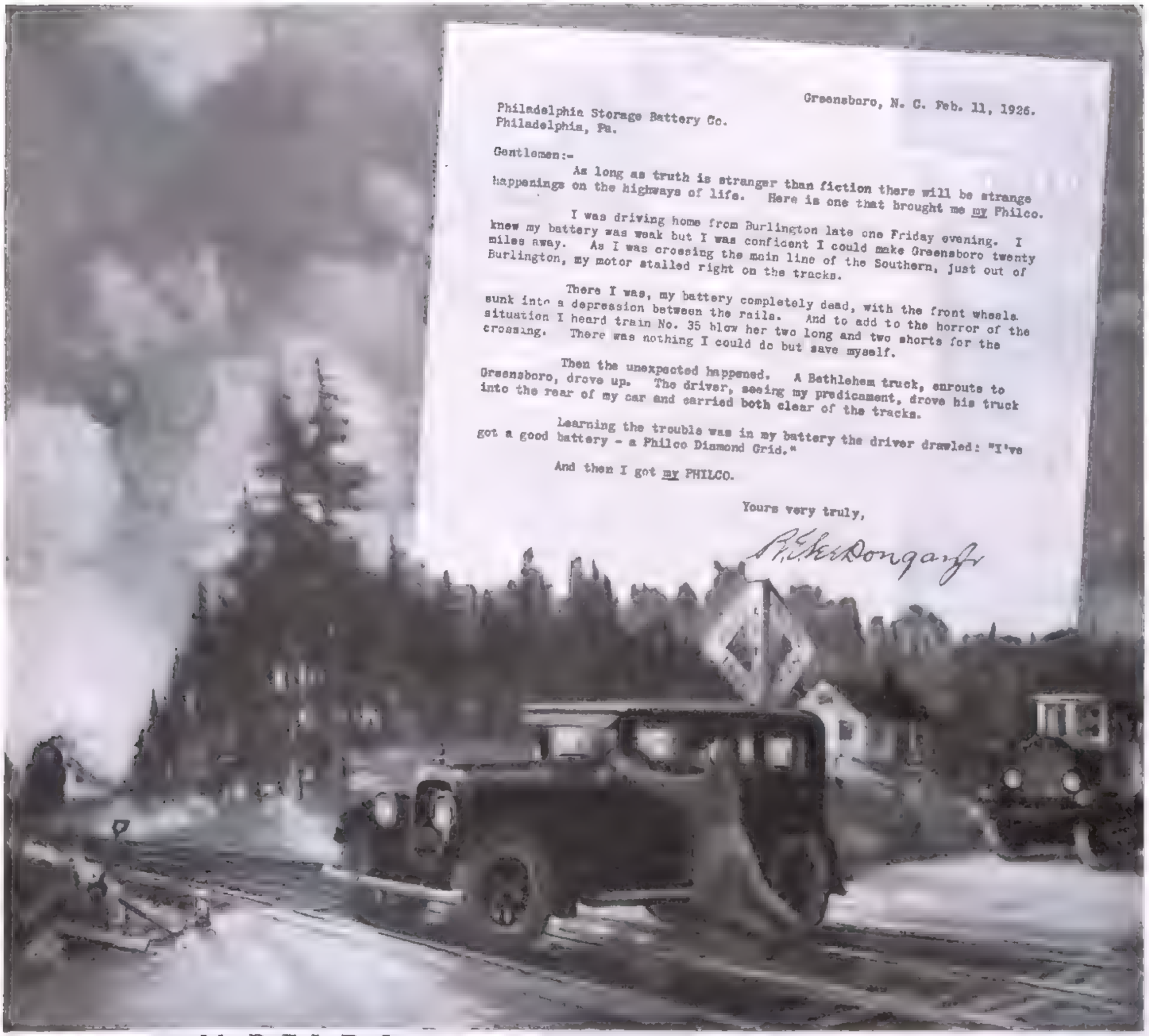
"I'm a detective," said Harmony sternly, looking up at the whiskers. "Who gave you seven dollars to say your name was Ellis?"

"A little guy," said the giant. "Sells canned goods on the boats."

"What was his name?"

"Tansy Hoppel," replied the big fellow. "Dogged if I can figger it, but seven bucks is seven bucks."

He disappeared into the crowd. Harmony and I proceeded to the alley in the rear of the city hall, but all we found was the end of a necktie such as might be torn off by a person going somewhere in a hurry.


Greensboro, N. C. Feb. 11, 1926.
Philadelphia Storage Battery Co.
Philadelphia, Pa.
Gentlemen:-
As long as truth is stranger than fiction there will be strange happenings on the highways of life. Here is one that brought me my Philco.
I was driving home from Burlington late one Friday evening. I knew my battery was weak but I was confident I could make Greensboro twenty miles away. As I was crossing the main line of the Southern, just out of Burlington, my motor stalled right on the tracks.
There I was, my battery completely dead, with the front wheels sunk into a depression between the rails. And to add to the horror of the situation I heard train No. 35 blow her two long and two shorts for the crossing. There was nothing I could do but save myself.
Then the unexpected happened. A Bethlehem truck, enroute to Greensboro, drove up. The driver, seeing my predicament, drove his truck into the rear of my car and carried both clear of the tracks.
Learning the trouble was in my battery the driver drawled: "I've got a good battery - a Philco Diamond Grid."
And then I got my PHILCO.
Yours very truly,
R. E. L. D. Dongan Jr.

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—and then he got his Philco!

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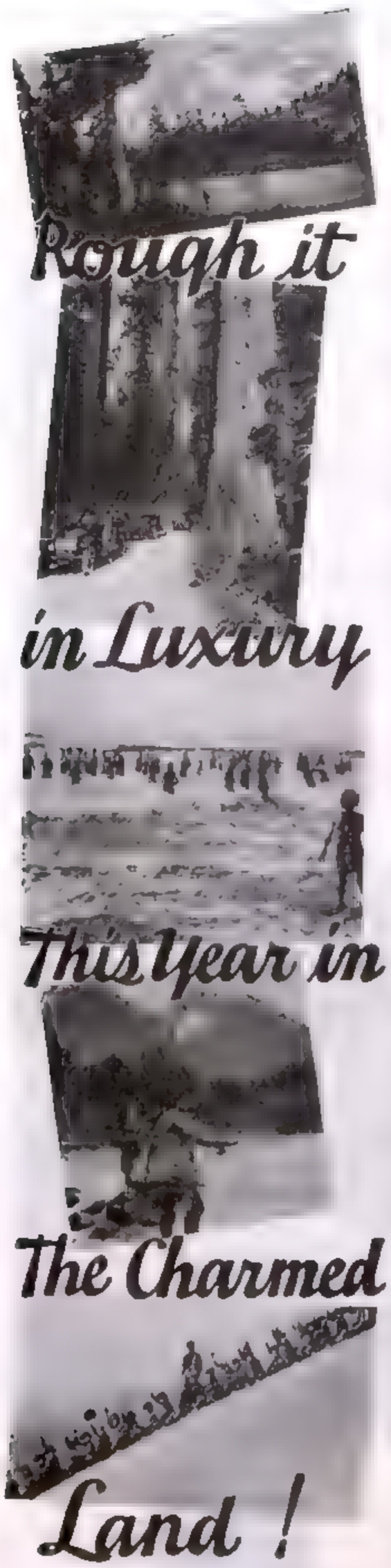

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Name

Address

RASCOVAR, CITIZEN

(Continued from Page 29)

He knew the brat. On Sundays and holidays the boy put on these outlandish clothes and went off somewhere, waving a red-striped rag with white stars on it and singing silly songs—rot about Sweet Land of Liberty, they called it. Bah! Yes, where a man could not even get good and drunk and beat his own woman. At the moment, though, Rascovar wasn't thinking about this. In the barred crate, as he knew, were a pair of rabbits, the boy's pets.

Pets! Some more of this Amerikaner rot, was it not? As if rabbits were good for anything but to twist their necks, then put them into a stew. In fact, Rascovar often had cast sidelong glances at the hutch, estimating how fat and tender the rabbits were; and famished as well as thirsting now, he growled thickly. What right had that boy, Cavvitch's brat, to keep rabbits, pets, when he, Rascovar, was hungry? Sullen, his slow anger was of the same order that kindled him when he looked at the houses and other belongings the Amerikaners had. Why had they these things when Rascovar hadn't? Just the same, he'd see about this! What was to prevent him, anyway, from sneaking down into the yard at dark, then twisting the rabbits' necks and stowing them into his pocket? Up the street was a saloon kept by a fellow who would say nothing; and for one of the rabbits the saloonkeeper would stew the other for Rascovar, giving him a couple of beers besides, maybe.

Fine! The clever thought, though, hardly had oozed into his mind when he grunted disgustedly. It would be dark or later before Cavvitch's boy gave up playing with his pets; and till then Rascovar must starve and also go thirsty. No *dobrij!* No good, this, like everything. As he turned morosely from the window and lurched toward the bed, all at once Rascovar halted. "Eh, what?" he exclaimed, startled.

His roommate suddenly had spoken. As he spoke, his swart face was illuminated by a sudden engaging grin; but had he aimed a kick instead at Rascovar, Rascovar could not have been more startled.

Said the man, "You like some beer?"

For the moment Rascovar could only gape.

He knew his roommate. It was seldom, in fact, that the fellow spent money on drinks; then only on himself and never treating, for it was known he saved every penny for a purpose. He was planning to bring over to America three or four of his family. They would be smuggled in, of course, the Amerikaners letting in only so many a month, and to do this smuggling cost money. Little wonder Rascovar gaped.

His roommate had risen; and still grinning, he now was eagerly bobbing his head. "Me buy you beer, you understan'? Me and you drink some, then we talk. You tell me something, maybe."

Tell him something? A deep growl came from Rascovar. Tell him what?

Some minutes later he was told.

It was in the back room of a speak-easy up the street. You got a drink up there fit for a man. It was made by knocking in the head of a keg of beer, after which a gallon of whisky was poured into it and let stand; and having emptied a glass or two of this, Rascovar listened to what was on his roommate's mind. It was that his three brothers already were in America. They were, in fact, just across the river in Canada, waiting there to cross over into the United States; but there seemed to be some hitch. Their passports were no *dobrij*. These were, of course, not their own passports, having been forged; but as they had paid heavily to get them they should have been just as good as their own, shouldn't they? So it was to be thought, though that was not just the point. The three brothers having been turned back at the border, how were they to be got in regardless?

Rascovar listened closely. A sly gleam had crept into the corner of his eye. The other may not have seen it, though, for he went on talking eagerly, appealing to his listener. Then, his eye more crafty than ever, all at once Rascovar spoke.

"You got some money, what?"

Instantly the other's flood of talk subsided. At once into his eyes, too, came a look of guile. Rascovar, however, gleamed at him reassuringly. Was not he, Rascovar, his friend? He was—no doubt of it; and as if satisfied, the other bobbed his head eagerly, no longer as if in doubt. Yes, he had money. Still further, he had it with him, sewed into his undershirt; and hearing this, Rascovar's eyes once more leaped. Ordering the saloonkeeper to bring another round, he hurriedly hitched up his chair closer to the other's, then he gave him a nudge.

"Me fix him for you. Me get your brothers here," guttured Rascovar; "me bring him 'cross river myself."

"Detroit, six dollars!"

Here in the United States few may realize how far or to what detached, obscure corners of the world the magic mastery of these three words has penetrated. In contrast, the fabled wealth of the Indies pales beside it as a lure, the call of the New World to the hungry hordes of Europe, Asia and elsewhere. Gold—six dollars a day—riches unheard of save in dreams! One may but hazily picture the consuming fever of these distant multitudes to lay hands upon this wealth; and in the pullulating Old World slum where he originated, Rascovar, too, had heard the call.

In that country of his birth forty or fifty cents a day was the extent of any able-bodied man's earning power if he worked with his hands alone; and six dollars had seemed, at the first rumor, incredible. However, there could be no doubt fools in the United States were paying this; and the news once confirmed, he, too, burned with a consuming fire. Over there, anyway, an amount, say, of a thousand dollars translated into the fatherland's currency meant wealth, affluence; with a thousand dollars a man need toil no more. Instead, he could take part of his riches and buy himself a place; then, for the remainder of his days he could sit in his doorway and eat and drink, at the same time grinning enjoyably while he watched the struggle of his neighbors to keep alive. True, to be rich was not so safe over there. A lot of Rascovar's mates, Rascovar among them, talked noisily about taking away the riches of the rich and sharing it among those who had nothing. Elsewhere, in fact, they already had done this; though the way they'd done it had, of course, made Rascovar laugh to himself. To take away what rich men had was right of course; but once you did that you were a fool to divide it around. You kept it yourself, naturally, though never mind. He would see if they took his own riches from him! Let them try it once—though never mind that either. While he could neither read nor write, having considered it too much of a waste of time and labor to learn, on his fingers he was able to compute laboriously what six dollars a day in wages meant. Why, at that rate, in a few months' time, hardly more than half a year, he would have his thousand dollars! With that, he need sweat no more, never work! Thus, imagine his disgust, not to say rage, when he learned it was not so easy to get into this Promised Land, the United States, as they were called by the fools who paid six dollars a day. It seemed, in fact, that all these Amerikaner trash thought of was money. As if they didn't have enough, they insisted you must have some also, so that if you got sick or didn't work they wouldn't have to board and lodge you. And that wasn't all either! If you had some little disease or something they turned you back; added to which they now said only just so many, a mere handful of your countrymen, were to be let in monthly. Yes, think of it! As if fine fellows like himself shouldn't go where they chose! Well, Rascovar had shown them. He'd got in, hadn't he? He often laughed, in fact, at the way he'd done it.

How simple it had been! He not only laughed at that, he laughed, too, at thought of how he'd tricked the fellows, a couple of his countrymen, who'd helped him to trick the Amerikaners. Those fellows who had run him across the border must have been pretty green—maybe America had made them so; but, anyway, having bought a passport, a faked paper, that let him into Canada as a farm hand—he a farm hand, ho-ho—Rascovar had been rowed across the river one dark night by these two. For this, he and the four others with him had agreed to pay thirty-five dollars apiece; but Rascovar was no fool, not he! Once he had been landed safely and the two had asked him to pay, he had given the fellows each a couple of kicks. Then, when one of them pulled a gun he had taken the gun away from him, selling it afterward to another fellow for seven dollars! It was all a joke, getting into this country.

The Amerikaners kept watch of course; and occasionally, perhaps, they nabbed a few incomers; but for one fellow the thick-heads caught, a score or even more got by. Naturally, fools like this couldn't keep out good men, men like Rascovar—not when he and his countrymen with their able minds matched wits with them. Be that as it may, though, not even at six dollars a day had Rascovar found himself able to lay up that thousand dollars.

A lot had happened to prevent. For instance, there were the drinks a man had to have; and the Amerikaners having made this law that you should not drink—yes, as if a good man didn't do what he liked!—the drinks cost much; so much, in fact, that to get a good drunk took a couple of days' wages, sometimes more. Again, when a fellow gets six dollars a day he doesn't work so much. To make six dollars over home took ten days or two weeks; but when here a man made it in a day, why should he always work? Rascovar didn't of course. However, if he still was short his thousand dollars and was instead flat broke, that ceased to worry him. The future no longer expressed itself in terms of a mere thousand. Was not the time coming when he would help himself leisurely to the riches of these fools?

There was no doubt of it. The more good men like himself that got in, the sooner the day would come too! Just the same, Rascovar grumbled. Why wait? Why sweat any longer? Why not help themselves now, today? The glasses jumped, the potent liquor in them slopping over as his fist crashed down in emphasis. Seizing his own drink, with the back of his hand he brushed back his mustaches, then drained the glass to the dregs. Afterward, he set down the emptied tumbler with a thump, and glared across the table at his roommate. The fellow, too, was a fool, it seemed.

Czernak was his name. He was a sweeper at the blast furnace, his job being to clear away the ore dust that gathered about the stack and the hot-air stoves; and though he had no use for America—or so he said—a rotten country—no *dobrij*—where a real man could not be himself—what enraged Rascovar was the fellow's fears. What if the police nabbed his brothers when they tried to land? What if they put his brothers in jail, or, worse, fined them? At the questions Rascovar laughed in his face.

True, at the first alarm the night before, he had skipped to safety by way of a convenient window; but now with a few drinks under his skin he forgot all that. The police, bah! All they did when now and then they nabbed some good fellow trying to sneak into their country was to send him back again. In fact, that showed just what fools they were; because if they

(Continued on Page 127)

JIMMY
the Courtesy Man

Smilingly he meets you!
Smilingly he greets you!
Smilingly he serves you!

Who?

Jimmy the Courtesy Man.

Wherever you find Fry Visible Pumps there you'll find Jimmy. It will pay and please you to buy your gasoline from Jimmy. He sells from the Fry Visible Pump because he knows it is dependable.

When next you need gasoline, buy from Jimmy. He is close by. He operates a Fry. Buy from Jimmy. Millions do!

Guarantee Liquid Measure Company
Rochester, Pennsylvania

Fry Visible Pump

"Always Accurate"

Made in five and ten gallon capacities – both labeled by the Underwriter's Laboratories.

Fire takes a wicked toll of human life as well

No other country in the world, perhaps, concentrates more of energy, of skill and of financial resources upon the effort to combat disease, to save and prolong human life.

What a contradiction, then, a repudiation of these ideals of service, is the general disregard of fire and fire hazards which permits the sacrifice of more than 15,000 lives in a single year!

15,000 lives to be saved every year, not by vast expenditures of wealth, nor by scientific skill, but by the simplest contribution to the cause of human safety—carefulness!

Carefulness, observance of the simple rules of Fire Prevention, will do more than anything else to free America from the menace of fire, which today takes annual toll of more than $500,000,000 in property and 15,000 lives. Ask the North America Agent to help you practice Fire Prevention.

The Oldest American Fire and Marine Insurance Company
Founded 1792

Insurance Company of North America
PHILADELPHIA
and the
Indemnity Ins. Co. of North America
write practically every form of insurance except life

(Continued from Page 124)

put those they caught into jail that would mean something—perhaps stop others from trying. As Rascovar glared across the table at his roommate his lip curled.

He had seen fellows like this before. Some of them not only did what the Amerikaners said they should, some even seemed to like the rotten place. In fact, they even talked of settling in it for good—think of that!—becoming Amerikaners, if you please. Was Czernak, too, thinking of it? Perhaps he, too, meant to become a citizen.

To Rascovar's amazement, Czernak nodded stolidly.

"Me vote then."

Vote? Rascovar stared.

He'd heard about that. If you were one of these Amerikaners, so often you took a piece of paper in your hand and dropped it into a box. In this way you were supposed to choose who should run the country for you; though Rascovar had seen it made no difference. You had to work just the same. It still cost you as much to get drunk. No one had yet helped himself, either, to what these rich fellows uptown owned. So why should any man bother himself?

Czernak knew. Like many of his sort, he already had solved the benefits accruing to a man's right to vote, the franchise.

"Me vote, then some feller he pay me fi' dolar."

Yes, of course. On election day it was of advantage for the Czernaks—their sort—to be citizens. Some ward politicians will pay you as much as five dollars for your vote. And why? Rascovar knew. It was so they could get their hands on bigger money, while all you got was the five dollars—that and a kick.

"You are a fool, Czernak," he sneered.

Perhaps. Czernak looked stupid enough, that was certain. His swart flat face, with its high cheekbones, its thick lips and receding brow, was hardly what you might call intellectual; but that thought sometimes penetrated the interior of his thick-walled cranium may have been possible—thought, or call it craft. Thus, as Rascovar talked, pounding the table and telling what he would do when he, Rascovar, took charge and ran this country here, Czernak had not poured into himself the rounds of drinks Rascovar went on calling for. Each time Rascovar flung back his head to gulp the heady liquor—fuss-fungle, it aptly was called—Czernak slyly drained his on the floor at his side. Now and then, too, his eye wandered covertly to a door at the back.

The door stood open on a crack. Rascovar was not drunk—not yet, at any rate; but had he seen what the door concealed he might have awakened to a swift suspicion. Behind the door stood three men, their ears bent and their air sly. One was the bridegroom of the night before—the fellow that Rascovar had been methodically beating to a pulp when the other guests intervened; and though his swollen and discolored features still were hardly distinguishable, Rascovar would have known him. So would he have identified the two other men. They were the two, his fellow countrymen, to whom he had given each a kick when they sneaked him across the border. Now, all at once, they nudged one another.

Rascovar was speaking. Of a sudden his voice was raised in angry astonishment.

"Vat! You no pay me now?"

Czernak answered, his voice sullen.

"Me tell you once, my brooders he pay."

By "brooders" he meant his brothers. Rascovar cursed hotly.

It was like this. Word was to be sent to the brothers where they should meet Rascovar with his boat; and for this all Rascovar asked was twenty-five dollars apiece—seventy-five dollars for the three. Thirty-five dollars was, of course, the regular price; yet in spite of that and Rascovar's generosity, Czernak refused to advance so much as a dollar. Once Rascovar had brought them across the river they would pay him, but not till then would he get anything; and foiled, he grew ugly.

He had no thought, of course, of helping the brothers. His only plan was to have this fool pay him the seventy-five dollars, after which he would take it and go off for a good time. It would be another good joke. Incensed, though, that Czernak hadn't been such a fool as he looked, it was no wonder Rascovar was enraged.

As he saw, though, it did him no good to curse. The only way to get the money was to get it from the brothers themselves. A sulky growl rumbled from his throat.

"All right—me go."

Czernak darted a quick glance at him.

"You go tonight, vat?"

Rascovar gave another growl. "Tonight me go."

Behind the door the three nudged each other again.

Dusk drew down over the city. Night was near, and in the failing light the sky line, pierced with the stacks of the steel plant and the chimneys and square flat roofs of the huge automobile factories, lost its gaunt ugliness and became softened and picturesque in the growing haze. Today was Sunday; and for the moment the gigantic enterprise and industry that was the city's soul slumbered passively, though at midnight once again it would awake into life. Progress and initiative were pictured there—civilization stepping onward, had one eye to see them—and that it meant something more than toil and grime was evident when the onlooker cast a look about him. The streets were filled with people clad in their Sunday best. They strolled along the sidewalks or sat on front steps and porches, laughing and chatting together. There were flowers and green grass in the gardens. In the park a band played; while from the river, dotted here and there with launches, rowboats, canoes and other pleasure craft, came shouts and laughter. Not all of this merriment and good nature, either, was voiced in the native tongue, English. You heard in it a score of other lingoes; for in the city housing its myriads of the foreign-born were many of alien blood—some, anyway—that had caught on to the idea, America. Well dressed, garbed in finery such as they'd never dreamed of in the land from which they came, they, too, found leisure for enjoyment. This was Sunday, the day of rest, was it not?

A pretty picture. If one be tempted, though, to wander on indefinitely in this engaging vein, it's to be said that over in another section of the city, the quarter by the railroad yards, all was not laughter and mere enjoyment. At any rate, having washed the dinner dishes, Steve Cavvitch's wife had opened a back window in the kitchen and was about to fling the slops outside when she was arrested by a sudden sound of wailing. Its source was the back yard. Out there a packing case faced with slats stood against the fence and in front of that crouched a small boy in Boy Scout attire, his face distracted as he peered into the crate from which one of the slats appeared to have been torn.

"My rabbits!" he wept. "My rabbits!"

The rabbits were gone.

Uptown at that moment Rascovar strolled along the sidewalk. He was sucking his teeth agreeably as he eyed the people he passed. Besides having dined well this afternoon, he'd had some more beer to pour down on top of the noonday's fuss-fungle, and as he was not to go meet Czernak's three brothers until it was safely dark, he was merely killing time meanwhile.

To kill time always was pleasant to Rascovar; though one might not have thought so now from his air. He scowled, his hat dragged down on his sloping brow; and, as he lurched along, his heavy shoulders were thrust forward. People who saw him slouching along gave him a wide berth, and Rascovar grinned. That was as he intended—to have them show him respect.

He had discovered this feeling a good while before now, and that had become half the pleasure he got from his strolls uptown. Thus, his reflections pleasant, however his face might look, he turned up the street where the house he had picked out for himself was standing. Until dark came he could do nothing, and to pass the time he might as well have another look at the house. It might be that he'd want a better one; besides, while he rambled about he could think up a good way to handle those fellows, Czernak's brothers. It would be risky, rowing them across the river; and though he meant to get the money they had, he must take no chances. He wished, in fact, he had taken out papers—become a citizen of the country the way he'd heard about. If you were a citizen you did what you liked and they never said anything

It was no trouble, either, to become a citizen; so easy that it made you laugh. One of those politicians, a fellow countryman he knew of, fixed it for you. All he did was to take you down to a place—a court—where the judge asked you a couple of questions—"Who is the father of the country?" and "What is our President's name?" The answer to the first was "Abe Vassington"—some name like that—and as for who was President, he could get someone to tell him, if he forgot what the politician said. Anyway, he would look into this business of becoming a citizen. Tomorrow, maybe, he would see the politician; and then, too, though Czernak was a fool, the five dollars they paid you to vote would come in handy sometime.

Rascovar's reflections, though, might have been less easy at the moment had he looked behind him. A block away a man, a young fellow manifestly an American, strolled along, keeping pace with him. He had on a soft felt hat and from under its brim his eyes watched, keeping Rascovar always in sight.

There were only a few people on the sidewalks now. It was the hour of the evening meal, and most of the householders were indoors. As he passed the stray wayfarers, Rascovar grinned openly. Let one of these Amerikaners bump him, and he would show him something! Not all those he met, however, were Americans. Among them was now and then another of foreign birth; and Rascovar leered at these sardonically as he looked them over—especially if they were neatly dressed. For the clothes, a couple of suits maybe—these and a handful of dollars—they let themselves be tricked into sweating away their lives, so that the Amerikaners who hired them could live in ease, never working. Anyway, you never saw the Amerikaners with a shovel or a pick or a crowbar in their hands. They only sat at desks, counting up the dollars they robbed from honest workers, men like himself, Rascovar, or, walking about, they ordered you to do this or that as if you were dogs. Pounding on the beer table while he talked, Rascovar often pointed out what fools he and his fellows were to let themselves be tricked so. As he'd seen, though, the talk finally had effected something, for in several of the saloons groups of good fellows like himself had begun to get together. They were making ready for The Day, the time soon coming; and meanwhile they were showing what to do to these thieving rascals, the employers and their hired men, the bosses. Clever—oh, yes. They got up meetings to denounce this law saying only so many of their countrymen should be let into the country each month. At these meetings they even got some Amerikaners to speak, these mush heads denouncing the law as un-American, the clever fellow countrymen of Rascovar laughing up their sleeves while they listened. Rascovar laughed too. The more like himself that got in, the sooner the day would come when they would boot these Amerikaners into the street. He was gurgling to himself at the thought when he reached the block where the house he'd picked out for himself stood. Besides getting up meetings like this, these smart countrymen of his also helped their friends to get in across the border. Of course they got money for this—a man was a fool if he did something without being paid for it; but just the same, it showed what they felt for the rotten country, a place where the only thing the people thought of was their filthy dollars. Another laugh came from him as he looked

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along the street. Their dollars, eh? Well, they soon would be Rascovar's, and he laughed again. There was the house with the lace curtains.

A garden with green grass and flowers surrounded it, and at one side ran a driveway on which now stood a fine automobile. Rascovar's eye gleamed. The car was shiny with varnish and polished metal, while inside it was lined with soft, easy leather cushions. He had never sat in an automobile, but he pictured himself lolling on the back seat, his feet propped up on the seat in front, while he rolled down the street, letting the people get out of the way if they could, and making the driver drive faster. That would be it—fine! And noticing just then that the sidewalk had been scrubbed again for Sunday, Rascovar cleared his throat and spat. Well, now that he looked at it again, the house would do. It was big, filled with room for him to roll around in; and slowing his gait, he looked it over.

There was no one around to hinder. On the sidewalk now there was only one other man in sight, the fellow a couple of blocks away. As for the people living in the house, only two were to be seen—a couple of women laughing and talking inside the porch. Rascovar shot a glance about him. What was to prevent him from walking inside and taking a look around? There were only these women, and he could fix them if they tried to keep him out. Even if they screamed and their man came, a couple of good knocks from Rascovar's fist would settle the fellow. But while he loitered, looking up at the house, out of the door came the owner of the place. Laughing, he said something to the women, and as Rascovar heard it he gave a sudden jolt.

His eyes popped. This was no Amerikaner. The language that he spoke was Rascovar's own. One of Rascovar's countrymen, in fact, lived in the house, perhaps owning it; and his blood stirring, through him surged a sudden heat—a sullen sense of outrage hotter and more potent than even his hatred of these Americans. Why should one of his own kind have all this? A big house, a big and shiny car, fine clothes and everything? Why, when he, yes, Rascovar, had nothing? In his anger he had spat again, when there came a sudden shout from the porch.

The man there had seen him; and bounding down the steps now, in Rascovar's tongue he irately ordered him to move on. Furthermore, the man added to the order an insult unforgivable—an epithet the last word in the lingo:

"Swine!"

Rascovar went. Outrage seethed within him. His hands itched with the lust to retaliate had he dared; to twist themselves about the fellow's gullet. It was, however, less the affront than the conditions under which it had been offered that seemed unbearable. Had some Amerikaner flung the epithet at him he of course still would have hated and wished to do murder, yet he could not have wished it with the same exquisite longing. One of his own countrymen! It was one, besides, who dared it because rich. Oh, yes! But for his riches the fellow would not have had the hardihood.

That, in essence, was it. It was that any countryman of his, a fellow perhaps once like himself, should have the riches that enabled him to fling abuse at Rascovar. And why—when Rascovar couldn't! The street for a moment turned red before his eyes. Never, in fact, had life and its injustices been revealed so nakedly to him. He had never before writhed so at the outrage of this inequality, this swindle of society. Why should even his own sort be well housed, well fed, well dressed, when he, Rascovar, wasn't? Well, when the time came he'd see about that too! Not forever, anyway, was Rascovar to be poor and oppressed, an honest fellow made the prey of rich rascals. No, the day was coming when worthy deserving fellows like himself would fall into their rights. However, vital as his wrongs were, for the moment he must forget them. He had yet to get away from Czernak's three brothers the money they had. That was the chief thing to think about now; and hurrying, for the moment he brushed out of his mind the remembrance of his wrongs, this outrage which life and its injustices thrust on himself. If these fools, Czernak's brothers, paid him before they were rowed across, everything, of course, would be simple. Once he had the money in his pocket he could give them a couple of kicks, then row away and leave them gaping. If they refused to pay first, he had another scheme. The scheme was so good, too, that it made him chuckle. Good-natured now, Rascovar was still chuckling when he came out on the river bank.

Down below was a little wharf where rowboats were kept for hire. Rascovar, of course, didn't intend to hire one. To do so would have been to attract attention to himself; besides, a man was a fool to pay for anything he could help himself to. Naturally! He might not have chuckled so much, though, had he been enabled to look back up the dark street at that moment. There was a store back there, a place where they had a telephone; and as Rascovar's gait halted and he looked about him, waiting a chance to help himself to one of the rowboats at the wharf, the same figure that had been keeping pace with him as he slouched along now slipped all at once into the store.

It was the young fellow in the soft felt hat. Saying something hurriedly to the storekeeper, he darted to the telephone.

A moment later he spoke into the instrument:

"That the office? . . . Hullo, chief—this is Caffery. That big Slav, the one you got tipped off to, is down the street now trying to steal a rowboat. Send a launch up here, then rush another over toward the railroad yards. What? . . . Why, the other gang, the ones that phoned the tip, did it to cover themselves. They're going to land their crowd up near the railroad coal chutes. Hurry! You understand? I'm on the jump now!"

Slamming the receiver on the hook, he darted out at the door. The wharf below was dark and vacant. Out in the stream, though, was a sound of oars on their rowlocks; and slipping into a corner, the slim young fellow in the soft hat leisurely lit himself a cigarette. Five minutes later, a high-speed launch painted an obscure obliterating tone nosed in out of the dark and set its bow against the wharf; and, tossing away his cigarette, the watcher dropped lithely to the deck.

"Plenty of time, chief," he drawled to a figure at the wheel. "He went straight across and we can pick him up easy when he comes back. Rascovar's his name—the same fellow who dropped the crowbar on the boss' head down at the ore docks last month; only he's nothing. The bunch who phoned in the tip on him, that stall, are that gang who've been giving us the laugh. They've got sixteen bohunks waiting across river—three jailbirds among 'em; and they're going to try to run 'em through while they think we're busy with this big cheese, Rascovar."

Detroit, six dollars.

If few here in the United States may picture to themselves the lure the words proffer to the hordes crowding in the slums of Europe, Asia and elsewhere, few can picture, either, the efforts made to rush in worthy numbers of them past the barriers the United States has at last raised tardily against them in self-protection. However, it is not only at the Detroit barrier that it has to protect itself against the swarms of the uninvited and unwanted. The same is true at every port and, one might say, along every mile of its far-flung frontiers.

One perhaps feels pity for the horde. Away from the congeries of the slums wherein they dwell, surrounded by ignorance, oppression and filth, this land beckons to them with a bright promise of life, real life—freedom, health, prosperity. That's all right too. Life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness are inalienable rights to every man. Yes, but in the multitudes to whom the country has offered shelter in the past have been others, a multitude to whom America, the United States, meant one other thing and that only—six dollars! It was not always six, of course—it may have been only five—three—even less; but whatever the amount, the idea still was the same—America, dollars.

All right, too, perhaps. It was all right, anyway, with the healthy-minded and the physically wholesome. Sooner or later they might catch the idea—America. They might find it even good enough to settle in—so good, even, that they would not have the wish to destroy it in order to replace it with something else. Replace it, you know, with whatever it is the others have in place. They seemed to find out, in fact, that liberty is not license. The bathtub ——

What's the use? His huge hands gripping the oars, Rascovar propelled the stolen boat across the river's ripping current. Nine o'clock was the hour appointed for him to meet Czernak's brothers at the coal wharves on the other side. It now was nearly that; and he bent his back to the oars. He was familiar with boats. In fact, at home—that is, back in the Central European place he came from—he had worked daily on a river. His job had been that of deckhand on a barge. The barge carried freight—coal usually—and for twelve or fourteen hours daily his task had been to shovel it aboard. Then, usually at night, the barge drifted down river while he slept; and at dawn the day following Rascovar went to work again. For twelve or fourteen hours he shoveled the coal out of the barge.

Thirty-eight cents was the wage paid him—that is, in good times. At other times it was not so much; so that Rascovar frequently had found it difficult to earn enough to buy the black bread and sausage he lived on—the sausage restricted to Sundays only, of course. In fact, it was not much like life on six dollars, though at the moment Rascovar wasn't thinking of that. He wasn't even thinking of the seventy-five dollars he meant to nab from Czernak's brothers. He had already settled the scheme for fixing them. If they insisted on getting across before paying him, once he had them out in the river he would make them lie down in the boat, telling them they must keep hidden; after which he would row around in a big circle and land them farther up the same shore from which they'd started, Canada. What a joke! He would have the money and they would still be where they were, since naturally he meant to take no chances of getting caught. Not Rascovar—though that was not what he was thinking about. An idle thought had struck him that it might possibly be well for him when the day, the great event came, if he stayed on in America. After he and his friends had booted out these Amerikaners and had taken charge, running the country as it should be run, it would be much better here, of course. He and his friends would manage the place so that it would be fit for a man, a real fellow, to live in. All the factories and the mills would be burned, of course; and, of course, they would shoot all the owners and their hirelings, the bosses. In fact, he himself would take some of them down into a cellar and stand them against the wall, picking them off till he tired of the sport; though, true, he might not burn all the factories. Perhaps he would save one or two where he could put people to work for him, earning dollars for himself.

He would see. It was worth thinking about anyway; and he still was debating the thought when the boat ran in under the shadow of the coal wharves. Over the string piece stuck a head. Its owner addressed him with a grunt. In reply Rascovar also grunted.

"You pay me now, hunh?"

The answer was another grunt. No, Rascovar would not be paid until he had ferried his freight across; and foiled again, he growled thickly as he shoved the boat alongside the wharf.

(Continued on Page 133)

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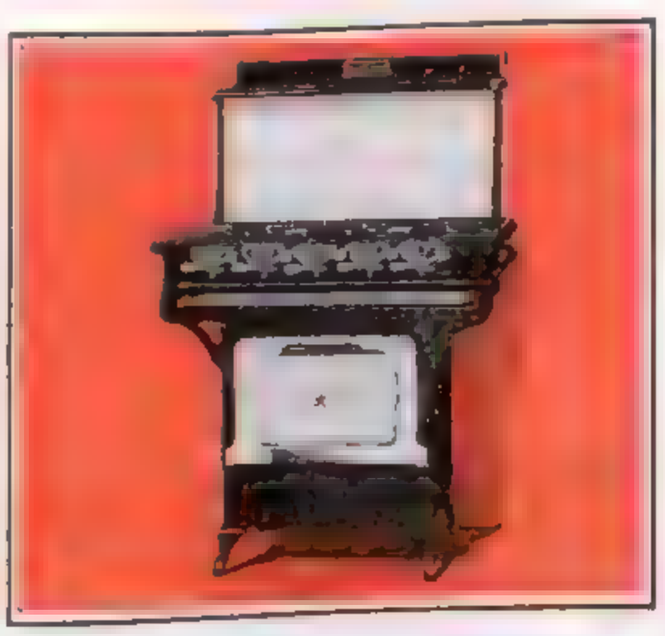

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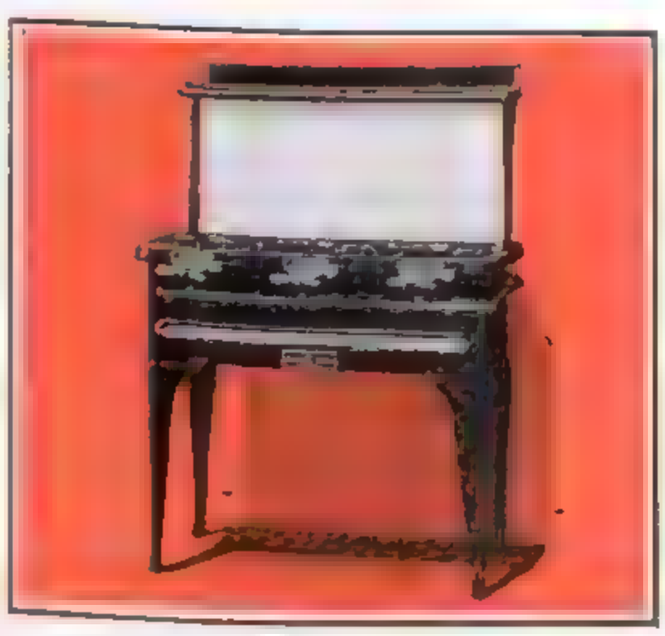

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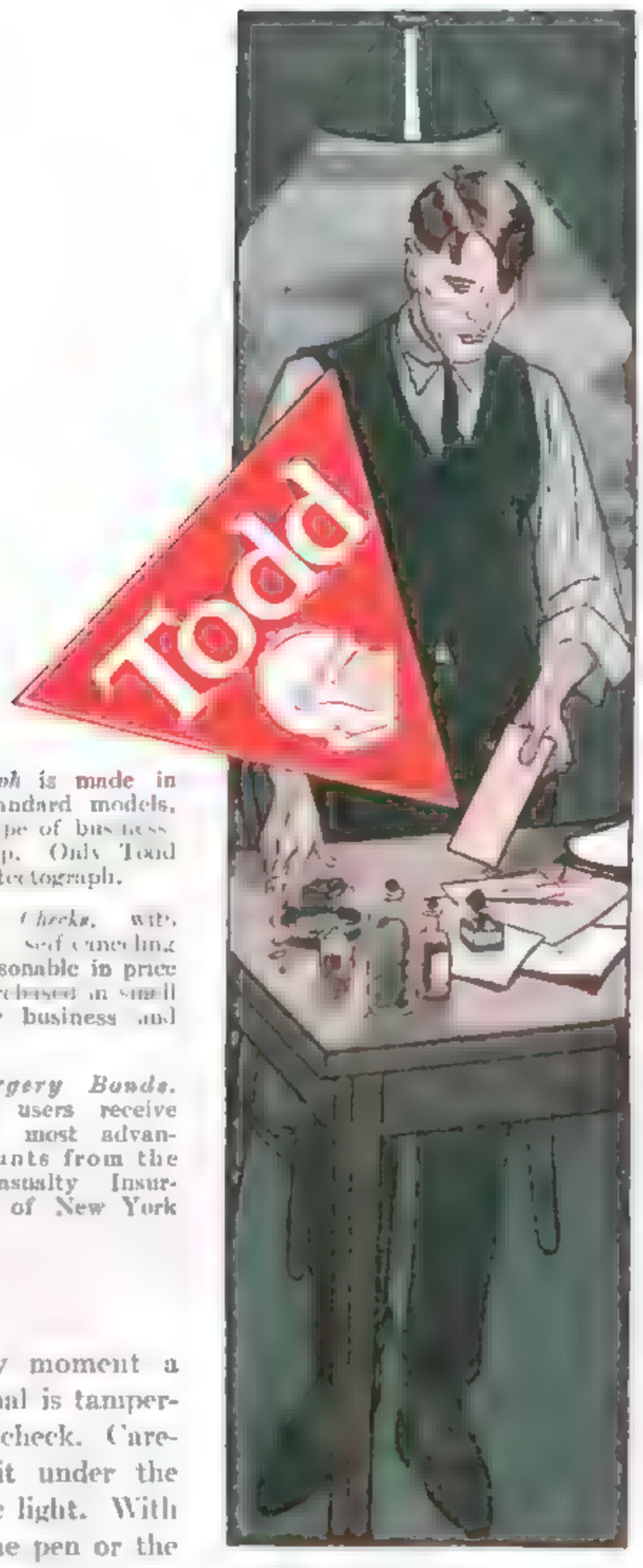

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(Continued from Page 128)

"You come pretty quick," he ordered sullenly. "Me no wait long."

The others did not tarry. A scuffle of feet accompanied by another round of grunts arose from the darkness by the wharf. Then, to Rascovar's astonishment, instead of the three men, the trio he had come to get, seven in all emerged into view; and seizing an oar he scrambled to his feet. Was this a trick, some dirty work to repay him for his kindness? Cursing fiercely, he ordered them to stand back, at the same time brandishing the ash sweep over his head.

"What you make? Some funny business?" he demanded fiercely.

It was all right though. The man who had spoken first explained hastily. Three were Czernak's brothers, while three others were their friends.

"He good man. He got money. He pay you twenty-fi' dolar apiece," he guttured hastily.

Grunting again, Rascovar laid down the oar he was brandishing. He could have shouted aloud. Seven men, each paying twenty-five dollars—seven, not just three. Seven times twenty-five was—was what? He wished he had his hands free so he could tot up the amount on his fingers. At the moment, though, he was holding the boat against the wharf while he invited them to clamber in. However, it was not just seven times twenty-five. Only six of the seven were going across, the man who had done all the talking being merely their leader, a guide to show them where to find Rascovar, their friend. Now that they were safely in Rascovar's hands he was going back.

"Good luck!" he shouted from the wharf.

Rascovar shoved off. Laughter was shouting within him. What a joke! Anyway, six times twenty-five was almost as good as seven times that; and with the six huddled in the bottom of the rowboat he laid to at the oars.

What a joke, yes!

In midstream, a long thin shark of a speed launch hovered, unseen in its coat of obscure, obliterating paint. Near the bow stood a man holding a pair of binoculars glued to his eyes.

"There comes the rowboat, chief," he announced.

A reply came from the darkened pilot house.

"All right, Caffery. Once it's clear of the Canada side, we'll go after it."

Just then, from a wharf downriver came a flash of light, a pin point; and at the flash the man in the pilot house spoke again.

"There's Carter's signal. Those other bohunks are watching us, and when we make a dash for the rowboat they'll try to slip across. All right, let's go!"

Her screw drumming, the launch shot forward.

Rascovar rowed. There was a moment as he set his thewy back against the oars, driving the light rowboat against the current, when he still could have laughed aloud. A joke, indeed! Never, in fact, had he played a part in anything so rich. He was in the bow, the six others huddled aft, their heads kept below the gunwale. Out in midstream, already he was beginning to head back to the Canada side. There was a place up there, a stretch of beach on which he could ground the boat and step ashore; and as the place was screened by a long, high wharf, the six could not look across river and see how he had tricked them. What's more, he would keep them busy; for before he let one of them set foot ashore he would make each of the six pay him his twenty-five. Hurrying, he had turned the boat and was looking over his shoulder for the landing when one of the men aft stirred suddenly, then sat up.

"Get down!" Rascovar ordered roughly.

To emphasize the order, he kicked at the fellow with his hobnailed boot. Instead of crouching down, though, the man flung back a curse at him.

"Row straight," ordered the fellow—"row straight. You no fool me." To Rascovar's amazement, too, the order as well as the oath that went with it were not in his, Rascovar's, own tongue. It was a hunky who spoke—one of the hated ones. Some trick was being played, some dirty work. These were not Czernak's brothers—Czernak was of Rascovar's own race—and starting up, Rascovar saw something in the fellow's hand. It was a pistol, a heavy revolver. Its black, gaping muzzle, too, was pointed directly at Rascovar's middle.

"You no fool me!" cursed the fellow again. "You row that way, not this!" He shoved the gun at Rascovar, the gesture suggestive; and just at this instant a flood of white, blinding light struck Rascovar like a blow between the eyes. Fifty feet away, a long, narrow launch tilted high on its streaming bow shot like a missile out of the darkness; and as Rascovar gaped toward its dazzling searchlight, he realized!

He had been tricked, cheated. To encompass his downfall Czernak had lured him out on the river with this boatload of hunkies, then set the law upon him. He saw it all now!

The man before him once more threatened Rascovar with his gun.

"Row!" he cursed. He had little need for that though. Rascovar's back was bent to the oars; and the boat leaped, heading toward the American shore. All Rascovar's brawn and muscle served to little purpose, however. He still was far from the river bank, from safety, when the launch shot alongside.

"Halt!" a voice shouted.

At the word three of the six others in the boat went overboard, and struck out desperately for the shore. Not Rascovar though. Just as he, too, was heading over the side an arm clothed in the blue of the law—the Immigration Department—reached out and seized him by the neck. For an instant he fought; no use though. He could not get clear; and his heels rattling against the rail, he was dragged aboard.

Then, as in a confused dream, his dull wits awakening, Rascovar heard a sharp voice speak.

"This is the fellow—the big one. He's the bird who dropped the crowbar on the boss' head down at the ore docks last week. Biff him if he gives any trouble!"

The ore docks! The crowbar too! Rascovar turned cold with fright. Someone must have seen him when he had dropped the bar from the top of the trestle on the head of the man below. If so, it meant more than merely being turned out of the country and sent home again; and the sweat pouring from him, he pawed his way idly to his feet.

"No, no, me no bad!" he shouted. "Me good man, me tell you—me Amerikaner! Look, I show you!" cried Rascovar.

Terror keened him. His wits were going fast now—fast for him, at any rate—and into the slow recesses of his mind came at length a fragment of something he had heard somewhere—a line or two of words babbled out in lone, isolated purity amid the shouting and roistering at Cavvitch's boarding house. It was from Cavvitch's brat, the boy in the Boy Scout uniform, that the fragmentary verse had come; and in a frenzied obtestation of fright and misery, Rascovar raised his voice, its note cracked and shrill:

"My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty ——"

That was as far as he got. "Your country, your land of liberty, eh?" A hand yanked him by the collar to his feet; and he was thrust back against the deck house. At the same instant the man who had seized him spoke.

"Before you're through you'll learn a different song, you murdering dog! It's about five years for you in Atlanta, my friend—that is, if the county doesn't hang you for that job you did down at the ore docks!"

Rascovar's knees went out from under him. A wild sob wrenched itself from his breast. Hang him? Hang poor Rascovar? How cruel was the world, how pitiless! His head sagging on his breast, Rascovar wept.

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PLUPY EARNS AND DESERVES A NEW NICKNAIM

(Continued from Page 43)

his hat or his shert and Pewt sed how do you know he coodent and i sed everyone knows that a feller coodent eat a old stove pipe hat or a woolin shert or a red flannel shert or a stif bosumed shert or even a dickey. and Pewt sed ennyway a feller can drink a glass of soft sope and if he has sed he wood and then backs out he is a lier and a sneek and a fraid cat and dassent taik a stump. and Beany he sed so two.

well i dident know what to say. they had me becaus i had sed 2 or 3 times that i wood drink a glass of soft sope if old Bill dident wish he was ded befoar we got through with him. but i dident see how i cood drink that glass of soft sope and so i sed how do you know old Bill hasent wished he was ded. and Pewt he sed becaus when old Bill gets mad he gets over it in no time and he is always good natured and plesent to evrybody and i sed if that is so why cant we leve him alone and Pewt sed we can but we wont unless you drink a glass of soft sope jest as you sed you wood. if i had sed it you wood have wanted me to keep my wird or be a sneek and a lier and a fraid cat and not dass to taik a stump and you wood have xpected Beany to do it.

well while we was gawing over it and i was saying that i bet old Bill had sed he wished he was ded 2 or 3 times sence we begun to play gokes on him we herd old Bill coming home from wirk whissling and steping quick. evry few steps he wood stop whissling and say howdy do to sumbody and we herd old Printer Smith say Bill you always apear to enjoy life and have a good time and old Bill he sed i do Mister Smith, i always feal well and have a good time and i hoap i always shall.

then Pewt sed well Plupy what do you say now about it and i sed all rite Pewt i will drink a glass of soft sope but i am going to do the filling of the glass.

then Pewt brougt out a glass that wood hold about a quart and i woodent taik it. then he brougt out a pint goblet and i sed i wasent going to kill myself for ennybody. finally he brougt out a glass whitch was all rite. i took it and put in about haff of soft sope and haff of water and mixed it with a stick. Pewt sed i had augt to drink a glass full of sope but i sed it was too thick and i must mix it. so i done it. well then we went into Pewts fathers shop and i held it up 2 or 3 times befoar i cood maik up my mind.

gosh it maid me gag to look at it. so i maid Pewt get a lemon and cut it and i rubbed the top of the glass with it so that i coodent taist the sope so mutch. that is the way mother does when we taik sum caster oil. then i shet my eyes and drank it jest as fast as i cood with Beany and Pewt looking on to see if i drank it all.

well it maid me shiver and maid my teeth chatter to think of it but i tride to ack as if i kind of liked it but i felt as if i had a live bull frog in me. bimeby it began to birn me inside and i begun to feal auful sick. so i went to the pump and drank 2 or 3 dippers of water. this maid me feal a little better and Pewt sed i wood feal better if i ran round the yard 2 or 3 times. so i started and got round once and i cood feal myself getting sicker and sicker and cood feal myself bubbling inside like a tea kettle and befoar i gnew what had hapened i was

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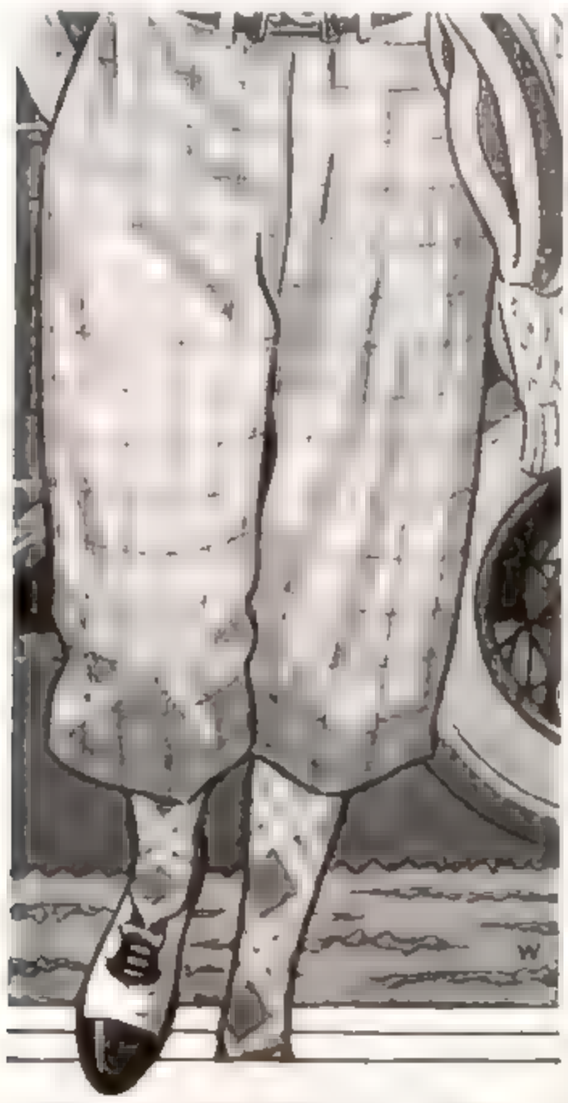

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behind the shop throwing up sopesuds. it seamed as if i never cood stop.

Pewt and Beany was laffing and roling round on the ground and bending over and slapping their legs. if i hadent been so sick i wood have given them a punch in the ey. bimeby i stoped and set down on the step to the shop. i wanted another drink of water moar than ennything in the wirld. so i asked Pewt to pump me sum and he did and i drank 2 moar dippers. i felt better for a while and then i was sick again and then i threw up a lot moar sopesuds and this time evry time i wood breath i wood blow sum big sope bubbles from my nose. this time after i stoped i felt a good deal better and i kep practicing blowing sope bubbles with my nose. I made sum splendid big ones as big as you can from a new clay pipe.

i had never saw ennyone do this befoar and i never herd of ennyone doing it and i dont beleeve ennyone elce ever did. Pewt called his father and mother and Gnatt Weeks and old Bill Greenleaf and Nipper Brown and Fred Sullivan and 2 or 3 other peeple and they had never saw ennything like it. but when Pewt told what i had did his mother took me into the house and maid me drink about a quart of warm water and i was sick again and threw up sum moar sopesuds but not verry strong suds and after that i coodent blow enny moar sope bubles. I was sorry for that becaus i wanted to go home and show mother and aunt Sarah and the rest of them. Pewts mother sed she dident know what wood have hapened if i hadent got rid of it the way i did, but old Hen Dow who come over to see me sed i wood have been foundered or wind broken like an old horse whitch drinks cold water when it is hot and swetty. and old Gnatt Weaks sed the acid in the sope wood have boared a hole in my vitals and probly have killed me in grate aggony. they all sed i was the bigest fool they ever gnew and they sed they wondered how i had lived as long as i had if i dident know moar than to drink soft sope.

so when i went home i told mother about it and she told father. he sed the same the peeple up to Pewts had sed and he maid me go down to Doctor Perrys with him and tell the doctor about it and doctor Perry looked down my gozzle and felt of my pulce and put a thirmomiter in my mouth and held his ear to my chest and asted me all about it and sed i was all rite and that it was the first time he had gnew of soft sope being used as a beverige and if i had et a pound of nales i wood have maid a harty meal.

then he sed there was a speciul providunce that waches over fools and drunken men and small boys and that it must have been round about the time i drank the sope. so i went home with father and he gawed me all the way. mother wanted me to eat my supper but i coodent eat ennything. all i cood think of was how that soft sope felt when i drank it. it wasent the taist so mutch as the fealing of it. gosh i wonder if i shall ever forget it as long as i live. i hoap i shall not have to use soft sope enny moar for my saterday nite bath. if i do i know i shall be sick.

well after i had went to bed i herd father coming up stares to my room. most always when he comes up to my room at nite after i am in bed it meens that i am going to get a licking for sumthing i have did or for sumthing sumbody else has did and laid it onto me. so i wondered what moar he had herd about me than hearing that i had drank a glass of soft sope, becaus i gnew that if he had been going to lick me for that he wood have did it long befoar bed time.

so i coodent gess what it was but ennyway i thougt it mite be better to be asleep when he come in. so when he opened the door of my room i was jest snoaring a teeny bit. not exactly snoaring but jest breething hard and when he set down the lamp and spoke to me i dident anser him but tirned and mutered sumthing and acked as if i had a bad dream. then i sort of groned and tirned over agen.

then he spoke to me agen and when i dident anser he took me by the arm and shook me a little. but not hard. then i opened my eys with a start and looked at him as if i dident know him and sed what what what is it and then i reconized him and sed hello father what do you want. what have i did. and he sed i want to talk to you. and i sed what do you want to talk about and he sed i want to know how you come to drink a glass of soft sope, did ennybody maik you and i sed not xactly but Pewt and Beany stumped me to do it. then he sed why wasent Pewt and Beany sick two and i sed becaus they dident drink enny soft sope. then father he sed how cood they have stumped you to do it if they dident do it ferst. well i sed no they dident drink it but they jest come along and dassed me to do it and of coarse i wasent going to taik a stump or a dare from Pewt or Beany. i gess not.

but you little fool he sed it aint a stump or a dare unless the feller whitch stumps you to do it or dares you to do it does it ferst. you know that as well as i do. isent that so.

then i sed yes that is so most always but if a feller has sed that he will drink a glass of soft sope if sumthing aint so he has got to do it or he is a sneek and a lier and a fraid cat or a old skin out of it. and enny feller can stump him to do it without doing it ferst. oh father sed, that is the way of it is it and i sed yes sir and he sed you sed you wood drink a glass of soft sope if sumthing wasent so, did you. and i sed yes sir. and he sed well now you ment that you bet it was so. and i sed yes sir. then he sed you was pretty sure it was so wasent you. and i sed yes sir. and he sed you was so sure of it that you was willing to drink a glass of soft sope if it wasent so. and i sed i wasent willing but I sed i wood do it.

then he sed well now what was the thing that you was so sure was so that wasent so. and i sed oh nothing mutch. And he sed never mind how mutch or how nothing it was, what was it. and i sed it was sumthing a feller was to do. and he sed what feller and i sed nobody you know. and father he sed what is his name and i can tell you whether i know him or not. and i sed the fellers call him Bill. and he sed Bill what and he kind of shet his jaw and sparks begun to come into his eys and i knew i had got to tell and i sed Bill Greenleef.

oh sed father, it was sumthing Bill was going to do that you were sure he wood do. and i sed yes sir. and he sed what was it and i sed i bet he was going to wish he was ded and he sed why shood he wish he was ded and I sed becaus he had to wirk so hard for only $1 and $.50 cents a day. and father sed he gets $2 dollers and $.50 cents a day and is saving money so that aint the reeson. and i sed no sir.

now sed father tell me without enny moar fooling what Bill was to do. and i sed he was going to wish he was ded befoar sum fellers got throug with him. then father sed who were the fellers and what was they doing to Bill. and i sed you always told me never to tell on the fellers. and father he sed that is rite i will withdraw that question and ask another question. was you one of the fellers and i sed yes sir. and father he sed how menny others were in the gang. and i sed 2 and he sed what had Bill done. and i sed he had promised old mister Hobbs to find out the fellers whitch had—and then i stoped. then father sed whitch had what and his eys sparked again so i gnew i had got to tell the truth and i sed whitch had gnocked the horse off the vane on his barn. and father he sed the fellers in your gang of 3. and i sed yes sir. and father he sed why did the fellers gnock the horse off the vane and i sed the ferst time we pluged it to see the horse fli round on the vane when we hit it and we dident think we cood gnock it off but we gnocked off the tale an one of the hine legs and its nose.

then later when mister Hobbs dident mend it we thougt he dident taik mutch pride in the naborhood so we gnocked the rest of it off with sling shots.

then father sed so it was a sort of villigence committy and i sed yes sir but i diden know what a villigence committy was. then father sed how did Bill get mixed up in this and i sed mister Hobbs went to Bill and told him about it and Bill went snooping round triing to find out whitch fellers done it and so we sed we wood maik him wish he was ded and i sed i wood drink a glass of soft sope if he dident wish he was ded.

then father he sed dident you know that if Bill had found out what fellers done it that he never wood have told Hobbs about it. And i sed yes i know it now but i dident then.

and then father sed what did the fellers do to him and i sed one of the fellers took him in the hine leg with a sling shot and we shoveled snow in front of his door and posted up a notice and father sed yes i have herd of that but why did the fellers stop and i sed after he had did so mutch for us at the fire i told the fellers that i woodent let them play enny more gokes on Bill.

well we almost had a fite about it but finely they sed if i wood drink that glass of soft sope they wood promise to let Bill aloan. so i done it.

then father sed did you want to and i sed no it maid me gag to look at it and it maiks me sick now to think of it. then father got up and waulked up and down the room and sed i will be damned. he sed it 2 or 3 times and then he sed

bards patriots poits sages
the mariors of all ages
whose deeds crown historys pages

coodent have did moar.

then he sed how do you feal now and i sed i am thirsty but i cant think about drinking and he sed cood you drink a glass of lemonaid and i sed yes if you will put it in a dipper, but i can never drink out of a glass again. so father he went down stares and brougt me up a dipper of lemonaid and i drunk it and then he sed it is all rite now so go to sleep. and i felt so mutch better that i went rite to sleep. it was auful good of father not to ask who the other 2 fellers was. i wonder if he suspects it was Beany and Pewt. ennyway if he does he will never tell.

gosh i forgot to tell what my new nicknaim was. I thougt i had wrote it down and i have read what i wrote 2 times but it wasent there. it is Old Sope Bubble Snoot Shute. I gess i am the only feller in this wirld that ever had that for a nicknaim and the only feller in this wirld whitch ever blowed sope bubbles throug his nose.

Editor's Note—This is the twelfth of a series of sketches by Mr. Shute. The next will appear in an early issue.

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THAT LAST INFIRMITY

(Continued from Page 40)

Aloysia had courage, but not enough to face her prisoner. She went into the hall and called: "I'm all right, and you'll be all right. He'll treat you kindly. Only don't try to get out."

Then she went back into the dining room and closed the door, so that if he called anything more she couldn't hear it.

"Get me an automobile," she directed Bert. "I must get back to London."

That was impossible, but there was a horse, and Bert would drive her to the station.

"What if the house caught on fire while we are away?" Aloysia suggested.

"Oh, worse things could happen. When you see a poor fellow like that upstairs, could you find it in your heart to mind? That's what I felt with Mr. Alex. He'd a fever at the end. Had it been left to me, I'd never of sent for a doctor. Not that one didn't finish him off sooner than I could have. I'll have Dolly hitched up and at the door in five minutes."

"No," Aloysia cried, "you're not to leave the house till I come back. Take good care of him."

With those words she slipped a twenty-pound note into Bert's delighted hand.

"If he was Mr. Alex come back," Bert said unreassuringly, "I couldn't care for him better than I will."

"But not that brick," Aloysia begged.

"Not unless he cries for it. How long will you be gone, ma'am?"

"I can't say," Aloysia answered. "I'd meant to be here for Christmas, but something may turn up to keep me. Be gentle to him, be gentle."

As she said the words she burst into very real tears, and she was crying as she put on her things and started from the house on foot down the muddy road. It was all she could do to keep from breaking into a dead run until Orrery Gribblings had disappeared around the corner of the road.

XXXI

ALOYSIA regained her poise on the train. "Why, where is your Mr. Wingate?" she greeted Nora. "I thought you'd be at tea with him."

"He hasn't come," Nora said. "Isn't it funny?"

"Shall we go to a play if he doesn't drop around by eight o'clock?"

"We might as well."

Nora was a little piqued. Aloysia got tickets. Mr. Wingate, quite naturally, neither called nor telephoned next morning.

"Isn't it odd?" Aloysia commented casually. "Still we mustn't lose a whole day in London. I think you should have another evening gown, perhaps two."

"What for?"

"Oh, you'll want to be gay before you're married."

Something in Aloysia's tone suggested that the opportunities for being gay afterward would not be plentiful.

Evening gowns were what Nora liked best to buy. They found a ravishing one of blue velvet with wreaths of seed pearls, and a flame-color one which, by every rule, should have destroyed blond Nora, but which somehow emphasized her transcendent loveliness.

"Shall we go back to the hotel," Aloysia asked, "or lunch at the Ritz, where it's gayer?"

Nora chose the Ritz. There was a girl she had known at St. Agnes at the next table with two young men. She presented them to Nora, all too literally for her own taste. Introductions of young men to Nora almost always had the same results as the expeditions of those unfortunate Little Nigger Boys. The four made an engagement for tea at Rumpelmayer's. There was no message from Mr. Wingate for Nora when she got back to Claridge's.

"Perhaps he's sick," she said, and she telephoned his hotel, but got no response from his room.

"But don't you think it's awfully funny?" Nora asked that time.

"Ah, with a man his age!" Aloysia replied, as though there were some malady or failing to which aging gentlemen were subject, but about which one didn't go into details before young girls.

"Why don't you try to get your young friends to dinner, and find some place to dance?"

"But if he should come?"

"We'll leave word and he can join us."

Nora danced until three.

It was next day that she was supposed to start for Rockingham Priory, and the subject had not been broached. That was the only obstacle left in Aloysia's path.

When Aloysia wakened Nora at ten Nora's first words were, "Has there been any message from Paul?"

"Not a thing, darling."

"I'm going to telephone his hotel and leave word for him to call me the moment he gets in."

Aloysia looked very judicial.

"I wouldn't," she advised. "It's a bad thing to let a man get the idea that you're running after him."

"But it's been so long!"

"I've an idea," Aloysia beamed. "Why don't you go down to the British Museum? He's a scholar. He may have become so absorbed in his work that he only leaves it to eat and sleep."

"But he wouldn't without letting me know!"

"Oh, just unconscious of time, darling. That's the way professors are."

Nora had to do something, so she went.

As soon as her daughter was out of the hotel Aloysia summoned a maid, and they packed all Nora's belongings with feverish haste. Her own she had done before she had disturbed Nora. She then sent all the trunks, except the one Nora would require for Rockingham Priory, to the Victoria trunk room. Finally she paid her hotel bill, explaining that she would only need the rooms until her daughter returned. She left a note for Nora:

Darling: Mr. Wingate telephoned that a cousin ran into him and carried him away to the country. He'll be there two weeks. Also this invitation came from Mrs. Cadby Taylor for you to spend the holidays at Rockingham Priory. Isn't it fortunate?

You'll see from it what train you must take. I'm leaving your return-trip ticket and enough money for your luncheon and tips, in your dressing case under the handkerchiefs. It will be better than a sad Christmas alone with me. I have arranged with the porter to put you and your luggage on the train.

I'm in great haste, as I'm hurrying off to get to Orrery Gribblings this afternoon. I will write you about meeting me. Have a good time, my darling. Mrs Taylor says she wants you until the New Year.

Always your affectionate,

MOTHER.

Aloysia knew her daughter thoroughly. Nora, deserted and alone, was incapable of doing anything but following directions, however puzzled she was by the tornado of events that seemed to have happened in her brief absence.

Aloysia lunched at the Savoy. When it was past time for Nora's departure for Rockingham Priory she telephoned Claridge's. Miss Nora McCarthy had left. Aloysia then returned to that hostelry, found the porter she had engaged, learned from him that he had put Nora on the train, and realized that her task, so far as it lay within her power, was accomplished. And how much better than the break with Sam Eddy! How near painlessly!

She had her luggage moved back to Claridge's and reëngaged her rooms. That night she dined quietly and alone. She did not sleep well, however. She was troubled by dreams of Paul Wingate; Paul Wingate caught in a burning house; Paul Wingate escaping.

Aloysia wondered in the awful night hours what the British penalty for false imprisonment might be, and though in the daylight she had reasoned it out that no very terrible legal penalty was ever exacted of a woman of real charm, seen from the different point of view, the possibilities in that strange land loomed awful and imminent.

She slept late, trying to make up for her broken rest. Between ten and eleven her telephone rang. The call was from Orrery Gribblings. It was Bert saying that her brother was very sick; she should come right away.

Pneumonia. Aloysia knew from the moment she heard the shallow, painful breathing. Pneumonia, and he would die, and she would be a murderess. She might have known. To leave him in that house like a tomb! He opened his eyes as she stood over him, and after a second or two he knew her.

"I'm so sorry," she said, and some tears dropped to the sheet. "I'm so sorry."

He answered in a breathless voice, "It's all right."

Then he shut his eyes again.

"He's a saint!" Aloysia sobbed to the astonished Bert. "He's a saint of God! How did it happen?"

He'd attempted to escape the night of the day after she had left Orrery Gribblings. He'd pried the grille from one window and made a rope of the bedclothes and some of his own garments.

Mr. Wingate was evidently half listening to the recital.

"Shouldn't have gone in for melodrama," he interpolated, not opening his eyes, but smiling wearily.

Bert had been wakened by the sound of the bed, to which the rope was fastened, scraping against the wall. He'd rushed to the room, seen what was up, looked out the window and apparently shaken the rope so that Paul, who, fortunately, was fairly far down, had fallen. When Bert reached him he was still unconscious, and Bert had carried him in.

It turned out that there were no bones broken, and when he came to himself he had seemed unusually lucid, but he'd had a chill. He hadn't worn any overcoat and the night was icy. He'd grown more ill all the following day.

"What doctors have you had?" Aloysia asked.

Bert hadn't had any. He hadn't known. His old conviction as to what was best for hopeless maniacs had apparently restrained him.

"Get one," Aloysia commanded. "Have you whisky, and a hot-water bag and mustard?"

Bert showed her where they all were; then he went for the doctor.

The room where Paul lay was airless and stifling from the fire. When Aloysia had mixed a mustard paste and put it on his thin chest, and filled hot-water bottles and banked them about him, she opened the windows. Pneumonia patients needed air, she knew. She also was convinced that they always died. She prayed with chattering teeth. If he was going to die, she decided, she'd send for Nora. He should have that comfort at least, cost what it might.

He talked as he lay there with his eyes closed. Evidently his illness had taken him back to another invalid.

"Don't worry," he said, in a caressing voice, "there's plenty. It's not an extravagance. I want you to have things, Madame Mère. Why should I prostitute my great talents to pedagogy if you're not to have the luxuries?"

He laughed over that little joke, and laughing evidently woke him.

"What was it?" he asked.

"You were talking."

"So sorry. I haven't any right to make you so much trouble. So sorry."

At that Aloysia broke down again. It seemed to restore his sense of the situation.

He patted her hand.

"Seem to have an extraordinary gift for making you cry," he panted.

"Could you take some whisky?" she asked.

He nodded that he could.

"Now, you're not to talk," she informed him when she had given it.

"Promise," he said.

She sat beside him in her coat in the room, which was fresh with cold air now. The fire lighted him. He lay, long and thin, and mental and helpless; his terrifying breath seeming to shorten every instant.

In spite of his word, he continued to talk from time to time, sometimes to a person called Jody who, for some reason, Aloysia decided was the successor of Lillian Russell about whom he hadn't told her; but oftenest to his mother. Once he said, "A girl made from a rainbow." And Aloysia knew he was telling her about Nora. It seemed like some centuries before she heard Bert down in the lower hall with the doctor.

"Bad weather we're having, madam," the doctor said, and: "This is very sad for you."

He was a little, garrulous man with a beard. His name was Stubbs. Aloysia didn't want to talk to him. She wanted him to keep Paul Wingate from dying.

"Yes," she said.

"Your brother is a mental case?"

Aloysia longed to say, "No. And he's not my brother. He's a good, wise man I've locked up here and killed."

"Yes," she sobbed.

Finally the doctor came upstairs and examined Paul.

"A little in both lungs," he pronounced.

"Is he very bad?"

"I've seen worse."

"Will you get two nurses right away?"

"Madam, we'd have to send to Ipswich and there's a scarlet-fever epidemic there. I doubt if we could get one."

"Then you'll stay?" He would stay.

"What ought he to eat?"

"Liquids."

"Broth?" Aloysia's voice implored an affirmative.

"Yes."

"Won't take a spoonful," Bert announced.

"He'll take some of mine."

No one could make such broth as Aloysia McCarthy. She went into Bert's greasy kitchen and toiled over its preparation in a heaven of relief at having something to do. Among the nightmare china of Orrery Gribblings she found a willow cup, and scrubbed it herself, and made Bert polish the little silver tray on which she would carry it, and the spoon. Paul took the broth, but he wasn't conscious of it.

"You go to bed," the doctor commanded. "I'll watch the night."

Exhaustion and the reassurance of the doctor's presence gave Aloysia seven hours' sleep; when she got up the doctor was gone and Bert was with Paul.

"What did he go for?" she asked fiercely.

"There's others except rich Americans to be taken care of."

Bert's tone made her wonder if in his delirium Paul had betrayed her, and the police would arrive at any moment to arrest her for abduction. She didn't much care, save that she wanted to be there to nurse him. Bert's tone, however, was merely the result of his own disturbed nights.

He went to his rest and Aloysia watched all day. There wasn't any sign of Paul's being better, and he didn't recognize her that day. Before the doctor returned at nightfall she was convinced that Paul's breathing was shallower, and certainly his temperature was up.

(Continued on Page 141)

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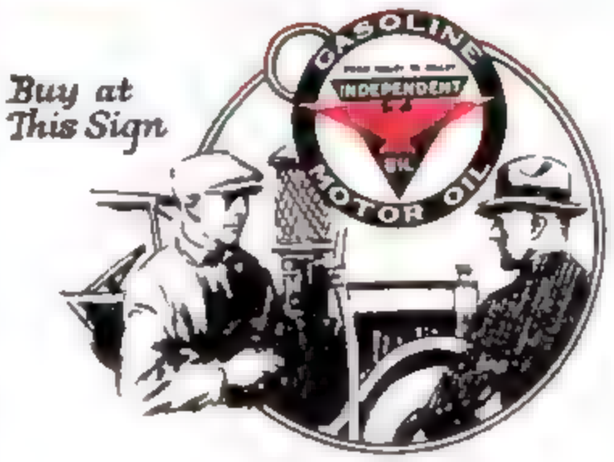

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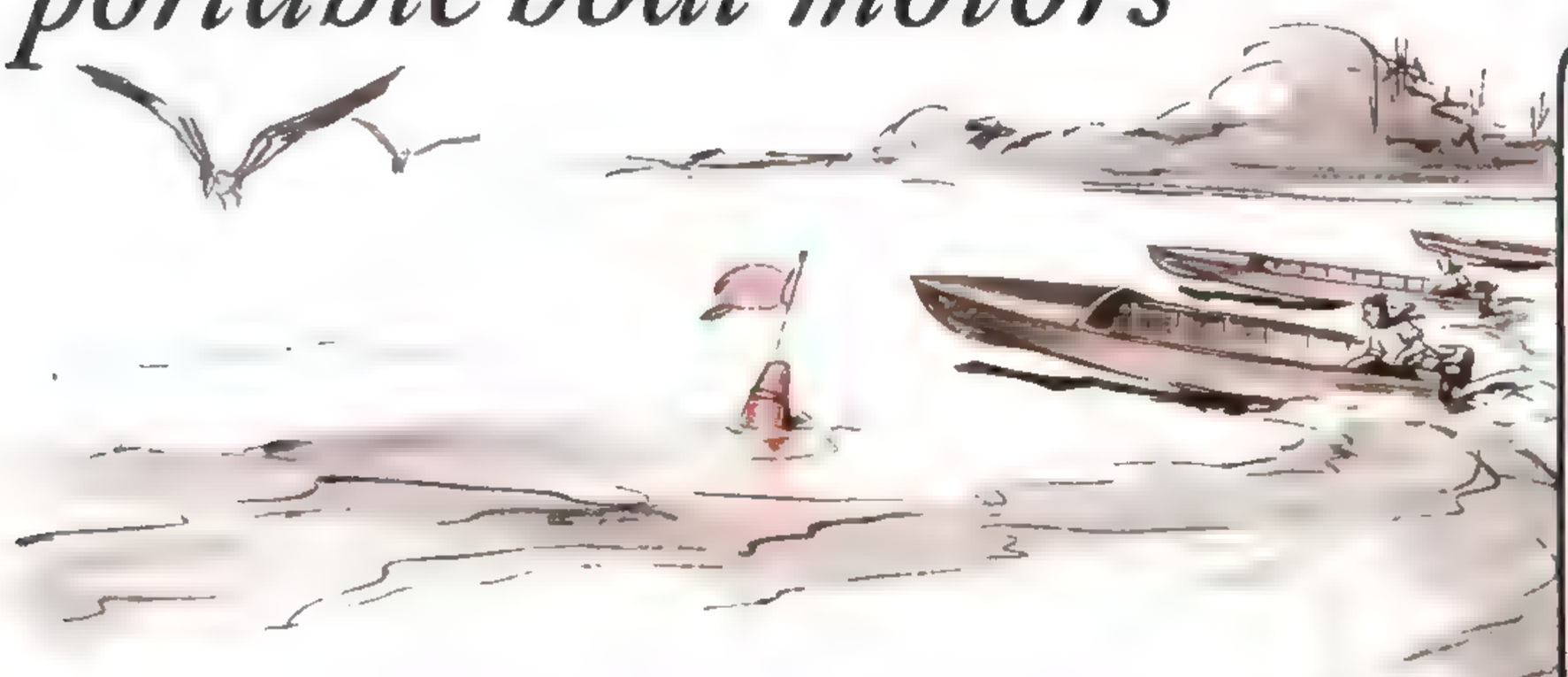

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(Continued from Page 136

"How soon will he die, doctor?" she asked, wondering if she'd have a chance to get Nora.

Doctor Stubbs searched with his stethoscope.

"He's no worse. Tomorrow's his fifth day, isn't it? We'll know something tomorrow night."

Aloysia renewed her prayers, but she did not send for Nora.

At about five, next afternoon, when she was wondering whether she could get Paul to take some more broth if she made it, he spoke.

"Well, Aloysia," he said.

"Mr. Wingate." She was out of her chair in an instant. This must be the lucid moment just before dissolution, and Nora not there. Perhaps he was going to curse her.

"Isn't that dangerous?" he asked. "I'd gathered from Bert I was your brother. Hadn't you better adopt some fraternal form of address?"

"Are you feeling worse?"

"I'm feeling a great deal better. I think I could eat something."

"Bless your heart!" Aloysia cried, and darted off to make fresh broth.

When she returned, Paul was saying "Get thee to a nunnery" to Bert, but in a tone which didn't frighten Aloysia in the least.

She tingled with pleasure as she hadn't for years at his enjoyment of her broth.

"It's been quite a time for you, hasn't it?" he asked when Bert had left the room.

"Oh, terrible."

"You might have had some difficulty with the coroner, I'm afraid, Aloysia."

Mr. Wingate began to laugh, a weak laugh with some coughs in it, but an unspeakably delightful sound.

"I've been praying to God on my knees to forgive me," Aloysia said.

"I'm sure He has. In fact, I've always been convinced that His sense of humor was underestimated," Paul Wingate returned, and then he asked, "What have you done with Nora?"

"She's with some friends of ours."

"Mr. Sutphen Grolier among others?"

"Yes."

"You can't frustrate me that way," he said, and he smiled a beatific smile. "Not if she cares as I know she does."

"Go to sleep now," Aloysia told him.

He shook his head.

"The doctor is rather intelligent," he remarked.

"Yes."

"If your face is to be saved, I'm afraid I shall have to make a little effort for the doctor. It wasn't necessary for Bert. Bert thought I thought I was a bird. He kept saying, 'You ain't no bloody birdie' when I came to after my fall, and a few Elizabethan quotations are all it requires now to convince him of my entire witlessness; but the doctor will be different."

"Yes," Aloysia admitted again.

"It will be necessary to rave for the doctor, and I will, only in exchange for doing so I want your promise to take me to Nora as soon as I can go."

Aloysia gave it.

XXXII

WHEN the porter at Claridge's put Nora McCarthy in a taxicab and said he would meet her with her luggage at the station, and it started away like an engine of destiny, Nora felt so unhappy and driven that she couldn't bear it, and when the cab had gone two blocks she tapped on the windowpane and told the driver to go to the hotel where Paul Wingate had rooms.

It was an unparalleled assertion of her independence and frightened Nora horribly, particularly when the taxi had to turn all the way around. But Paul Wingate couldn't have gone away and just telephoned a message like that. He couldn't.

At the little hotel she got out and went to the desk. Mr. Wingate wasn't in his room. He'd apparently gone away somewhere for a few days. There was some mail he hadn't claimed. Had the young lady any reason to think there was anything strange in his absence? Nora didn't know what to do.

"Why, I suppose not," she said, and a sudden panic seized her lest she should have missed the train her mother had directed her to take. What would she do if she had?

She made the narrowest of connections. The whistle was blowing when she climbed into a compartment; and there, reading a cheap novel, sat Miss Cora Van Santvoord. It was an immense relief to see a face she knew.

"Good morning," she said.

"G'morning."

Miss Van Santvoord looked up.

"Oh, you were on the boat."

"Yes," Nora answered. "We had the next chairs."

"Family with you?"

"No. I'm going on a visit."

"Got something to read?"

It was not a very gracious inquiry. That it was asked at all was, considering Miss Van Santvoord, the accolade. When she was interested in a chapter and someone spoke to her, usually she gave one imperious glance and said, "I'm reading."

Nora answered "No" and Miss Van Santvoord handed her a volume with the picture of a dripping dagger in a three-fingered hand on the cover. Nora thought she was too unhappy to read; but she opened the book to be polite, and it was a grand story. The guard had called Winton twice, before she heard and jumped up.

"Did he say 'Winton'?"

"Yes."

Miss Van Santvoord thrust her head through the window and bawled at the top of her lungs, "We've got to get out! Hold the train! . . . Didn't know you were bound for here, too," she remarked to Nora, gathering up her belongings. "The Taylors'?"

"Yes."

Chauffeurs and footmen descended on them. Sutphen Grolier was there too.

"Hello, Cousin Cora," he said. "Hello, Nora. I'm going to motor you up."

"In that thing?" Miss Van Santvoord pointed to his roadster.

"Just Nora."

"No, you're not. She's coming with me."

Miss Van Santvoord couldn't read in motor cars and detested riding in one without a companion.

"But I came for her."

"Humph," said Miss Van Santvoord. "The drive'll do you good. Come on, child."

Obedient Nora went with her.

"It's a wonderful story," she said.

"Isn't it a peach? Have you got to the second murder?"

Nora had. "Guessed who did it?" Nora guessed, but Miss Van Santvoord wouldn't tell.

Rockingham Priory rose above its snowy park, gray and peaceful, and beautiful with a beauty such as Nora had never known. A beauty like that of one of its great oak trees, a beauty that made you feel happy and safe.

"Nice place," Miss Van Santvoord said.

A great door swung open. Beyond a hall with a stupendous fire, and acres of paneling and glorious stone cobwebs of windows, was the famous scarlet drawing-room, so called because of its lacquer cabinets. There were charming-looking people, with glossy heads and long throats and legs.

Mrs. Cadby Taylor came forward, saying, "Cora! And Miss McCarthy!"

Mrs. Cadby Taylor had her failings, but when one was her guest one had a feeling of being the most important person on earth to her at the time.

"Will you have tea now, or go to your rooms first?"

"Rooms first," Miss Van Santvoord replied, and putting her hand on Nora's arm, she added, "Come up with me."

It amounted to the establishment of a protectorate.

"Are you comfortable?" Mrs. Cadby Taylor asked when they came down, and looking at Nora: "I'm so glad I put her in the mirror room. I'd no idea she could be so lovely."

"Yep. I've known Grody to make mistakes," Mr. Cadby Taylor remarked, announcing parenthetically to Nora who he was. "Remember that one with the wall eye he advertised."

He gave a great laugh at the memory, and everyone about laughed, and as Sutphen Grolier entered just then, Mr. Cadby Taylor whacked his shoulder and said, "Just talking about you, Grody. You came through this time."

It was, of course, rude; it was treating Nora McCarthy as though she were a new bibelot, or at best an addition to the racing stable, but it was not unpleasant.

"She stood me up at the station, though," Sutphen Grolier grunted, but he wasn't angry. Nora could see that.

There were no introductions, but almost everyone came to Nora and said, "My name's Rocky," or "*Je m'appelle André d'Estournelles; vous parlez français?*" or "I'm Hilda Vernay."

The maid provided for her told Nora their real names when she dressed her for dinner. Rocky was the young Duke of Essringham, and André was the Marquis d'Estournelles, and Hilda Vernay was Lady Hilda Vernay, and the Americans had names Nora knew from the papers.

The mirror room was incredibly lovely, with Noras in diminishing vistas everywhere. It was like the inside of a gay box for glittering trinkets. It was a room in which it would be hard to be unhappy.

Nora found herself being pleasurably excited because her mother had found that she could wear flame color—the flame-color dress would be so wonderful in the scarlet drawing-room.

She would think about Paul and be unhappy that night, she promised herself, when the Noras of the mirrors were snuffed into darkness. But now she would enjoy all the beauty and romance as Paul would wish her to.

Besides omnipresent beauty and the romance of great names, there turned out to be a great deal of fun, which was something Nora hadn't in the least expected.

Each of the men, with the arrant rudeness apparently typical of their set, demanded of Mrs. Cadby Taylor that he be allowed to sit next to Nora.

"There's just one place to fight for," Cadby Taylor informed them, "because I'm in the other."

"I get that," Sutphen Grolier claimed, "because I saw you first. You admit that, don't you, Nora?"

Joan Taylor had something to say on the point, however.

"No. Rocky gets it, because he's so much nicer than you are."

"Let her decide it. Which one of us do you want, Nora?"

"You won't really like sitting next to me anyway," Nora said, "because I'm so stupid."

They wrangled, however, and Sutphen Grolier was actually huffy when Rocky refused to toss a coin for the place.

The gigantic dining room was a shadowy setting for the table, brilliant with candles and the Georgian silver-gilt service, for which Cadby Taylor had thrown a stubborn possessor into bankruptcy, and rich with big bowls of violets and black hothouse grapes.

Nora remembered what her mother had said about being one of the great instead of watching them. These were the great, and they were all lovely to her. When she made one of her slow, long-considered remarks they laughed as though it were the quintessence of wit, as one laughs delightedly at the first utterances of a child, because it is surprising that so lovely and flower-seeming a creature should be using the processes of cerebration.

In the evening Rocky and the Frenchman engaged her in a game which consisted of blowing a cork ball into little holes in a circular tray of polished wood by means of

(Continued on Page 143)

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bulbs attached to its rim. It was a very childish game, but they had great fun at it, more fun than the others at their bridge tables. Sutphen Grolier, who had thought he couldn't be annoyed fooling away a whole evening in such a pursuit, lost several hundred dollars trying to overhear everything that went on among them. After the game D'Estournelles played jazz like a darky, and Nora and Hilda Vernay and Rocky and Cadby Taylor sang swipes.

Sutphen was almost querulous when everyone began drifting up to bed, and Nora and Hilda Vernay were starting arm in arm.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "Don't I get to see you at all?"

"Of course, Sutphen," Nora said in her deep, wood-nymph voice, feeling ever so sorry if she'd seemed unkind to him.

"Will you ride with me in the morning?"

"Rocky asked me. Won't you come too?"

If there had been a trace of coyness in it, it would have been the end. Enough ladies had tried to pique Mr. Grolier by flaunting their indifference. He was used to all the tricks; but it was quite apparent that Nora's was no trick. She was simply sorry that she was being swept away from him. She liked him as well, or at least almost as well, as any of the others; and amazingly enough not one bit more.

"How about the afternoon?" he insisted.

"Oh, we all go for a Christmas tree in the afternoon," Hilda Vernay told him.

XXXIII

ON CHRISTMAS morning Aloysia McCarthy walked to early mass at the private chapel on Sir Joseph Beauchamps' neighboring estate. The children of the family were there, and smiled, and gave her sprays of holly, and said shy Merry Christmases.

For some days Aloysia had been unaccountably, wistfully elated, and she walked back through the clear air, over the thin snow, with a kind of sad jubilance in her heart. It was the sadness that puzzled her. The other was understandable enough. To nurse a human creature back into life! Could anything be more inspiring? "And I can make him so happy too," she thought. "Him who's had so little happiness." But the sad feeling. Could it be that after the great lesson she'd had she still didn't realize that the important things in life weren't money and position, but beauty of spirit and sacrifice?

"Sacrifice," she said to herself just before she reached Orrery Gribblings. "It's the most beautiful thing in the world."

It was so beautiful, the thought of it made her cry a little.

Paul Wingate wasn't awake yet. She went to the kitchen and coddled his egg and made his toast, and took up the breakfast, with a cup of coffee for herself, and the holly on the tray.

Paul, lying there, looked remarkably well, considering the gravity of his illness.

"Merry Christmas," he greeted her.

"Merry Christmas."

"I couldn't think of any gift for you but the vase which used to stand on that shelf. I have seen you look at it at times with an expression of such gorgonized hatred that it wrung my heart. There are the pieces on the floor. I got it, first shot, with yesterday's newspaper. Remember when the bill comes in with the inventory that the settlement is for me."

"Ah, thank you," she said. "I'll be happier."

She put down the tray.

"I've a present for you too," she told him. "Nora. We'll go to her tomorrow if the doctor will permit it; and if he won't I'll send for her."

"Aloysia! Is it just because I forced your promise?"

"It's because I've come to know you. Don't ask me why.' You'll be making me cry again."

"You've written to Nora?"

"No."

Aloysia couldn't have described the very complicated emotions which had kept her from doing so.

She was utterly unconscious that the answer she gave was none of them.

"I wanted it to be as much of a surprise for her as for you."

"It doesn't seem the sort of thing that happens to me," he said gravely.

"Because you've never taken," Aloysia told him. "Because you've always thought of others and given up."

For an instant he had a vision of Nora's irremeable youth which he was to take now, and suspected some cleverness of Aloysia's of fighting him still; but study of her face revealed that he was wrong.

"Aloysia," he said, "I'm afraid you're inventing a very admirable character for me that isn't mine at all. You mustn't do it, you know."

The doctor had allowed him to have on his clothes for an hour the afternoon before, and after breakfast he dressed himself. When Aloysia came back into the room he was standing before the mirror. He had the ghastly look of a person just rising from a sickbed.

"Is it so she'll see me like this that you suggest tomorrow?" he asked.

Aloysia was hurt.

"I thought you were fretting, and it's Christmas," she said. "I'd rather wait. I've been happy here, and contented."

He considered himself in the mirror for a moment more.

"About eighty," he commented. "Perhaps it's fairer, though. I'd rather be more than fair to Nora."

Something about the way he said it made Aloysia give a quick little sob.

"To think, if I hadn't been the wicked, worldly woman I was, you'd have been spared all this," she explained it.

He looked at her, and he took her hand and laughed.

"Do you think a little pneumonia was too much for a man forty-five to pay for the experience of having been carried off and locked in a donjon tower?" he asked. "Why, Aloysia, it would have been cheap at the price of death."

"You're laughing at me," she accused him.

"I would have a hard time to find anything else so delicious to laugh at."

"Go sit in your long chair," she commanded him. "You'll make me forget my sins."

With Doctor Stubbs, Paul did not employ quotations, but he stuck to the Elizabethan tradition in ravings.

"Here is a red-headed mule shall interpret fate to me," he greeted him that Christmas Day. "Tell me, Sir Mule, shall I go seeking the young moon? Or shall she come sailing down to me?"

It embarrassed Doctor Stubbs frightfully to hear any fellow man speak language, which, putting the kindest interpretation on it one could, certainly sounded something like poetry.

"Say 'ah,'" he directed, and began tapping Paul's back.

Paul chugged like a frog instead.

"He's eating his heart out to go up to London," Aloysia interpreted his mood. "Would it be possible tomorrow, do you think, in a motor?"

Doctor Stubbs said it was a risk perhaps, and yet it was better for patients in Mr. Wingate's condition to be in the surroundings with which they were familiar.

"A mule that speaks sooth," Paul said. "A mule with a tongue of gold," and as Bert, to whom he had never been able to become attached, appeared in the door at that instant, he ended in a roar, "There's ratsbane here! Tonight's the night for my doing! Blood! Pistols! Phlebotomy! I'll put an end to such a one, and tomorrow I'll fetch the new moon in a motor car."

Bert could have knocked him down with his hairy left fist, but a week of demoniac imprecations had broken Bert's spirit. He asked Aloysia if he might ask a friend to spend the night with him.

If Aloysia hadn't been sure of Nora she wouldn't have dared take Paul Wingate next day; not even in the warm car she had hired. He was in no condition for a shock, but Aloysia knew there would be no shock, knew it with sad, Irish prevision. Nora hadn't had time to forget a man so fascinating, and Nora would make him well.

With Paul Wingate it didn't matter that he looked a century or so older than Aloysia herself in her silver fox and black pearls. It was the spirit one looked for in him. Aloysia knew that now, and the spirit was all that mattered.

There was luncheon in a tea basket—Aloysia's own sandwiches and a vacuum bottle of warm milk. Aloysia watched Paul's appetite with a kind of breathless pride in it that made her laugh and say, "It reminds me of when the babies were little; after they'd been sick I'd watch them just so."

Paul Wingate smiled at her.

"What a nice mother you must have been."

It made Aloysia think.

"When they were small," she said sadly, "you could have thought better of me then, Paul. If I'd died then the Blessed Virgin would have taken me under her care as she takes all good mothers; but not now. I've been bad. I've been heartless often to Nora."

"You, heartless!" he scoffed.

"It's true."

Paul loved Aloysia's moods of self-recrimination.

"And what brought about the change?" he asked her.

"The world. The world overcame me. But that's done now."

"'That last infirmity of noble minds,'" he quoted.

"And what may that be?"

"Ambition."

"Yes," she said, like a penitent.

They had rolled away from the ugly country around Orrery Gribblings. Mellow peace was on every side. Aloysia watched the landscape for a long time.

"Does beauty do something fearful to you?" she asked, after a time.

"Something appalling," he admitted.

"Now that I'm old," she said, "it makes me feel that I must be a poet or an artist, or die."

He disliked the adjective for her.

"And when you were very young?"

"Just to be in love and have babies was enough."

There were actually tears in Aloysia's eyes. It was curious to see how emotional she was becoming.

The chauffeur stopped the car and got out, and opened the door and asked, "Would that be Rockingham Priory?"

The towers over the trees looked very like pictures of it, and a passing boy confirmed its identity. They went up the broad avenue under the oaks.

Aloysia looked at Paul Wingate, and she said, "You're ill.."

"Just afraid," he told her. He looked as though it were hard to keep his teeth from chattering.

"There's no need to fear," Aloysia said, a chill on her own heart. "I know how dearly she loves you."

"I'll be all right."

Aloysia didn't dare have him make the effort to get out.

"I'll go tell her and bring her to you," she said. "You're not to stir."

"You're very good."

"Mrs. Cadby Taylor and most of the party are out," the butler informed Aloysia.

"Do you know if my daughter, Miss McCarthy, went with them?"

He would see. He showed Aloysia into the scarlet drawing-room. The Christmas tree was there. It was twenty feet tall and sixteen across, and it was all golden—a miraculous evocation. Aloysia stared at it with dazzled appreciation, but it was a bravura bit; she could have resisted it.

(Continued on Page 146

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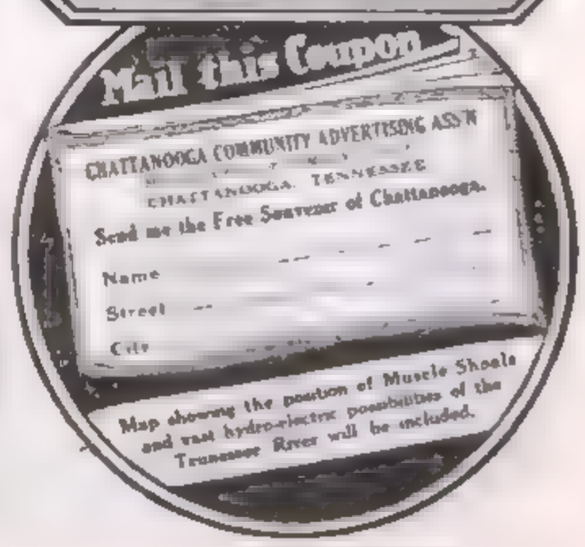
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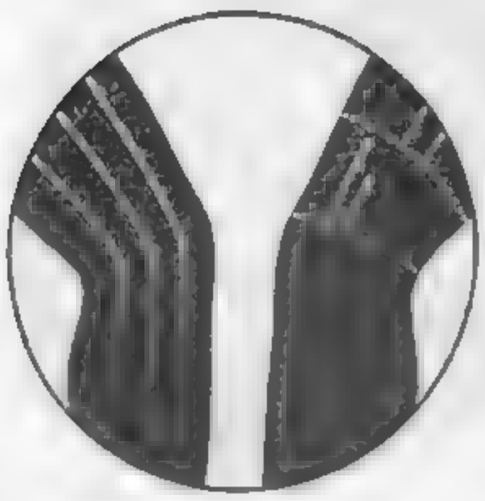

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(Continued from Page 143)

It was the old, smooth, wise loveliness of the room itself which rendered her powerless. The exquisite things perfectly placed, the leaded casements looking over the oaks and the snowy lawn, and an angle of balustrade with gray-green ivy over it.

Beauty of the sort was so important to Aloysia that it threw everything else out of proportion.

Nora entered in one of her green dresses that brought out the petal quality of her skin. Aloysia heard her soft "Momma," and saw her as part of the picture; Nora's beauty accenting that high, glorious room.

"Nora, darling!"

"You're glad, aren't you? They've all gone riding horseback. That's why I'm alone. I said I had a headache."

"Nora, I've brought him to you."

"Who?"

"Paul Wingate. He didn't go to a cousin. What I said was a lie. I'd taken him myself, and locked him up."

"Momma!"

"I know it was wicked, now. But I thought you were acting foolishly and I wanted you to have time to think. Oh, but, Nora, I've been punished. He's been sick, almost to death. I nursed him back to life with my own hands or I'd not be breathing today. It was in those hours I came to see what you love in him. He's outside now, waiting."

"Does he want to see me?"

"Almost a dying man, he's dragged himself here for that. Why shouldn't he want to, Nora?"

"Momma! Didn't you get my letter?"

"What letter?"

"I wrote yesterday morning. I'm engaged to Sutphen."

Aloysia would have been less than human if a wave of exultation had not swept her from her feet.

"Nora!" she cried, gathering her daughter to her bosom. "Oh, Nora!"

Then, to save her from drowning utterly, the picture of Paul Wingate sitting in the corner of the motor car came to her.

"Oh, Nora, how could you?" She ended the gesture, thrusting her away fiercely.

"Why, momma! I thought you'd be glad"

"With the best man on earth waiting for you, trusting you?"

"But he acted so queerly."

"I've told you, Nora, that it wasn't Mr. Wingate. It was my fault, all of it."

"Do you suppose he'll be awfully mad?" Nora asked.

"If you can think of the word 'anger' in connection with Paul Wingate it shows how little you ever knew him. Didn't you love him at all, Nora McCarthy? Or was it Mr. Sutphen Grolier you loved? And which do you love now?"

"Don't scold me like that, momma."

Nora's face puckered pitifully. She was going to cry. She was just a baby, and in her soul Aloysia knew that Nora's decision was hers to make. She could win her back to Paul Wingate in five minutes, and with that awful, feminine passion for self-immolation she longed to do so, to destroy everything for herself, to make him happy. But suddenly, just as she was opening her mouth, she couldn't say what she wished. She was afraid. She knew she wasn't big enough, or strong enough, or wise enough to make a decision so momentous for someone else. And yet Nora—Nora hadn't any mind of her own at all.

"Don't cry, darling," she begged. "I shouldn't have spoken like that when it's I who am to blame. Don't cry."

And then she knew what to do.

"Wait here," she said, and started toward the door.

"Momma!" Nora called.

Aloysia turned.

"You won't bring him in?"

"He's too weak to leave the car." Aloysia reproved the note like terror in Nora's voice.

Aloysia's feet were leaden as she went down the entrance steps.

Paul Wingate didn't look frightened any longer. Even when he had read her face, he maintained a curious calm.

"You don't need to tell me," he said.

"Yesterday."

"Married, or just engaged?"

"Engaged."

"Grolier?"

"Yes."

That was all she need have said, but she was going to be honest with him—utterly, agonizingly honest. Before she could go on, however, Paul Wingate spoke.

"I've known all along. After you'd gone I realized how stupid it was for me to allow myself to be racked for fear the impossible wasn't going to happen."

"But you were so confident once."

"I whistled against the wind as bravely as I could, Aloysia."

"But, Paul," Aloysia said, and like any self-immolation which is really enjoyable, it hurt terribly while she said it, "she doesn't know which she loves. I can change her with a word. Or at least, surely, I can give you a chance again. I was going to when I was with her, and then I wasn't sure you'd wish me to. Tell me what's wisest, what's best."

"It's wisest to let people make their own decisions. Is Grolier with her?"

"No."

"She isn't ill?"

"No."

"Then she decided herself when she didn't come out. If it had been you, Aloysia, and someone you cared for had been out here, you might have broken that house to crumbs and made hash of every servant in it, but you'd have come."

"She was afraid you were angry."

"Tell her I'm not."

"And what else?"

"Kiss her for me, Aloysia. Tell her I understand there is something to be said for one's contemporaries."

It was not until Aloysia was in the scarlet drawing-room again that she realized how extraordinarily happy she was.

"Oh, Nora, dear child," she went with arms outstretched, "that saint from heaven has sent you his blessing. 'Youth and youth,' he says. 'Youth and youth.'"

XXXIV

"GO," ALOYSIA ordered the chauffeur, and he closed the door of the car on her. Then she almost knelt before Paul Wingate.

"You're all right, despite her?" she asked.

"Yes, Aloysia."

"Ah, she wasn't worthy of you. A silly young girl, how could she be? I think she'll be very happy."

"I know she will."

"But can you forgive me?"

"Haven't I made it quite clear that you flattered me beyond belief, and I'm duly grateful?"

"It was only while I was in there that the reason why I did it all became clear to me."

"All what?"

"Sent her here, and carried you off. I did it to test Nora McCarthy, and she's proven unworthy, poor girl."

"Aloysia!" Paul Wingate said, and he shook his head at her. "Aloysia!" And he began to smile.

"That's one of my lies, isn't it?" she asked feebly.

"Let us say one of the results of your incurable romanticism. Aloysia, if you were given time to properly adjust your romantic focus on them, you could make the Murders in the Rue Morgue something to comfort the sick with."

"No wonder you despise me. But I did offer her back to you, if you would have taken her."

For answer he took her hand, and it seemed almost as if he were about to kiss it, when the chauffeur, having reached the gates of Rockingham Priory and stopped the car, opened the door and inquired where he was to go.

Aloysia and Paul Wingate looked at each other.

"To London, I suppose," Paul said.

"To London," Aloysia assented.

The chauffeur closed the door and resumed his seat.

"Why do you sigh?" Paul asked.

"I wish we were going back to Orrery Gribblings. I shall be so lonely in London, with all the girls gone."

"Lonely!" His smile was a little satirical.

"You're thinking how lonely you'll be also. Oh, Paul, I can't bear the thought of it."

"Dear Aloysia," he said, "our relationship is too absurd."

"If you'd let me go on taking care of you ——"

"Are you proposing, Aloysia McCarthy?" he asked.

"Me proposing! To any man on earth!"

"Would you listen to a proposal then, perhaps? Aloysia, I wasn't any more honest to myself this afternoon than you. I didn't realize till now, but my real fear was that Nora would have been faithful to me. I'm forty-five and I've been rather ill. I'll be a year perhaps getting over this, and Nora will be nineteen then."

"People haven't any right to be nineteen," Aloysia said.

Paul Wingate nodded his assent.

"Our poses cling to their existence very hard," he went on, "and I resent having to give up my somewhat time-worn heart-broken lover rôle; but do you know who taught me that one's contemporaries are best?"

"Was it I?" Aloysia whispered.

"It was," he answered. "Only if you prefer me as the heart-broken lover I reserve the right to resume that rôle again."

XXXV

MISS JOSEPHINE HARPER was back in Paris. Naturally friends had given her the broad general outlines: "That Mrs. McCarthy of yours is going to marry a nobody. Isn't it too extraordinary?" And undoubtedly there was a letter from Aloysia somewhere in the post trying to reach her, but the first official confirmation of the news she had was the item in the Paris Herald:

Mother of Grolier Fiancée to Wed Struggling Professor

Mrs. James P. McCarthy, the mother of Lady Fredericka Wyckliffe of London, Mrs. Henry Ledyard Harper, millionaire society leader of Syrchester, New York, Mrs. William Denin, multimillionaire politician's wife, and Miss Nora McCarthy, engaged to Sutphen Grolier, widely known as the most eligible bachelor in the United States, has succumbed, it became known yesterday, to the wiles of the little blind god. . . .

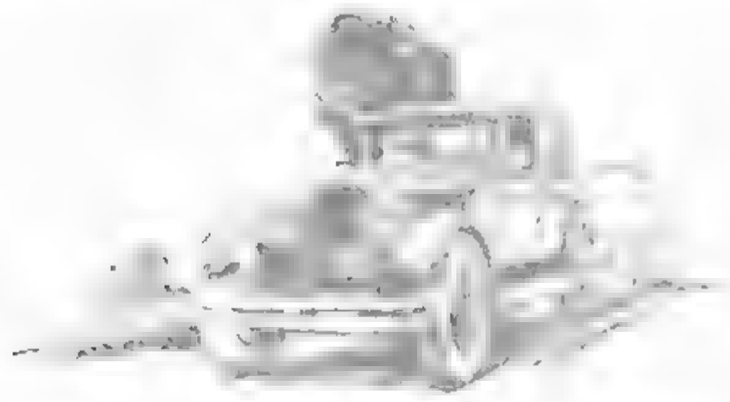
Miss Harper put down the paper. How extraordinary indeed! And how Irish! To have built up this tremendous thing, and then not to sustain it.

And yet it was incredible of Aloysia. A struggling professor! The words suggested an old gentleman in some kind of embarrassing physical plight; but that wasn't the picture Miss Harper drew for herself. Some handsome, sexy boy, of course. And all the dignity and prestige for which Aloysia had worked so hard gone in a breath.

Really Miss Harper couldn't help being a little disgusted, and her lips drew down in that way they had. Then she picked up the paper and read one more line, and suddenly she stood up, and said, quite aloud, "Paul Wingate! Paul Wingate! Even that!"

As the hoarded sunshine in a tree trunk gives itself forth for the last time, there broke into brief and painful flame in her heart the memory of the summer, ever so many years ago, at the end of which she had decided that to marry Paul Wingate would be an anticlimax: a decision for

(Continued on Page 149)



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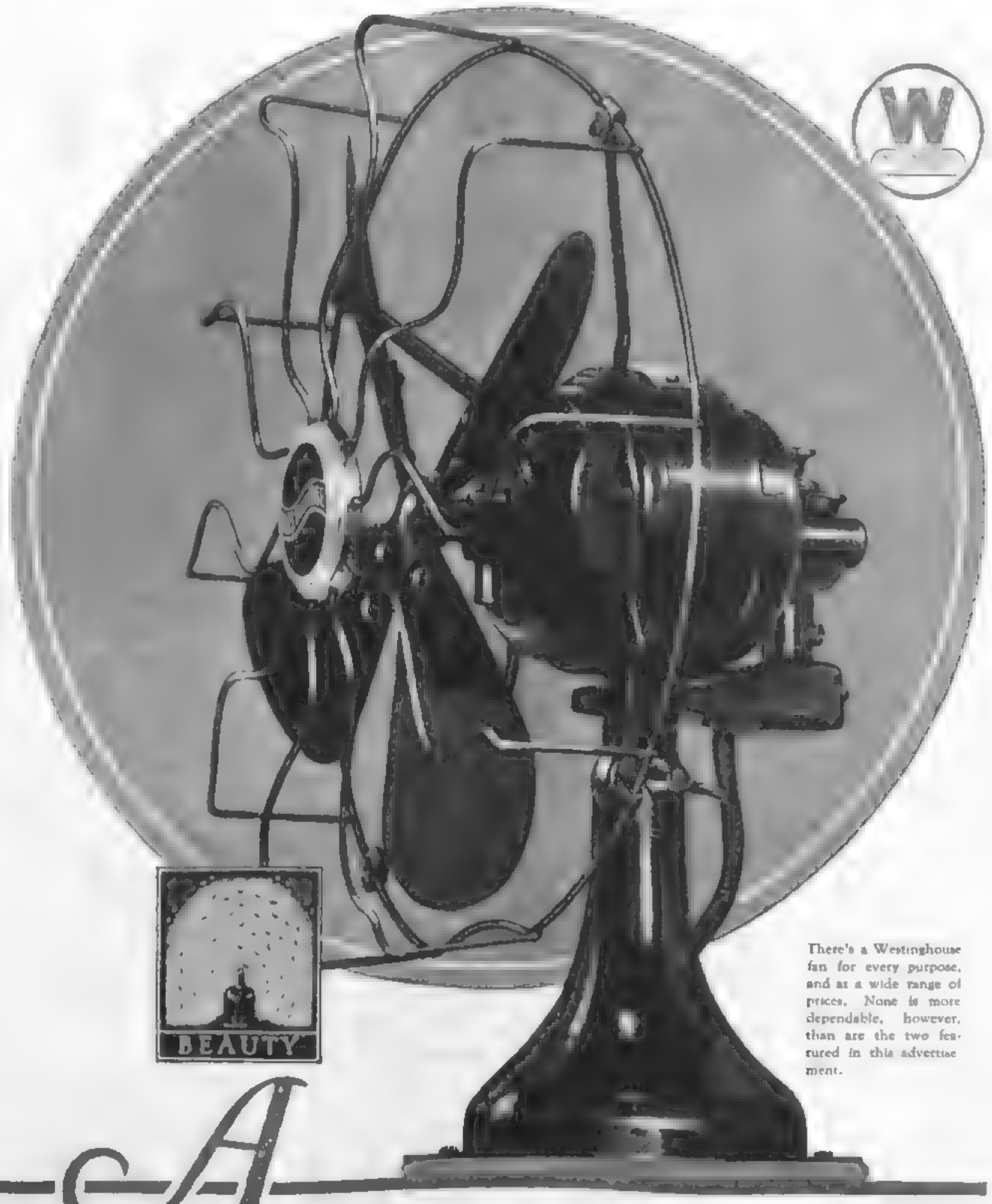
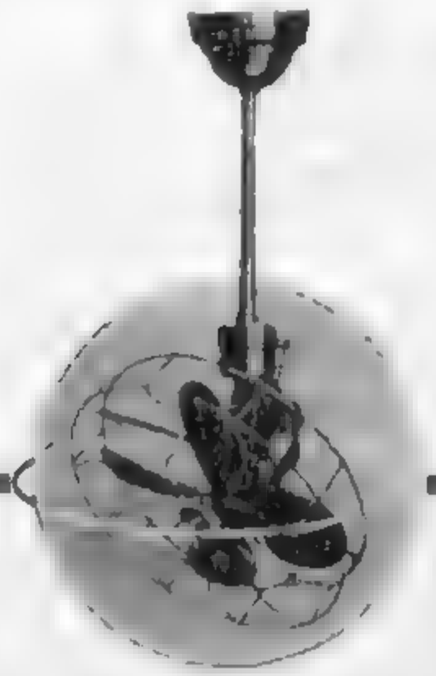


There's a Westinghouse fan for every purpose, and at a wide range of prices. None is more dependable, however, than are the two featured in this advertisement.

© 1926, W. E. & M. Co.



The new
ROTAIRE

A Complete Revolution in Ceiling Fans

This improved fan for stores, restaurants, offices, theatres, and similar places, is suspended from the ceiling, and rotates through an entire circle. The breeze is directed down at a 45° angle; twenty feet away you feel it—not as a draft, but as a cooling zephyr, caressing you five times every minute. Costs less than other ceiling types, and is more effective than most.

A Westinghouse Fan

(Continued from Page 146)

which she had applauded herself many times since.

Just for an instant that summer seemed something she couldn't have taken from her as this stole it.

"Paul Wingate!" she said aloud for a third time.

Then she hated herself for having done so, even though she was entirely alone in the room.

She loathed the ring in her voice as it pronounced the name. It was almost melodramatic.

Very soon she had neatly adjusted her attitude to the affair.

"By 'Even that!'" she explained to herself, "I suppose I meant that Aloysia has even succeeded in acquiring a presentable husband who isn't a bore, my current, somewhat middle-aged definition of lyric love. Of course she has. What did I expect? The woman has a genius for life. That's what it amounts to, a perfect genius for life." Later she added, "I think well-born people very seldom have it, if ever."

(THE END)

BELONGS ON A BRIDGE

(Continued from Page 11)

all wiped off! Blushing through the ruddiness of ten years' wind and sun and snow and rain, Gus banged the last pin through, scrambled off BC58L, and to a great hooting from the traveler's deck above, lumbered out of the limelight, honor and epics turned to ashes in his mouth. Hal bal! What faller wisked dot dam yob on heem, a-anyways?

"Ladies and gentlemen," says the mayor, "on this momentous occasion ——"

Which will be about all of that song and dance. It takes a lot of air to build a bridge, but the kind of air that is hot with capacity; air that is hot from the compressor's jamming pistons and packed with the power to knock the red-hot rivets down.

So there is your BC58L in place, with a few small bolts and driftpins entered, but making a strong enough connection to hold up Hizoner and the Board of Public Works and the band and everything. It's two feet wide and two and a half feet deep and some forty feet long, and on all sides of it are vast quantities of atmosphere. In a few days a hundred tons of girders and beams and plates will join BC58L and its side kick, BC58R, in connecting those two daring arms of steel, and there will be room for a city to march across from New Market to Marchborough.

Today, however, there is only BC58L, two feet wide, with atmosphere all round and the river a hundred and fifty feet below, waiting there patiently for your foot to slip. Safe for leathernecks, that bottom chord, as it came from the bridge shop—safe as a state highway; but for mayors and councilmen and boards of public works, not so good. And so we see now why a boardwalk with stout handrailings had to be fitted onto poor, befurbelowed BC58L before it soared up from its skids in the material yard.

And so, all the chests of officialdom having been at last properly deflated, the mayor sets foot on BC58L's boardwalk, holding so tightly to its temporary handrail that bridgemen will tell you they found his finger prints in the wood when they took it off. Behind him are the dignitaries and the band, all hanging grimly onto those good three-by-fours, with the black, hungry river waiting patiently far, far below. All the black river has to do is wait. Sooner or later sacrifices come.

But Hizoner and dignitaries safely reach Prisoner's Island steel and there form behind the band, to proceed triumphantly, with martial strains, across the island span and cantilever, and on across Marchborough cantilever and anchor span, and in the end to the soil of Marchborough; the first humans, we, ever to walk from the metropolis of New Market to those broad empty fields which soon would hold a city, from the overgrowth that the great bridge would pour upon them.

Rumor hath it, it is true, that days before, one of the long booms of the New Market traveler had been lowered until the end of it rested on a wind brace of the island steel, thus spanning the gap bridged later by our beribboned BC58L with a slanting and precarious way; and down across this narrow boom, so rumor further saith, Tarheel Smull and several of his leathernecked crew had swarmed, had strolled across wind bracing, slid down panel posts to the deck, and so made journey, after whistle time one evening, over steel to Marchborough.

"Any blanked time," rumor quotes Tarheel Smull as saying—"any whang-blanked time we let them stuffed shirts beat us across!"

But this is only bridgeman's talk, no doubt; and there being no question but that the honor of such pioneering feats belongs rightfully to frock coat and two-gallon hat, no such nonconformist blather as that of Tarheel's hazardous boom journey shall herein be mentioned.

What shall be herein mentioned at this point, however, is that while thin sandwiches of caviar and olives have been adding their modicum to the councilmanic belt line, and while horns and clarinets and other wind instruments have been blowing, and while eloquence-puffed chests have been deflating—while, in fine, the usual politico-official farce which inevitably must anticlimax the mighty dignity of great jobs of work was dragging to curtain and polite applause, good men were coming every second closer to the great sacrifice for that great bridge. All the black river has to do is wait.

Samuel Trapp, Sr., known widely as Old Man Trapp, with the accent on the "man," had been a bored-to-explosion witness of all this tootling and blatting in connection with the landing of BC58L. Old Man Trapp, of Trapp & Priest, in a long career as steel contractor in the city of New Market, had been through enough such tootle-blats to endure one, you would have thought, without exploding. Such, we regret to state, however, was not the case. In extenuation we will say in Old Man Trapp's behalf that there was added aggravation on the bridge in the form of Sam Trapp, Jr., at the time of these exercises, which made a burden greater than Sam Trapp, the first, could bear.

For Sam Trapp, Jr., was—there was no mistaking him—one of those ornate brutes, the California male. Long years since, Mrs. S. Wardeforth Trapp had found that she could no longer stand the climate of New Market. She had found this out, to be exact, the very selfsame year that Sam Trapp, Sr., had succeeded in herding together his first hundred thousand iron men. In that year Mrs. S. Wardeforth Trapp had departed New Market and environs, gone west to that point in the U. S. A. where Old Sol got his reputation as an osculator, signed on the dotted line for a slab of Fra Juniper Beach Acres, built herself thereon a lovely low-walled house, with a patio, Grenada tiles and everything, and had there taken up her abode with her young son, S. Wardeforth, Jr.

Here, under California skies, Sam, Jr., grew even as California claims her children grow; till twenty-two saw him a true sun-kissed play boy of the Western world, a graduate of the University of San Jacinto, a sleek, tan-skinned, brown-eyed, bleach-haired yearling, two hundred-odd pounds stripped, who could smack a tennis ball so hard that when it reached your side of the court it was still as flat as a flapjack. He had a right forearm as brown as a Kanaka's, thick as a roll of roofing paper, hard as the

The New York Central between Chicago and New York, and St. Louis and New York, takes the traveler through the wonderful valley of the Hudson River—a valley rich in historical and literary traditions.

This is the valley of Hendrik Hudson and Robert Fulton, of Washington and Rochambeau, of Arnold and André, of Rip Van Winkle and Ichabod Crane and Captain Kidd, of the phantom ship of Rambout Van Dam and the Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow.

English navigators, Dutch patroons, Tappan Zee Indians, Colonial troopers, and the heroes of Irving and Cooper—they are still there in the valley as the Limiteds thunder through.

20th Century Limited . *Chicago—New York—New England*
Southwestern Limited . *St. Louis—New York—New England*

New York Central Lines

Boston & Albany—Michigan Central—Big Four
Pittsburgh & Lake Erie—New York Central
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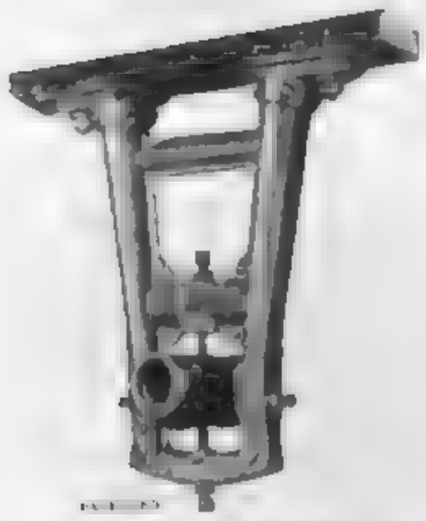
Published every Now and Then
Proprietor Mr. Rogers Circulation Mgr. W. Rogers Editor Will Rogers
Another "Bull" Durham ad
hort Editorials For
Who Can't
this country
capacity.
Strong with the strength of steel, yet light and balanced, "American" Pulleys transmit power effectively because they impose no excess dead load, offer almost no resistance to the air.

American Tobacco and American Pulleys



American Pressed Steel Shaft Hangers have the same desirable attributes and their strong tubular design adds to the good appearance of any shop.

"BULL" DURHAM, celebrating its sixty-fifth birthday in the prime vigor of youth and perennial popularity.

Tuxedo, always fresh for the pipe smoker; Lucky Strike, with the fragrance of its "toasted" Burley—these and a dozen more favorite brands have made the names of the American Tobacco Company's products part of the family vocabulary.

Down South, where the "smokes" begin, the American Tobacco Company long has used American Steel Split Pulleys to transmit the power from line shafts to the various machines that make the tobacco ready for the market.

For nearest distributor, see MacRae's Blue Book

The American Pulley Company

Manufacturers of Steel Split Transmission Pulleys, Pressed Steel Shaft Hangers, and Pressed Steel Shapes

4200 Wissahickon Ave. Philadelphia

AMERICAN
PRESSED STEEL HANGERS | STEEL SPLIT PULLEYS
PATENTED PATENTED

hinges of Tophet's gates, and that rejoiced in the splendid record of never, in twenty-two sunkissed years, having done a single dog-gone tap of useful work.

This matter of the tar-paper whip being lost to the service of a so-called human race that badly needs the work of all stout arms, worried Sam Trapp the elder. But Sam the elder's great success as a steel contractor in a union-governed city was due to the fact that, for him, worries were things to be dismissed with the least possible delay. So when Sam, Jr., had had a year or so of play, in which to recover from the terrible scholastic strain of San Jacinto, Sam, Sr., decided it was time to wipe another worry off the slate.

An envelope from Sam, Sr., containing its monthly contribution from the East to the prosperity of sunny California, held also this short letter:

"*Dear Mother:* Please send Sam East to go to work. Lovingly,
"SAM."

But young Sam was at that time socking the old apple flat as a flapjack in the Montecito tournament; and after that came the Palomar championships. When Forest Hills opened play, with its whack at the national title, then it might be convenient for young Sam to paddle East.

On the first of the next month, however, the envelope from the East held only a copy of the letter which had said:

"*Dear Mother:* Please send Sam East to go to work. Lovingly,
"SAM."

That alone. The monthly contribution of the East to the Westland's prosperity was strangely missing.

Mrs. S. Wardeforth Trapp had lived with her husband many a year when she was merely Mrs. Sam. She had bucked the hard days with her man; had, in fact, done her good share to pull him through the tough stretches. So she knew Sam. Therefore, the Palomar championship went that year to a guy named Cabrillo, who was scared to death of the net and had no more backhand than a jack rabbit. In other words, young Sam went East to go to work.

The two Sam Trapps exchanged fine hand grasps and splendid glances of affection at the Great Terminal Station.

"They sure do grow 'em big in California!" said the sire, sizing up the boy. "I hope I didn't jimmy up the tennis world irreparably."

Sam, Jr., grinned a little ruefully.

"I did want to take that guy Cabrillo," Sam said. "His style of play gave tennis its reputation as a summer game. He never will come in. He thinks the net is smeared with nitroglycerin. I'd like to have shown him he was absolutely right. . . . When do I go to work?"

"Them last is fair words, Nell," said old Sam, grinning. "How about coming over to the office with me after we have lunch?"

"After lunch!" exclaimed young Sam. "What's the delay, old-timer? I've had a good time on you twenty years, and I'd have kept on doing it another twenty if you'd given me the chance. But I never worried about that. I knew you could be depended on to call me to the colors before I got to be a chronic case of worthlessness. Also, what do you mean—office? I ask you, pop. Do I look like office to you, pop?"

Pop looked Sam over one more time. "You look like I ought to have Shanty Mahoney's gang rivet a bull-nose coupler to the seat of them gwalluff pants and hire you out to the railroad to shift cars around the terminal here," pop said "But I got a bridge over Tide River that can use you till it's done."

And so it came about that Sam Trapp, Sr., was present at the exercises in which Hizoner and big Gus, the horny-handed son of Scandinavia, shared the limelight—ceremonies the like of which Sam always sedulously avoided, they giving him, so he claimed, a severe pain in the aurora borealis. Pop and the boy, however, on this occasion, arrived at the great Marchborough span just in time to see poor dolled-up BC58L swung into place.

The two of them walked out the anchor span in silence. They were halfway out the cantilever arm before Sam, Jr., broke it.

"And I used to think tennis was the best game in the world," was all he said. Out at the end of that stupendous arm, he spoke again: "You did it, eh, old-timer?"

"My share," said Sam Trapp, Sr., simply.

He felt upon his arm a grip that spoke more pride than any words could have expressed; and with that pride warming him, he might have been able to endure the sight of all these stuffed shirts on his bridge without profanity had it not happened that at just this time the traveler's deck above them broke into great guffawing and horse-laughter over the fact that big Gus Gustavsen had on a spotless pair of overalls and a powdered neck. If this met the disapprobation of his bridgemen, what must be their secret whispered comment on the get-up of Sam Trapp the younger?

Sam Trapp the second was dolled out as befits the gorgeous, lusty California male. Hollywood rompers robbed his splendid legs of all their fine proportions. Plus twenty-fours, I think they call those bifurcations also. They reach half down the calf and then turn up in under. Six bushels of potatoes might well be carried in each bag. Ages will pass before the hand of man will ever accomplish a more terrible habiliment. And remember that we have not here attempted to describe the goods of which young Samuel's pants were made—and will not, such language being not allowed in print. Three-toned shoes with a fringed leather doohickus covering the laces clothed Sam, Jr.'s, generous feet; and his handsome calves, half hidden by these awful pantalets, were spectrum-hosed, with little tassels—heaven be our judge—hanging down from their tops. Nor, as the book says, was this all. The day was hot, and Sam had left his coat below, thereby displaying to an incredulous world a sweater such as Solomon in his glory must surely have worn, what day he knocked that Sheba frail for eighteen camel loads of spices and a hundred and twenty talents of fine gold.

And so old Sam Trapp cussed, vibrant and free; and we offer odds that the recording angel, smiling appreciatively, lifted his pen off Sam's sheet in the books that day without having put thereon a single scratch.

Old Sam had sprung from a time and a community that looked askance at gladsome raiment for the male. This attitude went to such extremes that any man who walked through Sam's boyhood neighborhood in white ducks took, as you might say, his pants in his hands. And if there was a tennis racket—Percy! Ah there, Percy! Forty love! And duck the ripe tomat'! Old Man Trapp did not know that since his youth, a certain young red-headed gentleman, by charging the net at every opportunity and welting the everlasting whey out of that old apple, had changed tennis from battledore and shuttlecock to a game that big men have begun to play.

But Old Man Trapp had come in late years to that tolerant stage where he was willing to live and let live; build bridges, and let old Hiram Banker play his golf so long as he came through with the pay-roll money on the dot. But Sam still held secret suspicions of the too-dressed male, and an opinion not so secret that, considering the present lad-de-dah trend of things, it were better to err on the intolerant side in this than on the tolerant.

So Sam looked at his offspring's sunkissed raiment and, suffering, as we must remember, severe pangs in the aurora borealis from excess tootle-blatting, thought of what his roughnecks must be whispering about his son and heir, and spoke up as follows:

"[illegible]"

"Great snakes and woolly toads!" exclaimed Sam, Jr., not sure he had heard aright. "What was that?"

(Continued on Page 163)

SPEED REO WAGON

THE GOLD STANDARD OF VALUES ©

—*a longer wheelbase* assuring better riding qualities,

—*a lowered body* for increased roadability and easier loading,

—*an improved cab*, well ventilated and fully upholstered, for the greater comfort of drivers,

—*new steering mechanism* which absorbs road shocks and makes for easier control,

—*a lengthened hood* with a cowl added which combine with new front fenders to give the Speed Wagon an appearance worthy of its name,

—*added conveniences* such as Tilt-Ray headlights, vacuum system, adjustable steering column, fully equipped instrument board, one-piece windshield, under-seat placement of gasoline tank—

These are among the many improvements made to maintain the Speed Wagon reputation as the world's dominant and lowest-priced 1¼-ton commercial car.

REO MOTOR CAR COMPANY
Lansing, Michigan

CHASSIS PRICES

4-Cylinder	*6-Cylinder*
$1090	$1240

"There's A Long, Long Trail . . ."

The first golf game of the season makes us stop and realize that here we are on the threshold of summer.

Summer is the time when your motor car is put to the test. If you are like most people, a good many hundred miles are standing between you and next fall. Miles of hard service and grueling wear. Now your upholstery will prove itself.

Your finest living room suite is probably upholstered in some sort of C & A plush; either a velvet, a velour or a mohair. Stop and think how many guests you have entertained in the years gone by, the number of times the children with muddy shoes have climbed over your faithful furniture and the many naps your terrier has enjoyed in the best chairs or on the divan. You can buy your new car upholstered in just that same fabric and it will wear just as long and retain all its sheen and loveliness when you've piled up many thousands of miles on your speedometer. And then, remember, you can get more on a "trade in" if your car is upholstered in C & A plush.

To be certain that your new car is upholstered in C & A plush look within the pocket for the oval C & A label.*

COLLINS & AIKMAN CO.
Established 1845
New York, N. Y.

*

C & A PLUSH

(Continued from Page 150)

"That was bridge English," said Old Man Trapp sourly. "I wonder if you'll ever learn to speak it. What the hell's that smell?"

He glanced about him, sniffing the air; suddenly keen of every sense, glad clothes forgotten instantly.

Sam Trapp, the second, did the same, catching a premonitory tenseness from his dad that blotted completely from his mind this his first lesson in bridge English. A pungent odor, faint, akin to burning rags, came to his nostrils.

"There!" suddenly said his father in a ghastly voice, pointed and sprang. Young Sam followed the pointed finger and sprang instinctively after his dad before he realized that tragedy was at hand. Then, as he reached full speed, he saw it—saw how, while Hizoner and the high hats were bringing their politico-official farce to curtain and begloved handclapping, good men in jeans and jumpers were about to die for that great bridge.

A rivet heater will not move his forge short of orders from Beelzebub himself, who is the patron saint and prince of rivet heaters. Lugging a forge about resembles work. Hoisting it up, lowering it down, with its fire going, is dangerous and oft-times forbidden business. And to put a perfectly good fire out in order to shift a forge would blackball a man in all the exclusive rivet-heating clubs. So, as his gang moves on to points farther and farther away from his forge, the heater merely keeps on throwing rivets farther and farther to them, and has developed a skill past belief in tossing his hot bits of steel out of his tongs. Likewise the passer has developed a remarkable deftness with his little catching bucket. Up or down, between interlacing members, the sparkling rivets soar in long flat curves, to land kerplunk against the bottom of the catcher's bucket. And if the throw should be a little wide, so that the passer must take hold of a scaffold rope and stretch far out over nothing to scoop the flying rivet in, that is entirely satisfactory to everyone, including the catcher.

But there is no invariable perfection; and so it happened, on the day of which we write, a long rivet, thrown from a heater on the upper bridge deck down to a gang hung on a scaffold underneath the lower floor, had hit an intervening brace and fallen to the buckle plates of a piece of finished floor, and there, unseen, lay hot beside a line that came up from one corner of the swinging scaffold, crossed the floor a dozen feet, and was made fast to the lattice of a panel post.

Three strands of that good scaffold rope were standing out, frayed and scorched through, and the fourth was burning when Sam Trapp, Sr., sprang. But young Sam Trapp sprang faster. Young Sam could charge a net so swiftly that his service scarcely had been reached by a desperate tennis bat before he was up there, crouched to murder the return. He used that speed now. Two jumps past his dad, he dived headlong across the buckle plates and closed the fingers worked by cords and thews in that sweet, sun-kissed forearm about the rope beyond the burn just as the last strand parted. Then, clutching with his free hand at the slippery floor plates, and digging at them with his toes, he felt himself being dragged swiftly toward the edge over which the line he hung to went down into the abyss.

But for the drag of young Sam Trapp's huge body, four good men in jeans and jumpers would have died. One corner of the scaffold on which those four men worked went down. But it did not drop abruptly, only sagged with swiftness. But the difference between abrupt drop and swift sag was great enough to let men quick in danger as are bridgemen leap for the lines that still held up their corners of the scaffold.

Three of them grasped their now small chance at life with instantaneous swiftness and were safe. The fourth, a big hemp-headed Finn named Wily Koskinen, was standing on the corner that went down. He tried to scale the swaying, slipping grade. Planks slid downward, carrying him toward the black river far below, which only had to wait.

A falling man will take hold of anything—a cobweb, a bar of white-hot steel, a rattlesnake. A falling bridgeman grabs instinctively for rope—selects it as he falls, if there should be selection. Falling planks keep falling. But a falling line is generally fast some place. Koskinen lurched about, lashed out, and got the feel of good manila in his fingers. Fear of death closed them in a grip unbreakable. Thanks to God filled his heart as he felt that line come taut. A falling line is generally made fast at one end anyway.

His drop came to a snapping stop; then he dragged down a little, while his heart stopped and a black grin twisted the waiting river's face; then he stopped again. Instinctively, he looked up for falling stuff. A plank sailed by, a maul, a hat. A dolly bar, plunging diagonally from the toppling scaffold floor, whacked him above the ear. A skull less thick than Koskinen's would have split. Not Koskinen's. Raffy, the rivet boss, said afterward he wished it had. Koskinen would have held on anyhow. And Raffy had tried so many different schemes to get an idea into the big Finn's mulish head. Perhaps if his skull were cracked —— But there were some ideas that went into Koskinen's head without the cracking of his skull. That of not asking another life, for instance, for the saving of his own.

All was quiet now. The noise of falling stuff was done. There was no more faint splashing from the still-waiting river even. Koskinen, swinging there, big Wily, pitifully small, with that long death fall under him, looked up again—this time in the opposite direction from which the falling materials from the scaffold had menaced him. Almost directly over him, Koskinen saw a bleached sleek head, a pair of stout arms and a fine spread of shoulders. They were hung out beyond the floor edge over which the scaffold rope had passed. They were hung out perilously far. Another hundred pounds on that rope, another fifty

Koskinen looked up at the face above him. Koskinen, dangling, pitifully small, said quietly, "Let go! I got fine hold now."

Koskinen watched the big brown hands, exquisitely manicured, that held his life. The fingers did not open.

"Other fallers safe, all right. I got fine hold. Let go!"

Koskinen wanted Sam Trapp, Jr., to let him swing down pendulum-wise from the wrecked scaffold, chancing that half hitches on a dangling six-by-six would hold.

The bleached head above Koskinen shook a silent but emphatic "No!"

Koskinen said quietly, "I'm try climb up, I'm mebbe haul you overboard. I got fine hold now. You let go."

"You'll haul hell overboard," said Sam Trapp, Jr., very carefully. "My old man's got me by the leg!"

Down in the field office of Trapp & Priest, Steel Erectors, Ltd., chaste porcelain, white napery, thin sandwiches and other paraphernalia for the worship of the belly god had vanished to make way for blueprint cabinet, marred drawing board, rod, transit, sawdust-filled targets for expectorant yeomanry and other paraphernalia for the erection of great bridges.

Here Samuel Trapp the younger was meeting up with his fellow workers of the morrow. He shook hands with Shanty Mahoney, who shot the gun; and Buffalo Gus Bensen, bucker up; and Doggy Bight, the passer; and Arizona Red, the kid that heated 'em. Also with Wily Koskinen, the fitter. This was the gang, four of whose lives he'd saved. This was the gang he was going to start to learn bridging with in the morning.

They shook hands in embarrassed silence all around, no emotion showing on the face of any of them, unless on Arizona Red's.

But Red, who had jacked a job chaperoning cows and come East looking for a rigging job because he liked the savor of danger with his work, was young; and if the gang had fallen in the

(Continued on Page 157)

Slip Hill, Middlesex, Vermont

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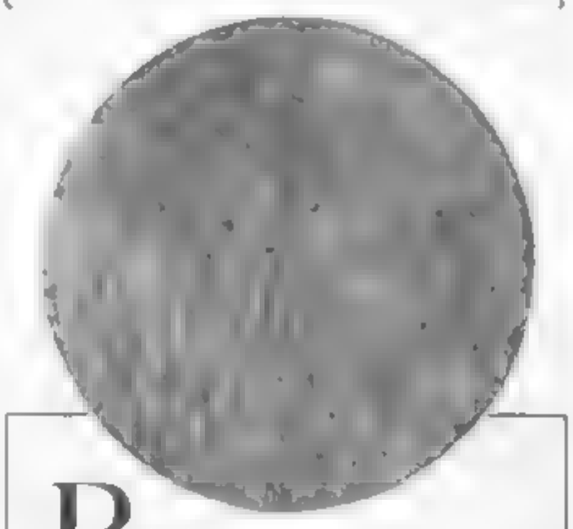

BEFORE *shaving..*

Actual microscopic view. Torn pores can't had chance to partly heal.

THESE actual photographs tell a story. After shaving—how the face smarts. Burns! (Torn open pores! Nicks! Ugly scratches!)

Tender skins need a new kind of shaving cream. *A cream that cools and soothes . . . as you shave.*

Men—that's why we made Ingram's Shaving Cream. It contains a brand new ingredient that cools and soothes. Leaves your face delightfully tingling.

No more need you waste time with hot towels—fancy lotions. Ingram's Shaving Cream is complete in itself. The lather thoroughly softens the beard. Beard resistance lessens. Your face won't have that freshly sandpapered feeling.

7 SHAVES—FREE

Ingram's Shaving Cream has been tried . . . by thousands of men with tender skins. It's proved itself. *But note this:*

Don't buy this cream yet. Please accept it—at our expense. Be sure of it.

Write me today for your 7 free cooling, soothing shaves. See for yourself.

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Established 1885
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AFTER *shaving..*

Tender skin—mutilated. Note the white scratches—torn skin. Ingram's helps this.

Ingram's Shaving Cream comes only in a blue jar with the name INGRAM across brum on the glass—at the shoulder. 4 months' shaving comfort. 50

You will like your 7 free cool shaves. Either write direct to me or write your name on the margin of this ad and send it to me. I want you to try this cream

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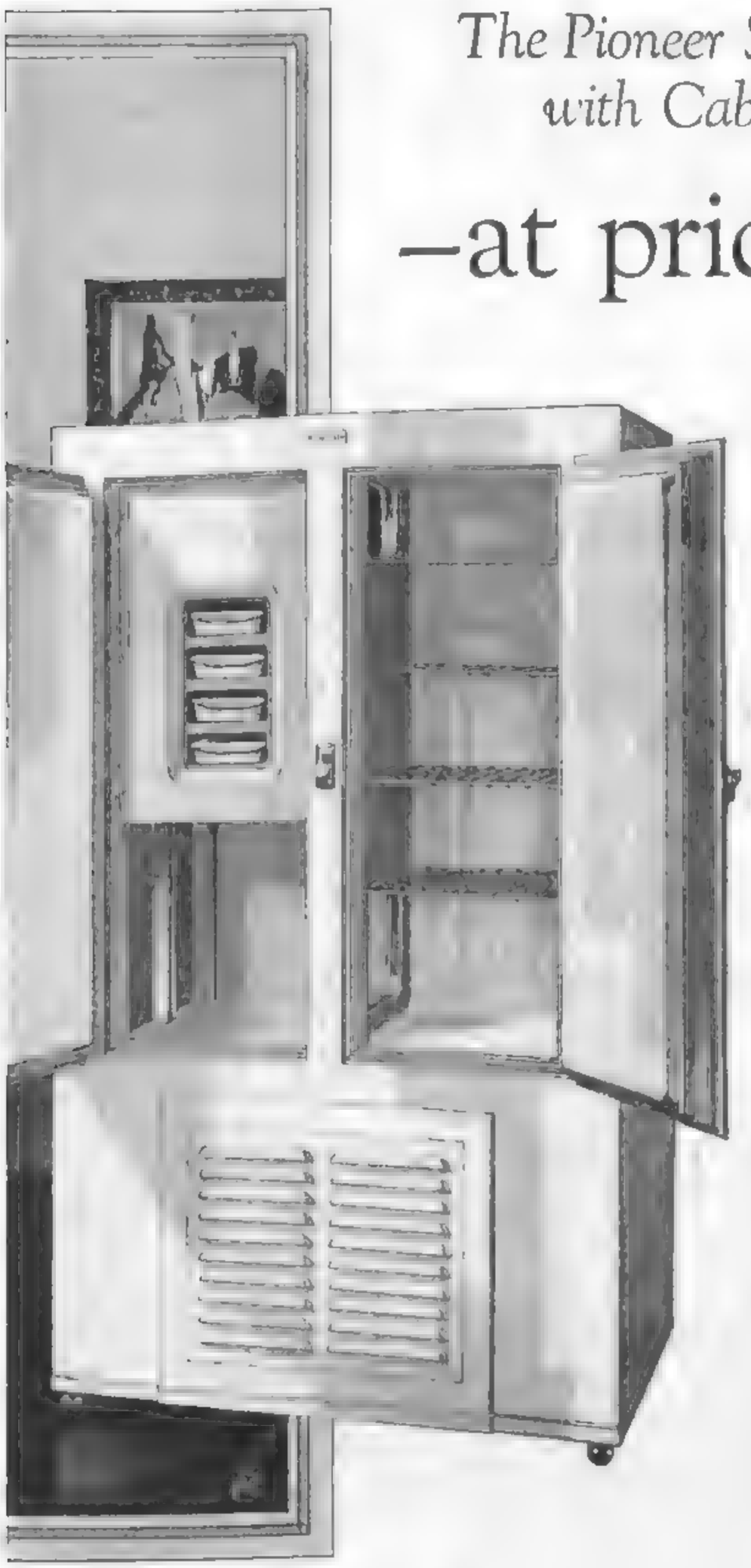
Cabinet

The Oldest Domestic

Something Better!

The Pioneer System of Electric Refrigeration, Complete with Cabinets Worthy of the Kelvinator Name

—at prices unexpectedly low



Since 1914 we have been manufacturing Kelvinators for refrigerators already in use, or for those newly purchased.

Now, in addition to these, we announce a complete line of Cabinet Kelvinators—cabinets and Kelvinators combined into single units, delivered to your home complete, ready for the electric connection.

The cabinets are produced in a variety of sizes and finishes—nine models in all. They are of the famous "Leonard Cleanable" construction that won leadership in the refrigerator industry 44 years ago—and kept it. The Kelvinator installed in each cabinet is the same wonderful Kelvinator that has been recognized as the world's standard system of electric refrigeration since the very beginning of the industry.

Manufacturing and selling economies put these Cabinet Kelvinators on the market at prices that set new standards of value.

Now, right at the start of the summer, your local dealer invites you to inspect these fine new Cabinet Kelvinators at his display room. If you place your order early you can be sure of prompt delivery.

Cabinet Kelvinator Models and Prices

Model 226—$250

A beautiful flush panel hard-wood cabinet finished in gleaming white enamel pyroxylin. The insulation is of corkboard. The interior is glossy white enamel on galvanized iron (Leonard Cleanable construction)

The outside dimensions are: Height 60 inches, width 26⅜ inches, depth 24 inches. This model has 9⅓ square feet of shelf space, permitting you to make excellent use of the food storage compartment of 5⅓ cubic feet capacity. The trays permit you to freeze 42 cubes of ice (6 pounds) at a time

Model 230—$250

This Cabinet Kelvinator is exactly the same in size and construction as Model 226, except that the exterior is of rich golden oak

Model 227—$275

In this model Kelvinator, the interior is gleaming white porcelain, on Armco Iron, making it as easy to keep clean and shining as a china dish. The design and size are the same as Model 226, with the same white enamel pyroxylin finish and the same Leonard Cleanable construction.

Model 228—$275

Has the same white porcelain interior as Model 227, and is of the same size and construction, but the exterior is quarter-sawed golden oak

Model 229—$300

This is a de luxe Cabinet Kelvinator. The interior and exterior are of gleaming white porcelain, beautifully trimmed with polished metal corners and edging. The size, shelves, and ice making capacity are the same as in Model 226. Corkboard insulation.

Model 231—$430

This is the largest model shown in the illustration. Its [illegible] inches high, 40⅛ inches wide, 24 inches deep. It has 12 square feet of shelf space and a total storage capacity of [illegible] In the freezer are 84 ice cubes, 12 more than enough for [illegible] Exterior finish is of highest quality white enamel pyroxylin, the interior of white porcelain. Corkboard insulation is used throughout.

Model 232—$430

Dimensions, construction, arrangement and ice capacity are the same as above. The exterior finish is of quarter-sawed golden oak

Model 233—$485

A de luxe model of the above. Exterior is of white porcelain, handsomely trimmed with polished metal. The dimensions and general construction are similar to Models 231 & 232

Kelvinator Leonard Model 18

This model is produced for those who desire even greater food compartment capacity than that needed by the average family. It has a food storage space of 13.3 cubic feet. Consists of a handsome Leonard cabinet, finished inside and out in white porcelain with metal trimming. It is mounted on a detachable base for enclosing the Kelvinator unit. May be used with or without base. The entire cabinet with base is 82 inches high, 40⅜ inches wide and 26⅜ inches deep. The cabinet contains three food compartments, has shelf capacity of 20 square feet and the [illegible] large 8 pound cake of ice at each freezing

All prices f. o. b. Detroit

KELVINATOR CORPORATION, 2050 W. FORT ST., DETROIT, MICH.
Division of Electric Refrigeration Corporation
Kelvinator of Canada, Limited, London, Ontario

221

Kelvinators

"Better-Always-Better"

Electric Refrigeration

Hylastic

Hylastic cord gives you that extra long wear which every motorist is seeking —and in addition, gives you that "cushiony" comfort for which every Mason tire is noted.

That's what the greater sturdiness and superior stretching quality of Hylastic Cord give you in Mason Balloons Hylastic Cord is made exclusively from a special, carefully selected, tough and sinewy cotton It is spun exclusively in Mason's own mills, under Mason's directions and to Mason standards It is this Hylastic Cord that makes every Mason balloon so flexible that it gives maximum balloon comfort and yet so tough and sinewy that it endures constant flexing for thousands and thousands of miles.

MASON
BALLOONS

(Continued from Page 153)

river it would have been his fault. Some excuse for Red if his mouth twitched a little as he alone out of the gang tried to voice thanks as he shook hands with Sam.

But the same look of surprise came into Red's face as had come into the faces of all the rest of them as they had felt the power of that roofing-paper forearm of Sam's come clamping down through his locked wrist to his hand. And Red, like all the rest of them when he stepped back with his thick fingers tingling with returning blood, looked puzzlement at the rigging of this handsome dandy whose hard grip had saved the gang.

Old Man Trapp saw that look repeated on the face of each of them, and at each repetition of it his own face grew redder.

"I'll see you out at the car in a minute, Sam," he blurted finally.

"See you tomorrow, gang," said Sam, the younger, raising a hand in salutation and farewell, and shut the door as he went out.

"See here, you whang-rammed, lousy, red-nosed, bristle-whiskered roughnecks," Old Man Trapp then affectionately addressed his record rivet crew, "he'll have a different outfit on tomorrow. Maybe he'll even wear a hat if you can manage to spill a quart or two of graphite paint in his hair early in the day. But if he wanted to wear them gwalluff coaties on this bridge, and in your gang, he'd wear 'em, see?—and make you like it! See 'way out there where BC58L's in place? Dressed up in all them furbelows and doodads, you'd think it belonged under the whatnot in the parlor, next to the china pug dog with the lavender ribbon round its neck. But the damn thing belongs on a bridge! Am I right or wrong, you hard-burned biscuits?"

Ask any roughneck in New Market. He'll tell you that regarding bridgin', Old Man Trapp is always right. He'll tell you that the more emphatically if he happens at the time to be on a job raising steel for Trapp, Priest & Trapp, Steel Erectors, Ltd.

THIS OUR WIFE

(Continued from Page 13)

"I need not remind you that, in wireless, wave length enables us to get rid of interference by tuning out the sounds of unwanted sending stations, and I sat wondering what conversational wave length would best tune out this veiled hint. Before I could reply, Sir Ffulke added:

"'Jack Hastings is comin' down very shortly—captain in the Kedgerees, you know, 79th Lancers, hard-ridin' lot. Pretty good man to hounds; he and Carita used to be as thick as thieves last huntin' season.'

"Everything has its price. I looked across at Sir Ffulke and said, 'Please let me arrange this trifling matter. After all, what does it amount to between friends?'

"He answered, 'That is very civil of you, Singleberry. I am greatly relieved.'

"He paused and I waited almost breathless. At this point a confederate would have been introduced by William Giles in order to share the loot. Sir Ffulke ran true to the soil which had bred them both.

"'There is a very sound man of affairs in the neighborhood, name of Fletcher. He may as well arrange the details. He knows the estate backwards, and the titles to some of this land are a bit obscure.'

"'By all means, let him!'

"Sir Ffulke paused again. 'Of course, Jack Hastings is more of a thruster than I altogether care to have out with hounds,' he observed at last. 'And as he hasn't above a few pounds beyond his pay, I shouldn't welcome him as a permanent admirer of Carita. What I referred to was merely boy-and-girl stuff.'

"'Quite, quite,' I answered.

"We then rose to rejoin Carita."

III

JAMES SINGLEBERRY stared thoughtfully into a far corner. "We now come to the mating *motif*, or romantic element," he resumed. "Jack Hastings arrived and departed. He was the outside edge of futility. Gilbert Fletcher, a lantern-jawed solicitor, arranged the mortgage on the golf links and I began to see a great deal more of Carita. She came to tea at the Larches with a girl friend. I had put the furniture into the attic, brought down my own things and borrowed Higginson for the occasion. I think Carita was impressed. Higginson served her with that worship which is the supreme tribute of butlers, and my Queen Anne tea service, my Shiraz rugs, my Gauguins and Van Goghs did not escape her notice.

On another day I motored her, still with the girl friend, to Park Lane, where Higginson served her a luncheon such as she had never seen before. When I showed her the lapis-lazuli drawing-room, she sighed faintly.

"'Some lucky girl will have a wonderful home when you marry and settle down, Mr. Singleberry,' she said. 'But then, of course, men like you never do settle down. You'll go on juggling with the strawberry market and playing with high finance all your life, and no woman will ever have more than a tiny place in your affairs. How I should love to be a man!'

"'That last remark is, of course, rank blasphemy,' I answered. 'I have been lucky in a few business deals, but that is nothing. A girl of your type is the inspiration of every great career. So far I have not had any inspiration. Otherwise I would have pulled down the very stars from the sky and strung them into a necklace for the one woman in the world.'

"'I think,' murmured Carita, 'we had better go back to the library. Muriel will be feeling lonely.' Nevertheless, I knew she was impressed by my earnestness.

"A week or so later Carita's mare fell lame and she accepted a ride on one of my hunters. As we hacked homeward I pushed my horse nearer to hers, stretched out my left hand and let it close over her right.

"'Carita,' I said gently, 'I love you. Will you marry me?'

"I dare say you have realized that I am not handsome, but I stand six feet in my socks and any insurance company would pass me as a first-class life. Besides, business demands a certain flair and subtlety which are not given to every man. Moreover, I was rich. Yet Carita withdrew her hand and stared between her horse's ears.

"'Mr. Singleberry,' she replied, 'no girl can help being flattered by a proposal of marriage. It is, at the worst, a compliment. But, as you will realize, I have my family to consider. The Herriotts are a proud race, even if poor. I like you very well, but I can't pretend to be in love with you. Perhaps you had better speak to my father. In the meantime, let's just be friends.'

"The following day, passing in my Apex, I happened to see Sir Ffulke explaining to a farmer exactly why, with wood and labor at their then high prices, he could not be expected to mend gates every five minutes. I rescued him and took him along to the Larches. He accepted a sherry and bitters, and as we sat in my library I explained to him that I wished to marry Carita.

"Sir Ffulke shook his lean head with its nose like an eagle's beak and said gravely, 'This is no time for marrying and giving in marriage, Singleberry. The fact is I am about at the end of my tether.'

"'I am sorry to hear that, Sir Ffulke,' I replied. 'Exactly what is troubling you?'

"'For years money has been going out faster than it came in,' he explained. 'You know what taxes are like nowadays, and the bottom has dropped out of agriculture. Besides, my brother let me in for a good deal once, and I have never recovered. Fortunately, he agreed to let me break the entail—there is no one to inherit the title except him and he knows how the estate is encumbered. I will not consider money lenders, so the Manor will just have to be sold for a song. It is hard on my tenants; their families have paid rent to mine for generations, but now they will just have to pay it to somebody else. I shall retire to the South of France, and Carita, I suppose, must find a situation as a governess or something, unless she wants to rot in a shabby pension on the Riviera.'

"'But the hounds!' I exclaimed. 'What will become of the Vale of Beading Hunt?'

"'Someone else will hunt hounds,' answered Sir Ffulke heavily.

"Obviously the situation was now in my grasp.

"'Impossible!' I said after a moment's pause. 'Why not let me extend the mortgage, with merely nominal interest, on the security of the Manor, provided you give your consent to my marriage with Carita?'

"Sir Ffulke rose and held out his hand.

"'You are a fine fellow, Singleberry!' he declared. 'I accept your offer gladly and give my consent with pleasure, as long as you don't ask me to put pressure on Carita. A gentleman could hardly do that; but then, naturally, a gentleman'—he bowed—'would not ask him to.'

"'Quite, quite!' I agreed. We motored over to Gilbert Fletcher and he drew up the necessary documents.

"That night I dined at the Manor, and after dinner Sir Ffulke left Carita and myself alone in the drawing-room, while he ran over the rent roll in his study.

"'Carita,' I began gently, once more, 'your father has consented to our marriage. The decision now rests with you alone. I am aware that better men have proposed to you ——'

"'No man is really attractive if his pockets are empty,' mused Carita.

"'—— but no one could love you more than I do. I shall never rest until you have promised ——'

"Carita got up from her chair, slim and supple as a panther even in that horrible dress.

"'I feel you only want me to sit at the head of your table and wear your jewels,' she objected.

"'But, Carita, I have no jewels.'

"'Really!' said Carita haughtily. 'Don't you think that is just a little careless of you?'

"'My God!' I exclaimed. 'I love you—you ride my horses, you use my car, you eat my meals, your father borrows money from me, and yet I can't get yes or no out of you. Listen to me! Either you marry me or I will plow up the golf links where you did the seventh hole in one, sell the hounds to a friend in the hide, skin and fat trade, and in this Manor where the Herriotts used to boil their enemies in oil, I will boil my jam. Apart from all that, Carita, you are a spoiled, pampered, vain little cat and for two pins I'd box your ears!'

"'Darling,' answered Carita, 'how I love you in a rage! I never understood before how you managed to strangle your competitors.'

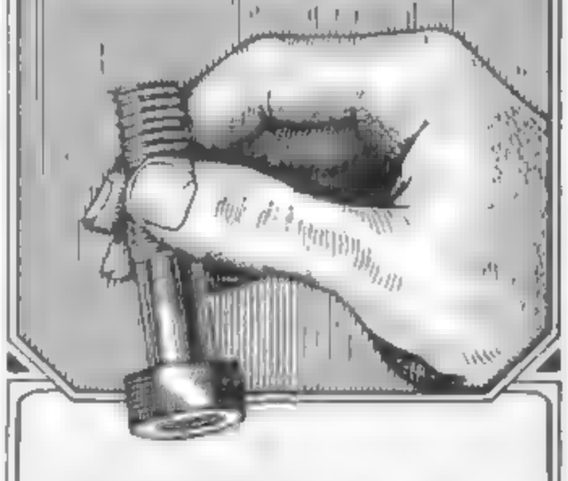
"'Will you marry me then?' I repeated, taking her shoulders in a grip of iron.

"'Of course I will. I would be a slave to any man of your size and strength who owned a million pounds and strangled his competitors,' replied Carita softly."

James Singleberry paused.

"That," he resumed, "occurred at nine P.M. and I was so exalted that I went back to the Larches and at ten P.M. got Pittsburgh on the wireless. I tell you this, Arnold, because I have seen Phyllis Carter leading you on a string, and to explain how strength in a man beats down opposition. Also I have asked you to dinner this evening because it is my first birthday since our marriage, and I have decided that Carita shall always cook and serve my birthday dinner as a symbol of obedience. You

RUST-PROOF because PARKERIZED



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need an object lesson just now if ever a man did."

The door opened. Arnold Melhuish lifted up his eyes and beheld Carita carrying a tray of cocktails.

IV

MUSING over coffee and cigars on that dinner of Carita's serving, James Singleberry repeated the items one by one. "*Bisque de tomates,*" he chanted. "*Sole bonne femme; tournedos à la Reine; poulet rôti; salade Japonaise; pêche Melba; mignardises.*" He paused and looked meaningly at Arnold Melhuish. "Not a bad meal for one's wife to cook, I think?"

"Baronial, James, positively baronial," said Arnold Melhuish.

Carita rose, put down her cigarette, stood before her husband and clasped her hands. In the ruthlessly subedited frock she looked not an hour more than eighteen.

"Carita," she began in a small voice, "was only a poor little girl and s'e couldn't cook worth a damn, not worth a damn s'e couldn't, and when her great strong husband said s'e was to cook a whole dinner, Carita was -oh, terribly f'ightened. So rather than dis'point him, s'e took her check book and wrote a hooge check out of her poor little dress allowance and had the dinner sent in from a shop. But s'e hotted it up herself, truthfully s'e did, and s'e has burned her poor finger."

Carita placed the poor finger meditatively in her mouth, while a mist seemed to pass before James Singleberry's eyes.

Finally he controlled his voice and said, "I told her to provide dinner and she did provide it. Not able to cook it herself, she sacrificed her dress allowance. It is the principle of the thing which counts." Tenderly he patted her head. "I knew you would not fail me. Of course, I shall make up the deficiency in the dress allowance."

"Fank you. Carita did try, and s'e has burned her finger. Look!" replied Carita, and held it up, pink and a little damp.

"You are a dirty bully, of course," declared Arnold Melhuish, taking farewell in the hall, "but no doubt there is something in this masterful attitude. I'm going back to have things out with Phyllis. In the light of your experience, James, the only way is to treat her rough."

He roared feverishly down the drive, skimmed the gatepost with a rear wheel and fled into the gloaming. A dog, as dogs will, wandered from nowhere out of a hedge. The four-wheel brakes bit, a tire bumped the dog in the after guard, it fled yelling, and Arnold Melhuish drew up beside a closed car parked on the roadside.

"I shall be glad," he said to the complete stranger at the wheel, "if you will exchange cards with me in case the owner of the dog —— A witness is useful in these cases."

The stranger, taking a rich cigar from his mouth, bowed and produced a card bearing the legend:

MR. GILBERT FLETCHER

The Turnstile
Little Reading

Arnold Melhuish leaned back in his seat.

"I have just dined with James Singleberry and heard your story," he said. "What do you here, O scribe to the Manor of Little Reading? Remember, I know everything."

"Have we not slain? Have we not divided the spoil?" answered Gilbert Fletcher with mellowness in his voice. "I dined in the kitchen with Mrs. Singleberry, but what a dinner! This is one of his cigars. You see, I brought the dinner from London. We only had to plug the chafing dishes into the house circuit and there you are. I brought the cocktails too. I had three of them. Marvelous!"

He beamed on Arnold Melhuish as on a long-lost love.

"I planned the whole thing. You see, the Fletchers have been liege men of the Herriotts ever since we followed William the Conqueror to the Battle of Hastings. Things were in a bad way at the Manor and then this Singleberry arrived. Directly he saw Miss Herriott in the strawberry fields, like Ruth among the corn, he was our prey. William Giles came straight from the scene and told me. We are a clannish lot in the Vale of Beading, Mr.—er—Melhuish. A stranger has very little chance; but then, why should he?"

"Yet surely it was not merely his money? Surely what won him the girl was his masterfulness?" queried Arnold Melhuish. The other laughed scornfully.

"A child crying for the moon, a puppy whining for a biscuit. After the mortgages went through, I didn't care what happened, but by that time she had a fancy to marry him. He's rather a pill in some ways, but a gilded pill. She always kept him wound round her little finger. When he had this mania for her to cook his birthday dinner, she wrote to me and I arranged a scheme. I suppose he fell for it?"

"Yes," said Arnold Melhuish, "he fell. He fell even as I have fallen in my time, but I shan't do it again. Thank you very much, Mr. Fletcher. I hope you will have a pleasant journey and that some good woman awaits you at the end of it."

He trod on the starter, clicked through the gears and rode perilously to Tagg's Farm, leased by Worthington Carter, M.P., who committed experiments in pig breeding, having ambitions to restore prosperity to the farmer by means of bacon incalculable. He found Phyllis Carter alone in the sitting room. As he entered, she glanced at her wrist watch.

"A quarter past ten. I expected you earlier," she said resignedly. "Still, one can never gauge a man's actions within half an hour. There is no use proposing to me again this evening, but you may apologize for leaving me so quickly. I was, as a matter of fact, rather interested in your agonies. One learns a lot from them."

She sat there, gray eyed, slender as a dryad, her slim, crossed legs a poem in silk, her oval face a snare, her little scarlet mouth the grave of good men's hopes.

"All is not gold that glitters," reflected Arnold Melhuish, "and all is not masterfulness that makes a noise like an express train." He therefore drooped before her on two neatly shod feet, his dinner jacket so slick and waisted, his trousers tender with lines of narrow braid, and said:

"I have not come to propose, Phyllis darling. My heart is broken and I shall never propose again. I shall leave your father to feed your body until you find another man worthy to feed your soul. I am going back to my career, to become a successful barrister. Later, my rich uncle, the Lord Chancellor, who loves me and intends me for his heir, will see that I am made a King's counsel, and afterward a judge. None of these things may console me for the loss of you, but I shall just go on hanging murderers, doing my duty and waiting for death. Also my uncle has promised me a six-cylinder sports model Apex for my next birthday, a car guaranteed to exceed eighty miles an hour."

"And what will you do when you leave me this evening?" queried Phyllis musingly, while on their ears fell the distant crooning of a young sow anxious concerning her first family.

"I shall drift out into the world with the other pigs," retorted Arnold Melhuish. "At the worst, we are all God's creatures, are we not?"

Phyllis Carter rose, advanced toward him and placed her rounded arms about his neck.

"Now I know that you love me," she murmured, "because you are even willing to give me up if I wish it, and that, considering my appearance, is the severest of all tests; but I always meant to marry you, Arnold; only you needed to be crushed a little first. Come along and we will tell father the good news."

As they passed through the deserted hall, Arnold Melhuish perceived a great hanging mirror. Behind the smooth white back of Phyllis he made a face at it.

The New GARDNER

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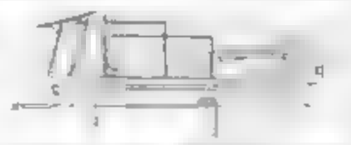

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Established 1864 **PITTSBURGH, PA.**

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BYERS PIPE

GENUINE WROUGHT IRON

THE DREADFUL NIGHT

(Continued from Page 5)

the long stroke. But when, continuing her way, she came to the north end of the island, she remembered what Nell had said and looked along the shore for any sign that someone had landed here. There was a ledge running well offshore; approach by motorboat was impracticable, and she decided that Nell had simply seen a boat emerge from the channel. Molly had by this time recovered from her uneasiness at the solitude; she thought no more of this passer-by.

When she had completed the circuit of the island she did not at once go indoors. There was, in front of the big house and projecting somewhat into the lake, a sort of mole, rock walled and floored with sand; and in its center, above a concrete basin full of water, stood the image of a boy grappling with a goose. By turning a cock under the sill of the house, this goose could be made to spit a fine stream; the image became a fountain. Molly stood here for a little, bathing in the sun; and she turned on the fountain and watched its play. The little morning breeze had died; the day was very still, as though the hush of evening were already fallen. Somewhere across on the mainland a dog barked, a curious deep bay like the note of some gigantic hound. The sound came gently to her ears, yet there was menace in it. She had a momentary thought that the dog must be chasing some wild thing, and shivered.

In the house at last, she decided to leave the living room and the rest of the ground floor for attention later, and she went upstairs to put to rights the rooms where the children had lived during the summer; and as she did this work she smiled now and then at the disorderly traces of their occupancy. In her own room later, she put some things into her open trunk, now almost full, and she packed a bag. In the process of collecting things from her dresser she came upon the little lacquer box in which she kept the emerald Paul had bought for her, and she opened the box to look at the stone, crossed to a window to study it, finding in it the same rich and leaping pleasure which she always derived from its inspection.

It was not large; not so large, for instance, as the diamond in the engagement ring which Paul had given her years before. Nor was it the same shape; for where the diamond was round, the emerald was cut foursquare, and lay like a green pool, unfathomably deep, upon its soft bed in the tiny lacquer box. She remembered the night she had first seen it. She and Paul were at Little Dog; they had dined with Capello there; and Raleigh was with them. Raleigh was Paul's friend, and he had won some eminence in his profession as an expert on precious stones. He and Capello talked of these matters, while she and Paul listened, conscious of their own ignorance, yet curiously enthralled. Raleigh spoke more than once of the singer's own jewels, famous and familiar.

But she said, "They are in the bank. I wish I might show them to you. I have always had the love of such things; but one cannot bring them to these places, so remote and far."

The talk had turned at last upon emeralds; and Molly was surprised and interested to discover in the other woman, when these stones were mentioned, a curious reticence, something like a hint of nervousness, of fear. She tried to catch Raleigh's eye, to warn him that the subject seemed distasteful to their hostess; but he was blind to her warning, talked on so eloquently that Capello said at last with a faint sigh:

"Yes, it is so; it is that way with emeralds. They have always been something different to me. From the first I have loved them."

Raleigh nodded, spoke some further word; and suddenly, with a curious abruptness, Capello had risen from her chair.

"Wait," she said. "I have one I will show you; one that I do not ever wear; but it is here."

She left the room, and Raleigh explained in a somewhat lowered tone: "I wanted her to do that. I've heard of this emerald. There's a tale about it. They say it's worth seeing." He could not, he confessed, remember the tale. "It just occurred to me a few minutes ago," he confessed, "that I'd heard something about the Capello emerald somewhere."

When the stone was revealed to them even Molly and Paul felt its beauty; but while they were intoxicated, Raleigh, examining it with an attentive eye, was also deeply respectful.

He said at last, "But this is the finest emerald I have ever seen!"

"The finest?" Molly cried.

"I don't mean the largest, of course," he told her. "Nothing fabulous. But it is as near perfect as an emerald can be." He added, seeing her interest, "You know, a flawless emerald is almost unknown." He smiled faintly. "I've always had a kindness in my heart for the stone," he explained. "There's something about an emerald that appeals to me."

"Are they very valuable?" Molly asked.

He nodded. "Yes; yes, they're more valuable than diamonds—definitely. In the smaller stones, the emerald is worth, say, half again as much; but when you get a larger one the value mounts at a tremendous ratio. I suppose a flawless four-carat emerald would be priceless; just a question of what the buyer would pay. Yet a good diamond of that size wouldn't be worth any exorbitant figure."

"Where do they come from?" Paul inquired.

"Well," Raleigh expounded, "the oldest emerald mines were probably in Egypt. They were lost for a while, and then they were found again, a hundred years or so ago; but they haven't turned up many good stones there. You find them in this country sometimes. There's one crystal in the National Museum, from North Carolina, that weighs around twelve hundred carats. That's more than half a pound, say. That's the largest ever found in the United States, I think." He added, smiling again: "You know, there were a lot of old superstitions about them. The ancients used to think it was good for tired eyes to look at an emerald—a sight for sore eyes, you might say. Then there was another notion that one look at an emerald would turn a snake blind. And it was a charm against evil spirits and epilepsy, and things of that sort. A good-luck stone—or people thought so, at least."

Capello spoke abruptly, with a little shudder in her voice. "I have stones like that," she said. "But this one—I have always felt something baleful in it, like an angry eye watching me; like a jealous eye—a green, jealous eye. I have thought sometimes of being rid of it." She added softly, as though to herself, "If I dared do so."

There was a momentary silence, a little awkward, then Paul said with a laugh, "Well, if you ever get that feeling, let me know. I'd like to own that stone myself." He added, "If I could find the money."

The great soprano made a curious gesture. "I did not buy it," she said. "If I wished to sell, the price would be of small account." She extended her hand, and Raleigh returned it to her and she put it jealously away again.

But while she was absent from the room Paul asked Raleigh, "What's it worth, old man?"

Raleigh moved his shoulders. "Well, it's beautiful," he said, "and nearly perfect. If you bought it in the ordinary way, probably three thousand dollars."

Paul laughed. "Too steep for me," he commented. But the matter stayed in his mind, as Molly, that night and afterward, perceived. So she was not wholly surprised when he came to her one day to ask, "Molly, would you like that emerald?"

"Not at that price," she told him. "It's too much to put into a little piece of green stone."

"I can get it for less than two thousand," he said soberly. Paul's New England thrift always found it difficult to resist a bargain, and Molly smiled in understanding. He added: "She seems to have a curious grudge against the stone. I think the feeling is growing on her. If I waited she'd probably give it to me. I think I'll buy it from her, Molly."

And so in the end the transaction had taken place. Last week-end Paul had brought it home to her in this little box in which she had first seen it. He wished to take it to town with him when he went down Monday morning, but Molly would not let it go.

"I want to live with it," she had said. "Leave it with me here. No one will know."

"Safe enough," he agreed. "She won't say anything about it, and no one else knows but Raleigh. But keep it out of sight, hon, or you'll have someone on its trail."

So all this week Molly had kept it hidden away, showing it not even to the children, finding now and then a moment apart in which to gaze upon it and to feel again that rich and intoxicating thrill its deep beauty always gave. She had not thus far been at all nervous about it; she was not a nervous woman. That moment of uneasiness when this morning she first realized the solitude on the island had been for her an extraordinary experience; yet, curiously, now as she put the stone away, that vague uneasiness returned. She remembered that Capello had seemed afraid to keep it, yet afraid to be rid of it too; and Molly wondered why.

II

WHEN by and by she had put the emerald away again, Molly began to be hungry, and she went downstairs and turned toward the kitchen. Little tasks caught her eye on the way, distracting and delaying her. In the great living room she picked up young Paul's oilskins and hung them in the closet under the north stair; in the billiard room, running the width of the big house, where they sometimes danced in the evening, she stopped to turn over the cushions on the broad seats around the walls.

The dining room was separated from the billiard room only by a difference in floor level and a low banister, and she paused here to look at the steins and pieces of old china on the plate rail around the wall and thought she would take them down next summer. They spoiled, she decided, the pleasing line of the low wide arch of the ceiling. She stood a moment, finger pressing against her cheek, considering this; and she even got a chair and took down one of the plates and laid it on the table. She must ask Paul, tonight or in the morning, what he thought about the change. The small problem engrossed her, filling her thoughts, excluding every other consideration; and when presently she went into the kitchen she had forgotten the emerald, was quite at ease again.

The pantry was almost bare; she had planned to use up most of the perishable foodstuffs before closing the house for the winter. But there was bread and butter, and milk and eggs and beans, and soup in cans; and she opened a can of soup—Richard had left a good coal fire in the big stove—and made coffee and toasted a slice or two of bread. There was a skylight in the roof above the kitchen, with gear for opening its sections to permit ventilation; and the sun, now high, struck down through the glass and laid a yellow rectangle against the wall and the windows at her right hand.

(Continued on Page 165)

ONLY razors built like these are worthy of the famous long Durham-Duplex Blades. Hair-trigger balance and a finish that laughs at rust. Choose whichever type you prefer; both offer a shave that you'll swear by forever.

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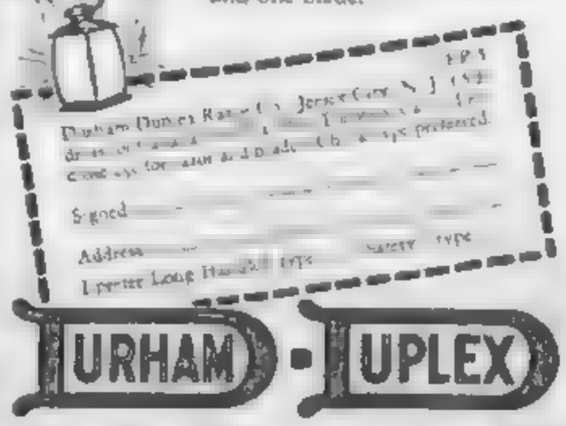

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ASIDE from the golfer's skill and the condition of the green, accurate putting depends on one other thing—

A ball that behaves as it *ought* to behave.

You have probably taken it for granted that all golf balls are true—that the center of gravity is located at the exact center of the ball to begin with—and *stays* there.

Now the X-Ray discloses that such is far from being the case.

Take a look at the X-Ray photographs of several golf balls at the right of this page.

The ball at the top of the column is a "U. S." Royal. As you see, it is built in *perfect balance* on a true *spherical* center.

Its center of gravity is *centered in the ball.* The center of gravity *stays* centered.

The three balls below it are of other leading makes. They are neither the worst nor the best of X-Rays of some fifty different makes of balls that we have in our records.

The difference is too obvious to need comment.

These X-Rays explain why the "U. S." Royal is the *truest putting* golf ball made.

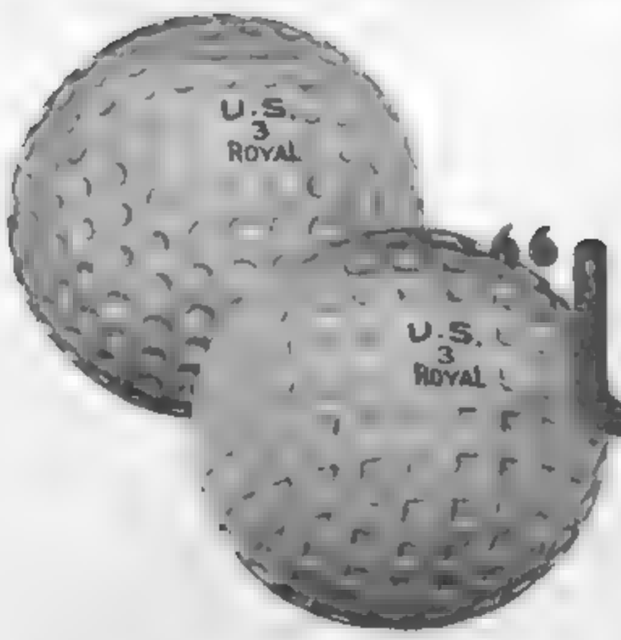
It flies true and putts true. It has distance equal to any—and one of the toughest covers ever put on a golf ball.

There is no ball made in this country or abroad, no matter at what price it is sold, that is a better golf ball than the "U. S." Royal.

Try a "U. S." Royal

Play one round with a "U. S." Royal and we know that you will play it for the rest of the season.

Buy them from the Pro. at your club, or from any authorized dealer. Three for $2.50, 85c each.



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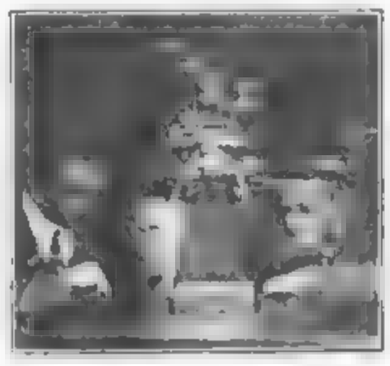
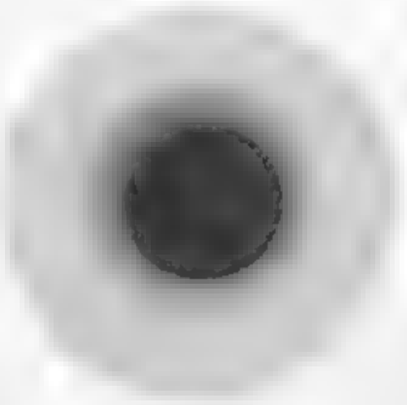
What the X-Ray Discloses

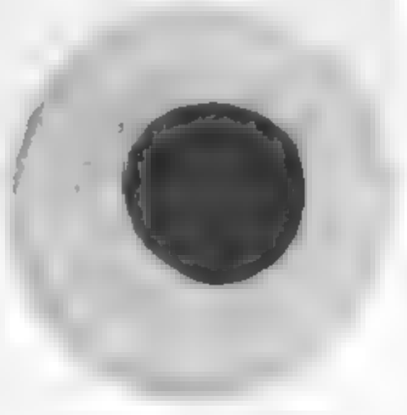


Only the X Ray, probing to the inside of a finished ball, can disclose what has actualy taken place in the making. The periodical X-Ray check-up is a regular procedure with the United States Rubber Company.



"U. S." Royal

Not a "U. S." Royal



Not a "U. S." Royal

Not a "U. S." Royal

The putting accuracy of a golf ball depends absolutely upon the trueness with which the center of gravity is positioned in the center of the ball. These unretouched X-Ray photographs bring out the true facts.

(Continued from Page 161)

She had always loved this kitchen; it was so airy and so bright and light and clean.

When she was done she washed her few dishes and took the soup can out to the receptacle provided behind the kitchen door. This receiver, a barrel, covered to exclude flies, was set against the end of the long, bold-faced ledge which began at the rear corner of the house and ran south. Molly was this day acutely sensitive to many small impressions, her imagination quickening at stimuli which—when others were about—had no effect at all. Thus now this ledge caught her eye, and she went along its face a little way to where some of the seams had been filled with cement; and she touched this cement with her fingers, assuring herself that it was solid and sound.

The cement closed a niche, hollowed in the face of the ledge a good many years before, to contain the ashes of the first man who had lived here upon the island. Molly and Paul knew the story and liked to remember it. This other man—he had lived here alone, summer upon summer—was a jovial soul, for all his solitary ways. Rapidan, his name was; and as Molly and Paul heard the tale, his birthday fell upon a date in late August. On that date they were always used to drink a toast to him.

Sometimes visitors asked Molly, "Doesn't it bother you, knowing he's there? I should think you'd feel haunted."

Molly always laughed at this. "I like it," she declared. "He was a fine old fellow. I like having him around, like to imagine he's enjoying it here as much as we do."

There was something almost like a caress in the way she touched the cement which sealed his niche in the ledge today. She thought, smiling a little, "You never felt lonely here, did you? It never bothered you."

Not till she had returned to the kitchen did she realize that this was a confession on her part that her own uneasiness still persisted; that the silence and the solitude were fretting at her nerves. She tried to laugh the feeling away; but she was nevertheless conscious of a vast relief when, a little before two o'clock, she saw coming up the lake Dill Sockford's eccentric little motorboat; and she went out on the mole before the house to wave a greeting to him as he swung into the cove. When he came up the path to the house she was busy on the upper floor, and she called to him, "Come up here, Dill. I need you here."

The little man joined her a moment later in her room; and he smiled in characteristic fashion, not so much with his lips, which had always a whimsical twist, as with his eyes, in which there was apt to dwell a friendly, kindly light.

"Been busy, ain't you?" he commented. "Don't see as there's much of anything for me to do."

"I want to get into the attic, Dill," she told him. "There is an attic. There's a window into it from the roof over the kitchen, and Paul climbed up there once; and he says there are a lot of old things stowed away up there. But we've never bothered to hunt up the trapdoor. I'd like to go up there and see what there is, and clean it up a bit, and throw a lot of things away."

He raised his eyes to the ceiling of the room in which they stood; a ceiling made of narrow matched boards, smoothly set and painted gray.

"I never see any trapdoor," he replied. "And I been around here quite a lot last four-five years."

"There must be one," she insisted.

"Sure, must be one," he agreed. "Well, we'll look around."

She suggested that it was probably in the narrow hall which led from the living room toward the rear of the house, on the second floor; but they could find no suggestion of a trapdoor in the ceiling there. So at her urgency they examined the ceilings of the closets in some of the rooms. The fact that they discovered no opening anywhere piqued her, whetted her curiosity; and she prosecuted the search beyond all reason, giving over the effort at last in an amused bewilderment.

"It's funny, isn't it, Dill?" she exclaimed.

"'Tis kind of queer," he agreed.

"I'd like to see what's up there," she declared. "I hate a mystery."

"Probably that's where they kept the family skeletons," he suggested, and chuckled. "Probably there's some kind of a secret door."

"Paul didn't see any skeletons," she reminded him idly, and was a little surprised to discover that she was shivering. She laughed at herself. "It's funny," she declared. "As long as I thought I could go up there any time I didn't mind a bit; but it bothers me now."

"Let well enough alone," he advised. "Guess if you ain't had to get up there before now, you don't have to now."

"And we've plenty to do without wasting any more time," she agreed. "You were late, weren't you?"

"Boat acted a mite cranky," he confessed. "I had to monkey with her. And then I was held up a spell. Fellow come along and wanted I should carry him over to Little Dog."

They were stripping the beds in the children's rooms, putting away blankets, tumbling linen ready for the laundry.

"To see Madame Capello?" she asked.

He nodded. "Name of Newbert," he explained. "Said he was a reporter. Come up to get some kind of a story for his Sunday paper. He'd figured on getting someone to carry him over, and he tried to talk me into it. He was a nice common man too."

Molly smiled, imagining the conversation. Dill was independent, not used to being urged or hurried.

"Nell Harmon come along about that time," he added, "and he got talking to her. You'd think they'd knowed each other ten years, but I don't reckon she ever seen him before. She had that bathing suit on, and he kind of laughed at her; but it didn't seem to bother her none."

"She was up here this morning," Molly commented, "in her canoe. I should think she'd freeze."

"Never wears anything else much," he agreed. "She was always that way, time she was a baby here. I can remember when she weren't so high." He indicated a height of no importance at all.

"She does swim beautifully," Molly assented. . . . "Carry those sheets down into the billiard room, Dill. I'm gathering all the laundry there. And bring the little stepladder when you come back. I want to take down the curtains."

"She told him the Bafford boy would take him over in that boat of his," Dill explained as he moved away. "So I guess he walked down to her place with her. The Baffords' is the next beyond."

"And bring the box of keys," Molly added. "Someone has locked the closet door in Paul's room. I'd like to get it open if I can."

He came back after a little and they tried every available key without success. Young Paul must have locked the door; doubtless had stored some of his small treasures here.

"And he'd probably take the key with him, the imp," she laughed. "He loves doing mysterious things."

"Maybe the trapdoor to the attic's in there," Dill suggested.

"I've a mind to break the door down," Molly declared, eying it resentfully. "I always hated locks."

"Take a screw driver and pry her open, all right," Dill told her; and she said quickly, "Go ahead, Dill, do it."

He was as good as his word, and a moment later he had sprung the door open and swung it wide. Inside, as Molly had expected, she found young Paul's collection of motorboats and small sailing craft all stowed away, and she laughed over them tenderly; but there was no trapdoor in this ceiling; the affair of the attic remained as much a puzzle as before.

They began to take down hangings from the windows, and they picked up the rugs from the floors and took them out on the front balcony to sweep and beat. The wind was freshening again; the surface of the lake was broken by little shadows of darker blue as gusts swept here and there. And on this wind Molly heard again the baying of a dog: somewhere behind them, it seemed to her; a far, booming note.

"I heard that dog this morning," she told Dill. "But it seemed to be over on the mainland. It sounds behind us now, over toward Little Dog."

"Dog's bark'll carry queer some days," he reminded her, and then he chuckled. "Hear about the wolf—been around lately?" he asked.

She looked at him in surprise. "Wolf?" she echoed.

"Two or three have seen it," he told her, smiling as though amused at the tale. "You can't tell them it's nothing but a dog. Guess it ain't any dog around here anyways. Big gray brute, with pointed ears and a kind of bushy tail; and it stays in the woods and gets out of sight quick."

Molly laughed. "Sounds like a police dog," she suggested, and he assented.

"Guess so," he agreed. "But there's women scared of it. It ain't harmed anybody; only Dave Riggs, he met up with it in the wood road that comes down to the camps over there on the Neck." He jerked a thumb behind them, toward the northeast. "And he said the thing snarled at him and never give an inch of ground, and he kind of circled around it and went on by."

They heard again that distant baying, and Molly said softly, "Hear? Maybe that's it now. Maybe it got lost from some car. Poor thing, it's probably scared to death, running wild."

They were done with the rugs and took them in again and stored them away. It was by this time four o'clock, and Molly remembered the little motorboat which must be lifted out of water and told Dill to go and do that.

"Paul won't want to bother with it tomorrow," she explained. "We'll have enough to do. And you can come up and get us and the trunks and bags."

He nodded assent and left her and went down the path toward the boathouses, and she moved to and fro about her tasks for a time. The sun drew low above the hills across the lake, and now and then she paused by a window to watch the deepening colors there. The work in the house approached completion; so many things could not be done till tomorrow, till she and Paul were through with their beds and with their room and with the kitchen. She was not so zealous as she had been, found her thoughts inclined to wander.

By and by she took out the little box containing the emerald again and looked at the stone for a while with a quiet pleasure; and when she put it away it occurred to her to hide it. The small mystification seemed to her amusing; she concealed it in Paul's fishing-tackle box, in the closet, and felt that it was there more secure.

Paul had in the box a .22 caliber target pistol, an automatic, its loaded clips beside it. Molly handled this weapon gingerly; she had an ancient distrust for firearms of every kind.

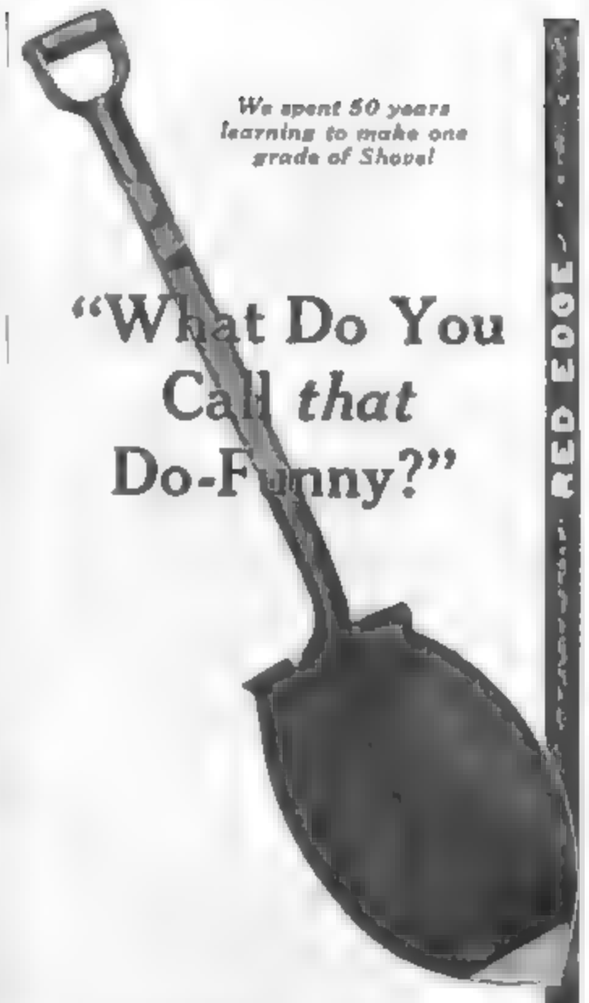
Afterward she went down to the boathouses to watch Dill. He had the lifters half raised, so that already they bore the weight of the boat, and he was pumping out the bilge.

"Take some weight off her bottom," he explained. "She's old, and rotten probably."

She stood watching; and afterward, when he resumed the business of getting the boat out of water, inserting a long lever under the bolt in each one of the lifters by turn, she helped him by withdrawing the pegs and thrusting them into other holes lower down to catch and hold his gains. Thus inch by inch they raised the little craft till it hung secure above the water, its wet bottom dripping.

"She'll winter there all right," said Dill.

"Paul wants you to fix up the wharf some this winter," she told him. "I expect



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"Go on," the foreman scoffed. "I'll bet it's an ice cream spoon."

"All right, you try it out. Here's my card. If you don't call me up and order a half dozen of those ice cream spoons before night, I'll come back and eat the sample."

The foreman didn't call, but his boss did!

"Say, this is the . . . . . Contracting Company. Did you leave some damn newfangled shovel out on a job this morning? Well, send out a dozen more and hurry 'em up. The work's stopped and the whole blame gang is fighting over that fool shovel of yours."

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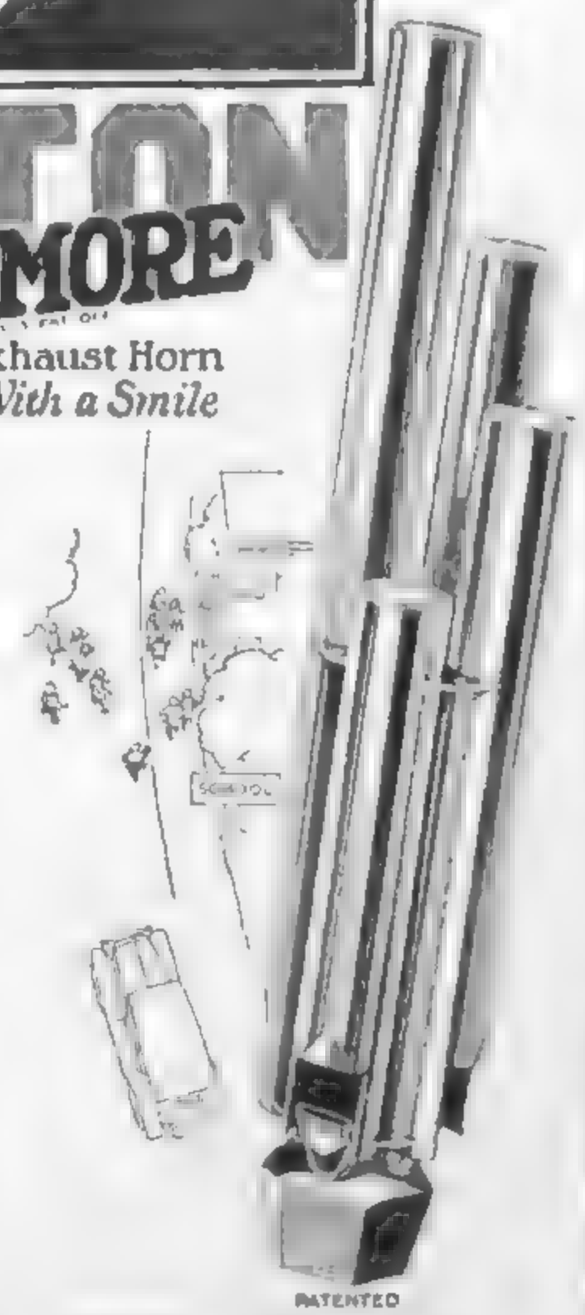

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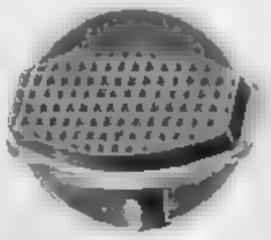
Illustration here shows type No. 7—for Buick, Chrysler, Chevrolet, Dodge Oldsmobile, Packard and Studebaker.



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for brake, clutch and reverse pedals. Keep your feet from slipping off the pedals. Corrugated live rubber—highly nickeled metal frames. Type D-26. Per set $1

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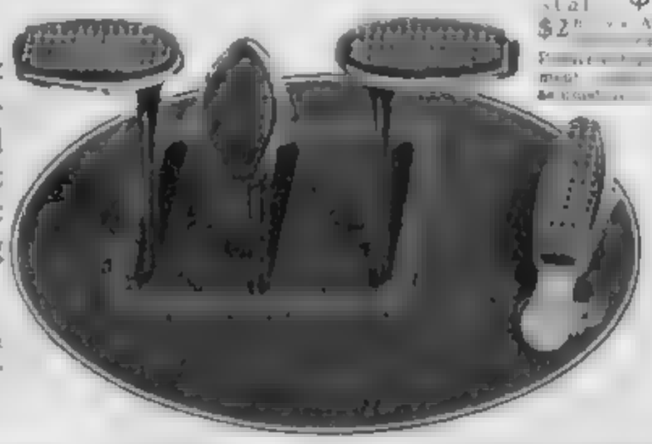
pedal. Direct action to carburetor. Easy to attach. Fits all model Fords. Complete outfit—ready to [illegible] $1

Fulton-Perfection Pedal Pads

For All Cars—$1.00 per Set

SOFT live rubber firmly encased in strong nickeled frames. Add safety and comfort to driving. If your dealer cannot supply you, write us, mentioning make and model of your car.



Also manufacturers of Hudson's Crank Case Repair Arm and the Fulton Copperhead Rim Wrench

THE FULTON COMPANY, MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

you'd better look and see what lumber you'll need, so he can order it for you."

"Have to go along pretty quick now and do my chores," he explained; nevertheless, they moved through the boathouse and out along the wharf together. There were clouds banked in the west, for the moment obscuring the sun, drawing before it a rich and gorgeous veil through which its beauty pulsed and burned; and Molly looked at this tremendous spectacle with still and dreaming eyes. But Dill was of more practical mind.

"Going to blow some," he commented, "by the looks of it"

She was inattentive; and he turned back to examine the rotten planking here and there, went down on his knees to inspect the crib work beneath the wharf. She stayed where she was, thoughtful and abstracted, watching the great clouds shift, the colors deepen and pale again; and at length, when his inspection was concluded, he came back to her side.

"Guess I'd better go along," he announced, and she roused herself with a faint effort, nodding.

"All right," she agreed, and added, "But come up in the morning, won't you? Paul will want to talk to you about the ice and the wood."

"I'll come when I get my chores done," he assented, and he added, "Got to go along now and milk the cows. I'm going to sell a couple of 'em pretty soon. Got no use for the milk with you folks all gone"

"Pretty quiet for you in the winter, isn't it?" she said sympathetically.

"We'll go uptown to live," he reminded her. "Had a right nice place last winter. Four rooms, right in the middle of town, on the main street, and the front room looked both ways so you could set and see everything't went on without going outdoors at all."

"That was nice, wasn't it?" she agreed.

He was priming the engine in his boat. "Want to come down and have supper with us?" he asked. "What time Paul get here? I can bring you back up."

"I'll paddle down," she replied. "He'll be here about seven o'clock and he likes to paddle at night, and we'll eat after we get back here."

He nodded. "All right," he agreed, and whirled the flywheel and repeated the operation. The engine caught and stopped, caught and stopped, caught at last and ran, its uproar barring any further word between them. Dill backed out into the open lake, his boat and himself silhouetted darkly against the glow upon the water; and he turned and chugged away while Molly followed the winding path back to the house.

It was growing cooler, and she sought a sweater and went out on the mole to watch the light fail. She stayed there a long time, dreaming; but when the glow had faded to a dull red like a dying ember, she roused herself from her reverie and found she was shivering a little, and went indoors. In the ghostly light of dusk furniture assumed strange shapes, seemed at first glance to move, as though wishful to evade her eye; and she stood and watched it for a moment, smiling faintly at her own fancy, and then turned on the shaded light on the table before the fireplace and knelt before the hearth and kindled another fire on the still-warm ashes there, and found a book and read for a little while. The great house was very still; so still that now and then she caught herself listening for something which it seemed she could almost hear; but all she could hear was the whispering laughter of the little waves against the stonework of the mole.

After a time the book fell idle in her lap and she wondered how soon Paul would be here, and looked at her watch. In less than an hour now, if his train were on time. She decided to find out about this, and went back through the billiard room, turning on lights before her as she went, and to the closet where the telephone was housed. But she could get no answer from the operator, and it occurred to her that she had had no calls this day. They must, she decided, have disconnected the telephone. She knew Paul had written them, a week before, instructions to do so tomorrow; decided they had acted a day ahead of time. This seemed to her to increase her isolation; and a little later, though it was not yet time to do so, she went down to the boathouse and chose a canoe and slid it into the water and began the two-mile paddle to the landing. The wind was still light, and it pressed upon her back, helping her progress. She went indolently, hurrying not at all, across the open water toward the channel between the mainland and the Fishers' island, and through this channel, where red and black buoys marked the safe course, and on toward the landing beyond.

Once, looking back, she found that she could see the light in the living room of the big house; she had left it burning there,

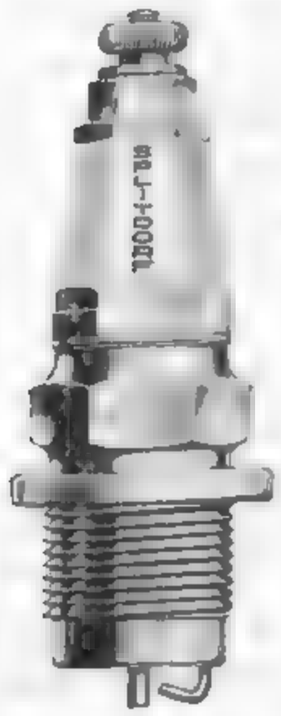
(Continued on Page 169)

A Colonial House in Germantown, a Suburb of Philadelphia, the Sesqui-Centennial City

Why the SPLITDORF spark plug

HALF DOLLAR

Why the Mica-insulated Splitdorf plug — The Plug with the Green Jacket



FOR many years the Splitdorf Green Jacket Mica insulated spark plug has been the Nation's standard wherever unfaltering, never-failing service is demanded.

The U. S. Government specifies "Green Jacket" plugs in special types for aviation engines, and many large manufacturers of tractors, buses and trucks use them as standard equipment.

All standard types of Splitdorf Green Jacket Spark Plugs retail everywhere in U. S. and Canada for $1.00. Special type for Fords, 75c. (In Canada, 80c.)

THE Splitdorf HALF-DOLLAR Spark Plug was developed to meet the demand for a lower priced spark plug. It is a high quality, porcelain insulated plug designed and manufactured to insure the utmost in dependability in every form of duty where a porcelain insulated plug can be employed. It sells at retail everywhere in the United States at fifty cents—half-a-dollar!

The Splitdorf HALF-DOLLAR Spark Plug is made in different types to suit various makes of engines. If your jobber or dealer has not already stocked them in the right type for your engine, mail coupon and we will see that you are supplied.

SPLITDORF ELECTRICAL COMPANY
392 High Street, Newark, N. J.
Subsidiary of
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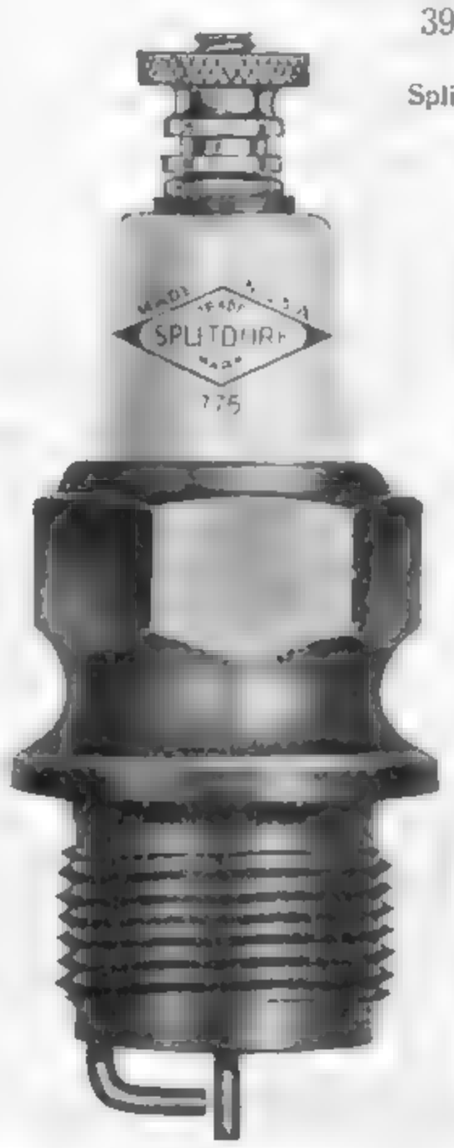

The Splitdorf HALF-DOLLAR Spark Plug packed one in an individual carton, is sold everywhere in the U. S., for . . . 50c
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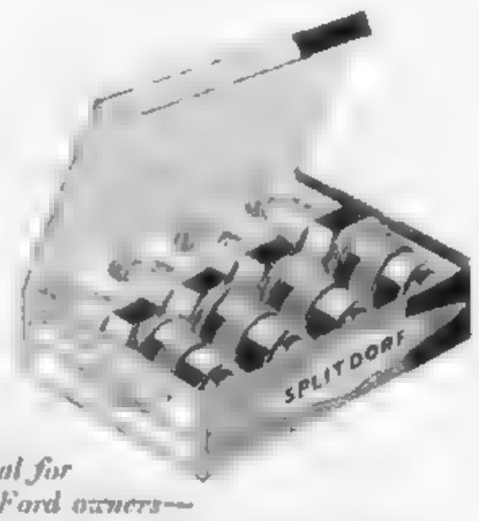

Special for Ford owners— a set of four Splitdorf HALF-DOLLAR spark plugs for the Ford engine, packed in special carton, is sold everywhere in the U. S., for $1.75
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392 High Street, Newark, N. J.

Enclosed find remittance for $ for which supply me with Splitdorf Spark Plugs as follows

1 set of four Splitdorf HALF-DOLLAR Spark Plugs for Ford Engine, postpaid, for $1.75
1 set of Splitdorf HALF-DOLLAR Spark Plugs for Engine @ 50c each total
1 set of Splitdorf Green Jacket Spark Plugs for Engine @ $ each, total

Name *Address*
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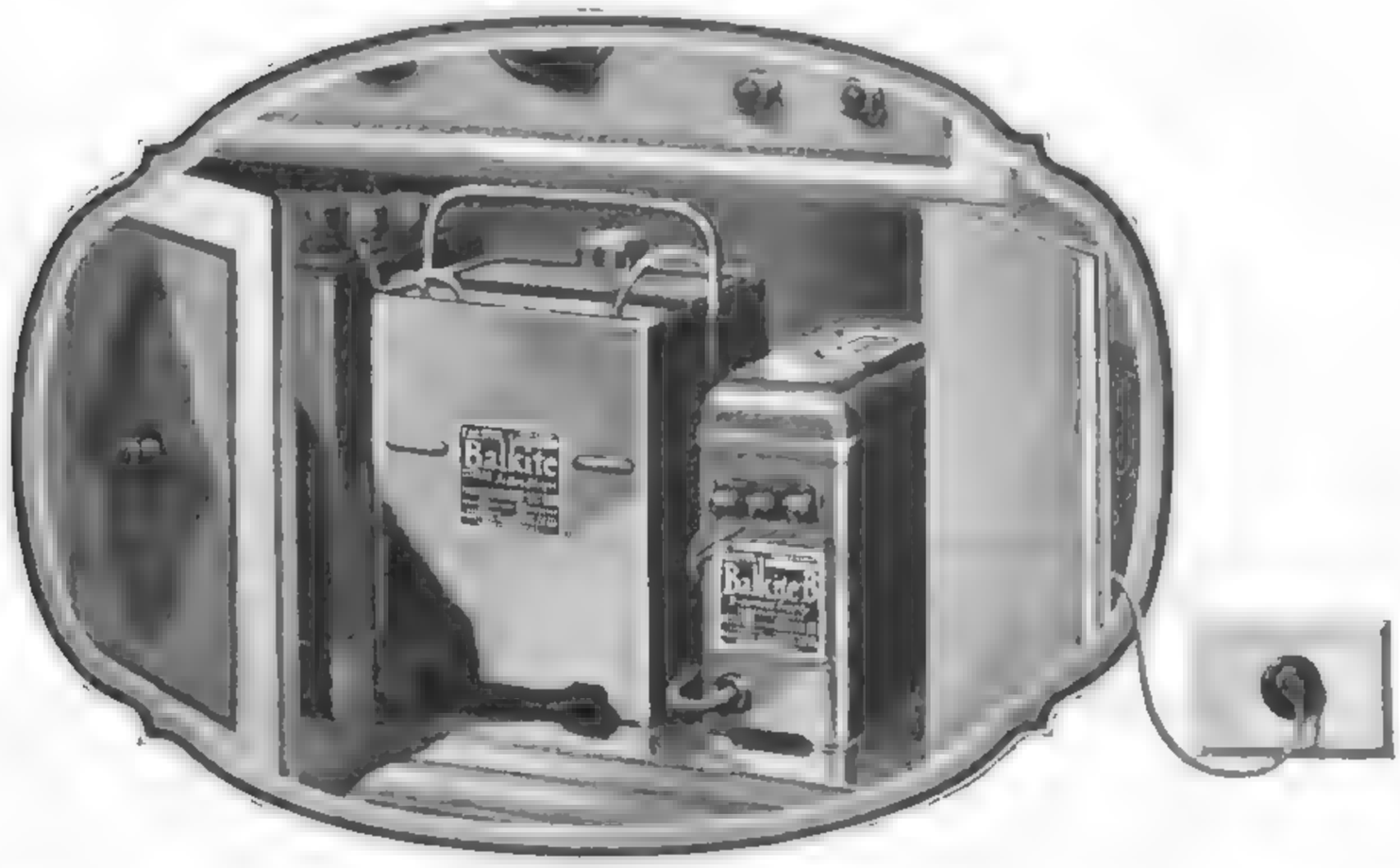


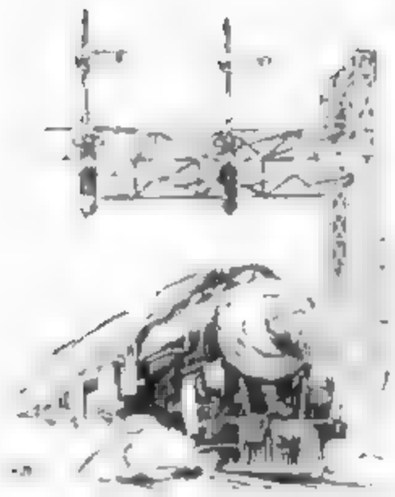
Balkite "B" and the Balkite Battery Charger give your radio set unfailing power from the light socket

With full, noiseless, even power, always exactly as required, your set will give you a quality of reception to be secured in no other way. Balkite "B" and the Balkite Battery Charger give you this power, with maximum convenience, from the light socket.

Balkite "B"—the noiseless "B" power supply—replaces "B" batteries entirely and supplies "B" current from the lighting circuit. Unlike any other "B" device. It requires no replacements and will not deteriorate with use. It will outlive 20 sets of "B" dry cells. With over 75,000 in use, on all types of sets, to our knowledge not one has ever worn out. It is tested and listed as standard by the Underwriters' Laboratories, and *guaranteed to give satisfaction.*

The Balkite Battery Charger is the popular charger for "A" batteries. Its high charging rate makes it ideal for heavy-duty sets. Entirely noiseless, it can be used while the set is in operation. If your battery should be low you merely turn on the charger and operate the set.

Add these permanent Balkite Radio Power Units to your set and secure unfailing radio power from the light socket. Ask your dealer.



The Balkite *Railway Signal Rectifier —Standard on over 60 Railroads*

In railway signal operation, where absolute infallibility is required, the Balkite Railway Signal Rectifier is standard on the signal systems of over 60 leading North American Railroads.

The method of charging used in railway signalling is practically the same as that used by the Balkite Trickle Charger with radio "A" batteries. At each signal is located a battery and a Balkite Rectifier which is connected to an AC current line. The Rectifier is placed on permanent or trickle charge It converts the AC current into direct current which is stored in the battery and operates the signal. The battery is always kept at full charge without attention.

This same method is also in use in many other industries. It is used for time recording, burglar alarm, fire alarm, emergency lighting, power plant control, substation control, instrument operation and telegraph and telephone battery systems.

In fact, there are no limitations for the use of this method. Wherever there is a battery and AC current, the Balkite Rectifier on trickle charge is ideal. It is noiseless, unfailing in operation, and has nothing to adjust, wear out or get out of order Engineers, write for information.

FANSTEEL

Balkite *Radio Power Units*

Manufactured by FANSTEEL PRODUCTS COMPANY, Inc., North Chicago, Illinois

SOLE LICENSEES IN THE UNITED KINGDOM MESSRS. RADIO ACCESSORIES LTD. 9-11 HYTHE RD., WILLESDEN, LONDON, N. W. 10

(Continued from Page 166)

and the thought that it burned in an empty house made her shiver again.

She said to herself, roused at last to fight this feeling, "Don't be absurd, Molly. You'll be imagining all sorts of things if you keep on. There's not a thing to be afraid of."

Nevertheless, she confessed in her secret heart, it was reassuring to know that in a little while now Paul would be here; that she would no longer be alone.

III

IT MUST have been toward a quarter past six when Molly started to paddle from the island to the landing; may have been as late as ten minutes of seven when she arrived there. The landing was located in the waist of a considerable cove, hemmed on the north by a point of land with islands at its tip; and when she came into the lee of these islands, it was as though the light wind ceased and the hush of night fell all around her. In this abrupt silence she heard, off to the westward, the whistle of a train—the express to Boston, which would meet and pass Paul's train at Laconia, some fifteen miles southerly. Her heart leaped at the thought that he was so near.

Off across the lake somewhere, invisible, she heard a motorboat; and once she caught the sound of creaking rowlocks through the whispering stir of the wind. To the south she saw the lights of another motorboat coming up the lake at an angle, bearing easterly. But these were the only craft whose presence she detected. In the cottages here and there along the shore she saw only an occasional light; but most of them were already abandoned, closed for the winter. The season was late September, and only the hardiest tarried now.

Her canoe glided alongside the wharf at the landing; and since the wind could not strike it here, she made no attempt to beach it or draw it out of water—simply looped the painter over one of the mooring cleats provided. Paul would, she knew, expect to find her waiting at Dill Sockford's house, a little up the road; and she turned that way, her footsteps soundless in the sandy road. A rod or two from the water, behind the first cottage, another road came in from the south; and she saw a figure moving there, and hesitated, and called softly in recognition, "Is that you, Nell?"

The girl answered, "Yes, Molly."

"I came down to meet Paul," Molly explained. "Are you going up to Dill's too?"

Nell assented, falling in beside the older woman. "We haven't any telephone," she explained. "And I want to use Dill's." She laughed a little. "I've a man on my hands," she added. "Marooned over on Little Dog, I'm afraid. I may have to go after him."

Molly smiled. "Dill told me," she agreed. "You mean the newspaperman?"

"Trust Dill," Nell commented whimsically. "Yes. I finally had to take him over. But I expected the Bafford boy would go after him. Now his boat won't start, and I'm going to telephone and see if there's a boat there to bring him back."

They came to Dill's house as she spoke and stepped into the screened veranda. The living room within was lighted, and the kitchen beyond; and Molly opened the door without knocking and called, "Hello, Mrs. Sockford."

Dill's wife, as small as Dill himself, and with a curious faint and habitual worry in her eyes, came to the kitchen door, drying her hands on a towel.

"Come right in, Mrs. Main," she invited. "Dill's milking, but he'll be done in a minute. Good evening, Nell."

"I wanted to use your telephone," Nell explained. "The line isn't busy, is it?"

"It hasn't rung for a spell," Mrs. Sockford assured her. "I guess you can get them all right." She was always rather inclined to expect the worst. "Paul coming tonight, ain't he?" she asked Molly; and Molly followed her into the kitchen as Nell went toward the telephone in the other room. "Dill said you looked for him."

"He's due almost any time," Molly agreed, her voice warming at the thought. "Don't let me bother you," she added as Mrs. Sockford looked uncertainly at the table set for two, and at the stove. "Go right ahead."

"Won't you set up and eat?" Mrs. Sockford asked, and seemed relieved when Molly negatived this. "Well, I don't know as we've anything you'd like," the little woman confessed.

Dill came in with a full pail in either hand and set the separator running, turning the handle at increasing speed, while the gears droned crescendo and he smiled at Molly, talking as he worked.

"Hear about the excitement around here," he asked, "while I was up to the island this afternoon?"

Molly shook her head, smiling inattentively, thinking about Paul; and he explained.

"Guess that op'ry singer over at Little Dog has had trouble with her help," he told her. "Got a couple men working for her there, cooking and waiting on table; and they come in and landed here long 'bout quarter past one. They go to town regular once a week; but there's a girl works out there—colored, she is—and she never does come in. But she come in today."

Nell came through the door from the other room and heard what he said, and she confirmed it.

"We saw her as we went over there," she agreed. "Rowing a boat, wasn't she?"

"All I hear, she was rowing fast too," Dill assured them. "Come bumping into the wharf and jumped out with a bag in her hand like she was good and mad, and never tied the boat at all. It went loose, and it went ashore down at Bafford's and they brought it back a little while ago. The girl, she took out up the road, pretty near running. I guess her and the woman had a fight all right."

Molly's attention had been caught at last

She said, her brow furrowed a little, "But she was devoted to Madame Capello. I've seen her there."

"All I hear," Dill insisted, "nobody could get along with that woman very long."

"She's charming," Molly urged. "A wonderful woman." She looked at Nell. . . . "Did you get them?" she asked.

Nell shook her head. "There isn't any telephone on Little Dog," she replied. "I didn't know that."

"Oh, of course," Molly agreed. "I remember, Madame Capello had it disconnected two or three weeks ago, because so many people kept calling her up from Boston or New York, and she wanted to be let alone. I might have told you."

"Hear you finally had to carry that reporter over there," Dill said to Nell, chuckling as though at some hidden jest.

Nell nodded. "That boat the Bafford boy is always tinkering with wouldn't run, of course."

"Got along pretty well with him, didn't you?" Dill suggested, with the privilege of long acquaintance; and Nell caught Molly's eye and winked faintly and agreed.

"Don't you think he's a nice young man?" she asked.

"Looks all right," Dill agreed.

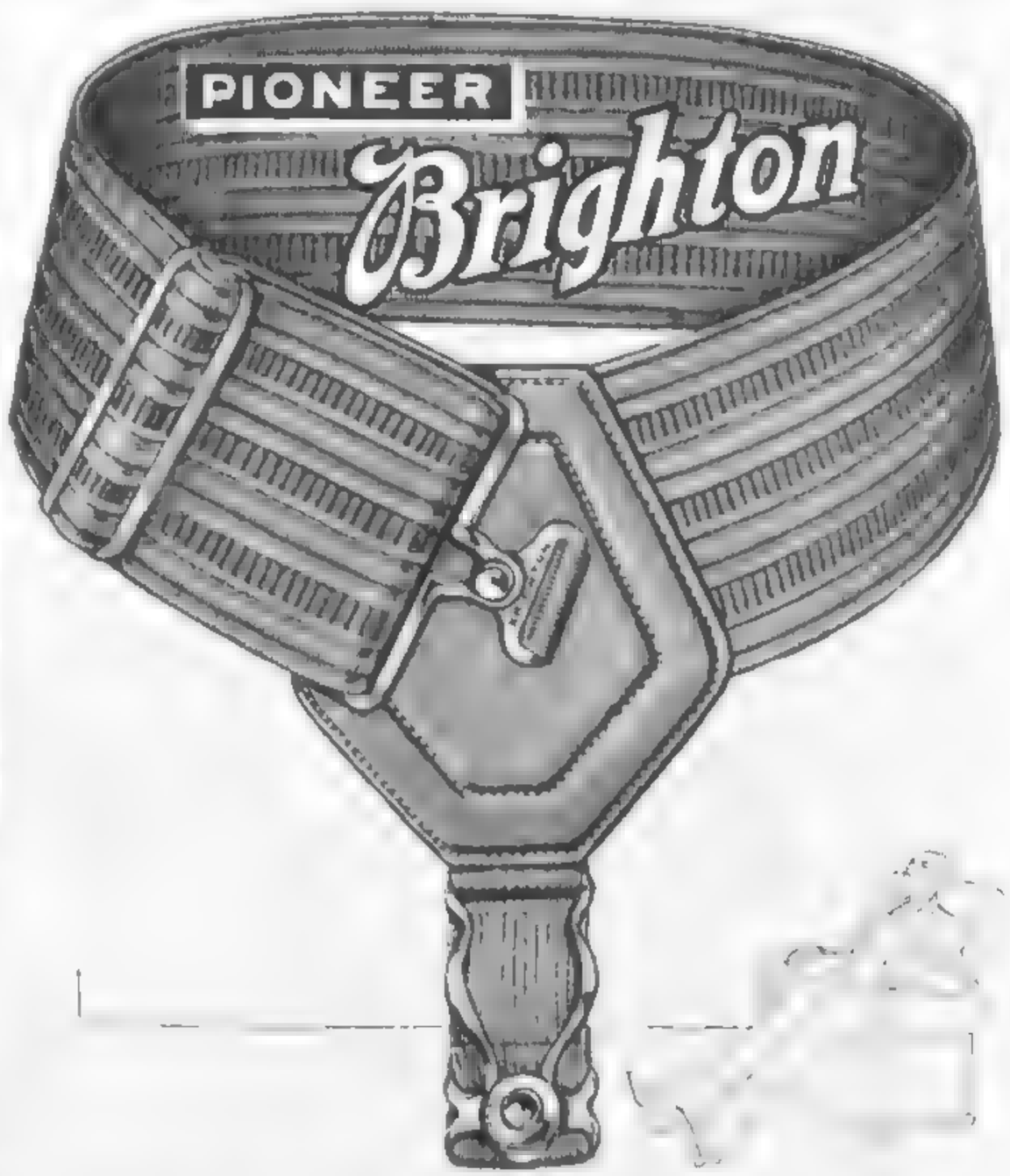
"I found him charming," Nell declared in a warm, slow drawl which made Molly want to laugh, and which evidently caused Dill some faint embarrassment. "That's the worst of living up here next door to you all summer, Dill," she added. "I never see any really charming men."

"His name," said Mrs. Sockford definitely—"his name's Newbert. He's a reporter on the Boston Star, and he come up here to write a piece for the paper about Madame Capello. It's going to be in the Sunday paper, and there'll be pictures. James Newbert, his name is."

"He told me to call him Jim," Nell said in a droll tone, and Dill cackled aloud and Molly smiled.

"Guess that wan't all he told you," he declared. "I see you and him a-going

How Important Are Garters?



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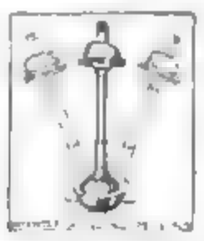

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130 W. 42nd St., New York

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The Ashless Ashstand

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away together. Looked to me like you set your cap for him right away."

"I've got to get in practice," Nell reminded him. "I'll be back in town in another two weeks."

"He ain't married," said Mrs. Sockford. "He lives with his mother and she takes care of him."

"Paddled him over, did you?" Dill commented, still chuckling at Nell; and Nell said, "No, indeed! He paddled me over. I just paddled the canoe back."

"Did you land with him?" Molly asked Nell. "See Madame Capello?" And Nell shook her head.

"No; no, I just had on a bathing suit. I left him on the wharf. I wanted to get back before the wind blew too hard. It looked like a squall for a little while, but it flattened out again."

"I meant to go and see her again before we went home," Molly commented. "But there won't be a chance now." She looked at her watch. "Paul ought to be here any minute," she said. "It's ten minutes past."

"Charlie bringing him down, is he?" Dill inquired, and she nodded.

"I might have gone to meet him," she explained. "But I expected to be so busy today, and it takes time."

Nell's thoughts were on her own problem. "I don't know whether to go over there or not," she said, half to herself. "It must have been almost four when we got there, and he said he'd stay to dinner if she asked him."

"She'd be sure to ask him," Molly reminded her. "She's a hospitable soul, and, of course, she likes publicity."

Mrs. Sockford, putting their supper on the table, said critically, "I should think she'd be careful what folks'd say about her. There ain't a living soul on the island but them two."

Molly caught Nell's eye in enjoyment of this, but she did not smile.

"I'm sure Madame Capello wouldn't violate the conventions," she declared. "Haven't the menservants gone back yet? No, I remember, their boat is still down at the wharf, isn't it?"

"Was the last time I was down," Dill assented. He had finished his chores, washed his face and hands, and now sat down to his supper; and Molly looked at her watch again.

"Paul ought to be here," she said again, and went into the front room to look up the road for the lights of an approaching car. She stood there a moment, inattentive to the talk which still went forward in the kitchen, and then she called to Dill, "I wonder if the train was late."

"Heard it whistle in," he replied.

"I'm going to call Charlie," she decided, and took up the telephone and rang this man, the town taxicab driver. It occurred to her, before her call was answered, that he would not yet have returned to the garage; but a moment later his voice came over the line

"Charlie?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am?"

"This is Mrs. Main, Charlie," she said. "I thought you were going to bring Mr. Main down from the train."

"He didn't get in, Mrs. Main," Charlie told her, and she felt a quick clutch at her heart.

"You mean the train's late?" she asked hopefully. Dill might have been wrong.

"No, ma'am, it's come and gone; but he didn't get off of her."

"Oh!" she said hesitantly, and felt Nell at her elbow, and she added, "Thank you, Charlie," and restored the receiver to its hook. "I can't imagine ——" she said to Nell. "He said he'd surely come. If he didn't, he'd telephone." Then she remembered that the island phone was disconnected. "Dill, Paul didn't telephone you he wasn't coming, did he?"

"No, he didn't," Dill assured her, and came into the living room curiously. "What's the matter? Didn't he come?"

On a quick, alarmed impulse she picked up the telephone again and put in a call for her home in Boston. As sometimes happens, the call went through quickly; it was no more than a minute till she was talking to Richard, the house man who had gone down this morning. What he had to say failed to solve the small mystery. Mr. Main had met them at the train, dispatched them by taxicab to the house; they last saw him in the station there.

"Did he have time to catch the train?" she asked, and he said, "Yes, madam."

"You haven't heard anything from him since?"

"No, madam."

Molly hesitated, asked perfunctorily, "Are the children all right?" And when he reassured her she said, "Let me say good night to them." So young Paul and Margaret came to the other end of the wire and she heard their high, excited voices, thrilling with affection, and found some comfort there.

When she put down the instrument Dill said reassuringly, "Probably missed the train somehow, and he'll come along on the 10:42."

"I should think he'd have telephoned," Molly protested.

"Hard to get this line sometimes," he reminded her. "Mrs. Sockford was up the road most of the afternoon, and nobody here, with me at the island. He'll come all right. You set down and eat supper and wait here for him."

Molly was uncertain and concerned, yet tried to laugh at her own fears.

"No, I think I'll go back to the island," she decided. "He may not come at all, or he may have got off at Weir's and got a ride up." She added quickly, "I remember, there was a boat coming up the lake as I came down."

"Wan't time then," Dill reminded her logically, but she shook aside this objection.

"Well, that's what must have happened," she insisted. "I'll go along back. He must be there." She turned aside, then laughed reluctantly. "Just the same, I'd hate to get back to the island and not find him. It's lonesome without anyone there."

Nell slipped her hand through the older woman's arm. "I'll go up with you," she offered. "Stay all night if you want me."

"Oh, he must be there," Molly insisted.

"Well, in case he isn't," Nell urged. "I'd love to, really."

"It's a shame to bother you," Molly protested. "But—it is lonely."

"If he's there I'll keep out of the way," Nell promised with a little laugh. "I know three's a crowd."

Molly squeezed her arm. "Don't be absurd," she retorted. "We're old married folk; we don't mind spectators. We got all over being embarrassed years ago."

Dill laughed. "That's right, too," he agreed heartily, and they all laughed together.

"Come down with me while I get a nightie," Nell suggested, "and I'll tell them where I'm going."

"You're a dear to do it," Molly told her. "I ought not to let you."

And Nell cried, "But don't be absurd! I'd love to. I love that big house, anyway. It makes me feel like a duchess just to be in it. I ought to put on my finest gown, I suppose."

So in the end they said good night to Dill and Mrs. Sockford, and Dill promised to bring Paul up if he arrived on the later train.

"But he's probably there waiting for you now," he agreed; "or on the way down to find you. You'll likely meet him."

Molly hesitated. "If he's gone up it's funny he didn't stop here," she said. "If he comes tell him where I've gone," she added anxiously, and Dill laughed.

"I'll give him some tale or other," he assured her. "I'll tell him aplenty, all right."

As the two went down the road together, and through the great hemlocks toward the Harmon cottage, Nell exclaimed ruefully, "There, I've abandoned that reporter to his fate. He'll probably swear at me."

Molly, suddenly afraid the other would change her mind, gripped her arm.

"She'll take care of him," she reminded the girl. "And the men can bring him ashore when they get back, if he is really in a hurry. Besides, you've promised to go with me now, Nell."

Nell, sensing the other's anxiety, answered warmly, "Of course I have. But you're not to worry, mind."

"Why, I know Paul is all right," Molly insisted; but even to her own ears her tone was unconvincing, and she fought against a sickening uneasiness and concern.

It was easier, during the minute or two they were in the Harmon cottage. She liked Mr. Harmon, and Nell's mother, too; but though they urged her to stay there, Nell negatived this.

"Paul's probably waiting for her at the island," she explained. "And Molly's in a hurry to get to him. I'll be back in the morning, mother." She kissed them both, scurrying with a suggestion of businesslike haste. "Now, Molly, come along."

They went back toward the landing where Molly's canoe lay; and as they approached the highroad Dill came toward them through the darkness. "Come down to see you off," he explained. "I'll carry you up in the boat if you want."

"Oh, we'd rather paddle," Nell assured him. Molly might have accepted the offer, since in the motorboat they would have come so much more quickly to the island and to Paul. But she was unwilling to oppose Nell's wish, so she echoed it.

"Yes, of course," she agreed.

"There ain't enough wind yet to bother you," Dill commented. "You'll be in the lee, all but from the point over to the island." He loosed the painter of the canoe and held it while they got in. Molly put Nell, whose skill she recognized, in the stern

"I'd really rather paddle bow," she insisted. "I always do with Paul." And they slid away from the wharf into the darkness.

"I'll be up in the morning," Dill called after them. "Or tonight, if I have to bring him up."

"I'm sure he's there," Molly told him, reassuring herself. "Good night, Dill."

They heard his answering call; and so moved on a little way, till half a dozen rods of water separated them from the wharf. Then Molly caught the murmur of a car coming down the road, its mud guards squeaking as it rebounded across the ruts at speed; and she said quickly, "There he comes now!"

So Nell turned the canoe and they started back toward the wharf again. But when the car stopped with an abrupt whine of brakes, in the glare from its headlights they saw four men running out along the wharf.

"They're the Little Dog servants," Nell said in a low tone. "See, they're getting ready to start the boat." Lights pricked through the night, and then Dill's voice came to them across the water.

"That you, Bart?" he asked. "What you doing up this way?"

"Going out to Little Dog," the man called Bart replied. "There's trouble out there."

"What kind of trouble?" Dill asked sharply; and the other answered, "Someone's gone and killed that woman that lives there."

Then the grind of the starter and the purr of the engine drowned their voices; but the two in the canoe, listening in stark intensity, heard Dill cry more loudly, "That op'ry singer?"

"Yep," said Bart. "We got a phone call from Big Dog."

The motorboat was in motion now, backed and swung and straightened out and darted away; it receded into the night, the single white light above its stern diminishing swiftly, the whisper of its engine lost almost at once in the further murmur of the wind. Presently, while Nell and Molly still stared after it in frozen fixity, an island came between; the light was blotted out; the boat was gone.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

"——TURN YOUR BACK ON THE 'WASHDAY STAIRS,' AND TAKE THE STEPS TO YOUTH"

The stairs that lead to Nowhere—and the steps that lead to YOUTH

CLIMB, climb, climb—from kitchen to laundry, from laundry to kitchen. You've trod those basement stairs for miles, but where have they led you? Nowhere—except to another washday, to another day of wilting work or worrisome supervision.

Now, face about. Before you is another set of steps. They lead out of the house, out into a bright, bustling world. They lead to motor trips and matinées, to golf links and club meetings—to all the things that keep a woman young.

Perhaps it seems impossible to turn your back on the "washday stairs," and take the steps to Youth. Yet it's really very easy to do so. Simply phone a modern laundry—tell them to send for your bundle, and washday will be erased forever from your calendar, your mind, and your home. In its stead, you will have a whole new day—a holiday every week—time for rest and pleasure!

But what, you ask, is the cost of this modern wash day help? You'll find it decidedly reasonable. Today's laundries offer such a variety of services that you are certain to find one suited to both your needs and your budget. Phone a modern laundry in your city today—choose *your* service and try it now!

Published in the interest of the public, and on behalf of the Laundry Industry by The American Laundry Machinery Company, Executive Offices, Cincinnati, Ohio

These women have taken the steps to YOUTH—

"Many people wonder how I find time to do the things I do. I tell them it's because I don't waste my time doing things I can have done outside the house. I send all my laundry work to the laundry—and with the many hours of spare time this gives me, I am able to do many things that not only add to my pleasures but help fill up my pocketbook."

MRS. E. H. MARTIN
Cleveland, Ohio

"When the laundry offered to trade me a whole new, unused day for my old washday, I snapped up their offer. And I'm finding all sorts of interesting things to do in that new day. I belong to clubs. I have time for charitable work, for reading and study that I wouldn't have, if I had to worry about how my clothes were going to get cleaned each week."

MRS. T. BRANNIGAN
Rochester, N. Y

"Since I have been sending my washing to the laundry, I am better able to do other household duties, look after my family, and get out in the car during the late afternoon hours to enjoy our beautiful Oregon scenery, or to visit with my friends."

MRS. C. B. MITCHELL
Corvallis, Ore.

The sure way to get garden hose that puts the water where you want it SEASON *after* SEASON

WHY risk your money on a "quick-leaker" that always will be unsatisfactory, temper-trying and disagreeable to use? It's so easy to avoid the penalty of careless buying! Just look for the name "Electric Garden Hose." It guarantees you the "season after season" kind.

Ordinary hose kinks badly. Kinks ruin hose just as running "flat" wrecks an automobile tire. They strain the fabric—break down the walls. Where the kinks were, cracks come—grow into leaks—the hose is through. It has kinked its way to the scrap-heap!

Electric Garden Hose wears longer, because it cannot kink. The secret of its kink-proof strength lies in the way it is built. The usual run of garden hose is common duck wrapped. Compare it with Electric Hose and you'll see why there is even more difference than between a fabric tire and a cord tire.

The heart of Electric Hose is its heavy, seamless tube of pure gum rubber. Around this tube are braided stout jackets of sinewy seine cord, separated by layers of seamless rubber. Over it all goes the toughest kind of protecting ribbed-rubber tread. Then the whole structure is vulcanized together by heat and pressure . . . welded into the dense, inseparable one-piece composition that keeps Electric delivering the water long after other hose is worn out and useless.

BLACKFIN GARDEN HOSE

The Electric Hose & Rubber Company specializes on two grades of garden hose—Electric, recognized as the top-notch in garden hose quality, and Blackfin, an unusual value in lighter, lower-priced hose.

Blackfin is made by the famous Electric methods. It, too, is non-kink. Therefore it stands up far better than the ordinary hose in its price class.

For maximum service and greatest economy in the long run, we recommend Electric Garden Hose. But if you prefer a lighter weight, popular priced hose, get Blackfin. You'll find it mighty good. Hundreds of thousands of feet are sold every year and you can't beat it for the money. The 5/8" size costs 16 cents per foot at any good hose dealer's.

Give Electric Hose the closest kind of examination. The very "heft" of it shows that it is built to baffle wear. Knot it! Twist it! Yank it! Haul it! See what lively rubber it has . . . what firm, supple body.

You simply can't kink it.

There's every reason why Electric Hose must be better. It is the work of specialists—of an organization that has been making fine hose for every purpose—and nothing but hose—for over twenty-five years and whose reputation depends entirely upon producing the best hose that money can buy.

Go to your hardware dealer, plumber, seedsman or rubber goods store today and get Electric Garden Hose in just the lengths you want. The genuine has the name moulded in on every length. If your dealer does not carry Electric, write us and we'll arrange to have you supplied. Use the 5/8" inside size. It's handier, fits your faucets, and handles all the volume they can deliver.

ELECTRIC HOSE &

Hose specialists—makers of water, garden, pneumatic, rock drill, air, steam and spray hose and industrial hose for every purpose.

AFTER . THREE SUMMERS OF THIS, THE GUARDIAN ANGEL LEAGUE PRESENTS BUCYRUS WHORTLE WITH ELECTRIC GARDEN HOSE
GLUYAS WILLIAMS

RUBBER COMPANY

WILMINGTON, DELAWARE

Now as to, *us women!*

Oh—you know—read that text below, but just put yourself in the man's place.

One luxurious revel in a tub of Lifebuoy lather will prove it's all true—and applies to us.

Men like to think they are dynamic and that we dainty creatures loll around all day.

You know they'd be worn out by noon if they tried to do *our* day's work.

Our active bodies crave Lifebuoy's fresh, reviving cleanness quite as much as theirs—even more, I think.

Give Lifebuoy a trial. It's the soap you've been looking for. You'll like it. Your skin will *love* it. The antiseptic odor, which you will quickly learn to like because it's so *clean*, rinses off completely—doesn't cling.

The Health Doctor

Because he's so *clean*-that's why

Of course she likes him better. The other fellow dances well—a fine chap, but—you know—a bit careless. To be frank, not pleasant to dance with.

Lifebuoy means a lot to big-muscled, high-speed men. Freshens like a dip in surf. Gets under the surface. You *stay* clean. Lifebuoy's tonic, antiseptic lather positively does away with body odor. *Removes the cause.* Not a substitute for cleanness—but cleanness itself... Great soap—invigorating—peppy—keeps skin in grand condition. Lifebuoy smells antiseptic because it's that kind of soap. Better be *safe* than scented. It protects—then the odor vanishes completely—never clings. Lifebuoy is orange-red—the color of its pure palm fruit oil. Get it today and tomorrow's bath will bring a new kind of cleanness. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP stops body odor

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 36)

A thought struck Bill. "I'll bet," said he,
"A training system would fatten me!"

So he went to work with the Indian clubs,
And he punched the bag with the other dubs,
And he drank down this and he gorged on that
And sweat like a horse, but he didn't get fat.

"Now I've got a hunch!" thought big Joe Brown.
"A training system would take me down."

So he went to work with the Indian clubs,
And he punched the bag with the other dubs,
And he starved himself, and he lay down flat
And rolled ten miles on the wrestling mat
And sweat like a horse, but he still stayed fat.

And the weeks ran on and the months came in,
And Joe stayed fat and Bill stayed thin.

But they were game and they wouldn't quit,
For all the authorities said that it
Was a standard fact and well known that
A rigorous course on the wrestling mat
Would make fat lean and make lean fat.

"By gosh!" moaned poor Joe Brown one night,
"I'm handicapped a lot, all right!
The fiercer that I sweat and fight,
The fiercer grows my appetite!"

"I might pick up," sighed little Bill,
"But this work's terribly uphill!
I train so hard a meal's no treat,
Because I'm too darned tired to eat!"

But one was fat and one was lean,
And both were bound to strike the mean
That, tantalizing, lay between;
And so they stuck to the Indian clubs
And punched the bag with the other dubs.

And after a year of toil and pain,
Big Joe Brown and little Bill Swain
Met once more at Market and Main.
Their eyes were drawn and their bones were sore;
Bill was skinnier than before,
And Joe had gained twelve pounds or more.

—*Lowell Otus Reese.*

An Abecedarian to His Love

IF OF the Fates were I to ask
To grant my one desire,
I should not seek at all to bask
Near Life's most ardent fire;
Nor would I crave at Comfort's throne
Eternal solace for my own.
Were I to have my way, I'd turn
Not to vaunted treasure;
To satisfy a heart, I'd yearn
For a single pleasure—
To change the alphabet, whereby
I might move U close up to I.

—*Henry Sucher.*

Millennium

THE great millennium is at hand.
Redder apples grow on the tree.
A saxophone is in ev'ry band.
Brandy no longer taints our tea.
Dimples smile in the red-rouged knee.
The dowagers are no longer fat.
Radio now makes safe the sea –
And the Turk has bought him a derby hat.

Even our sauerkraut now is canned.
Verse is a dangsight more than free.
A "highboy" now is the old dish stand.
Ev'ry flapper has her night key.
Chopin is jazzed into melody.
A child is a "kiddie" and not a "brat."
Bosses and miners at last agree—
And the Turk has bought him a derby hat.

All firewaters are bravely banned.
There is a ballot for every she.
The hairpin now is a contraband.
A New York mayor gets some sympathy.
My dealer brings some coal to me.
The plumber is an aristocrat.
In Miami all millionaires may be—
And the Turk has bought him a derby hat.

Son, the millennium is at hand!
What though Armenians be mashed flat?
The world is getting just perfectly grand,
For the Turk has bought him a derby hat.

—*Ellis Parker Butler.*

Ballade of the Commercial Traveler

LONG, weary years I've wrestled grips
of swatches;
I average a mileage book a week.
The towns I make are thick as measle blotches
Upon the map—from Troy to Battle Creek.
Yet I would not disparagingly speak
Of this, my job—with Fate we may not cavil—
But when I hear this wise crack I could shriek:
"There's nothing quite so broadening as travel."

The plutocrats who cruise in private yatches
Bring not the flush of envy to my cheek,
Though of rare ante-bellum ryes and Scotches
Their costly craft from stem to stern may reek;
I cannot share the rapture of the clique
That lauds the briny lure of "dat ole davil"—
The selling game has cured my roving streak:
There's nothing quite so broadening as travel.

Of life's affairs I've made my share of botches;
To Lady Luck I've never played the sheik.
If I fell down a sewer, no gold watches
Would cling to any part of my physique.
Yet from my lips you'll hear no plaintive squeak
While I've the price to buy a loaded gavel
With which to bash this bromide on the beak:
There's nothing quite so broadening as travel.

L'Envoi

Folks, take care! I may seem mild and meek
But I've a handy stocking stuffed with gravel
To use on him who utters this antique:
"There's nothing quite so broadening as travel."

—*N. D. Plume.*

Absent-Minded Husband: "See, Dear, I Brought Baby Back Safe and Sound." Wife: "But, John, You Didn't Take Baby Out!"

Unsightly holes easily patched

with this new patching plaster

AND the patch will *stay*. Rutland Patching Plaster will not shrink as plaster of paris shrinks. It does not dry or "set" instantly like plaster of paris—hence is easy for anyone to use. It will not crack, crumble or fall out.

You can paint or paper over it without shellacing and the patch will not "spot" through. The handy cartons come all ready to use. Just add water

Paint, wall-paper, and hardware stores sell Rutland Patching Plaster. If your dealer hasn't it, mail coupon. We will send you a 2½ lb. carton and you can pay the postman 30c plus postage upon delivery Rutland Fire Clay Co., Dept. B14, Rutland, Vermont.

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Mending outside stucco or cement walls
Pointing brick work.
Closing mouse or rat holes
Sealing small cracks where insects or vermin enter
As a mortar to hold loose tiles in bathroom walls or floors

Rutland Patching Plaster

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Send me 2½ lb. carton of Rutland Plaster.
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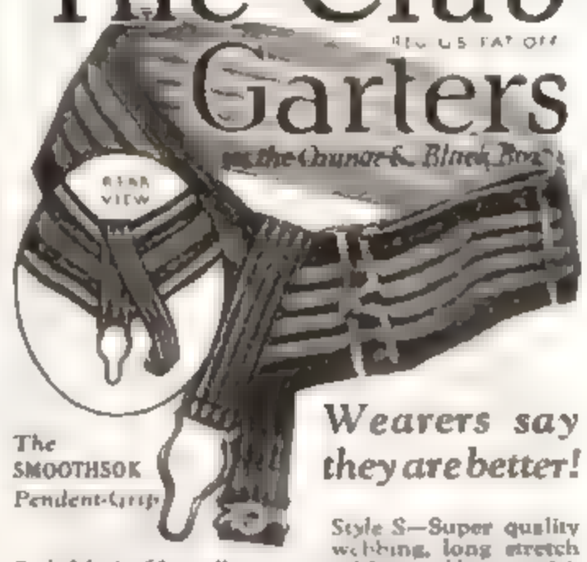
The Club Garters



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Style M—in fifty college and military stripes, all with the Smoothsok Pendent Grip 50c

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* *Where the brim touches your head rows of flexible straw braid give the patented "Comfit" the ease of your old fishing felt.*

THE CABINET OF DOCTOR CALCOOLY

(Continued from Page 35

That will tax our big nuisances right at the source.
Our nuisances! Think of that unexplored field,
Whose infinite area, annual yield
Have never been mapped,
Never been tapped,
Rich as the gold-bearing Rockies, snow-capped!
Tax 'em, says I,
Till they curl up and die.
The faster you kill 'em, the more they will grow—
Thus proving perpetual motion, you know."

"Dear me!"
And "I see!"
Quoth noble An-drew.
"While you're at it,
Why, drat it,
Just mention a few!"
"I will," said the specter; so nimbly but gayly
He pulled from his waistcoat a small ukulele
And hummed as he drummed
On the strings that he strummed:

Partial List of Collectible Nuisances, 1926–27

"THERE'S the nuisance who is always late at parties
And never keeps a promise or a date;
He adorns the inner circle of the smarties
And deserves a newly written hymn of hate.
I'd tax him—oh, I'd tax him, oh, I'd tax him
Till he trembled like a feather in the gale,
I'd also put a levy on the lawyers, light and heavy,
Who thrive by keeping felons out of jail.
And the grandma who aspires to be a flapper,
Whose hair is cut the latest boyish style,
Whose ball gown is a short and flimsy wrapper,
And her face a beauty surgeon's plastic smile;
And the death-defying, murder-loving golfer
Who never has the time to holler 'Fore!'
And the speaker who spellbinds me to the tune of 'That reminds me'
With an anecdote that made Joe Miller snore.
And the real-estate man, hellisher than Sherman,
Displays his tropic-shore-front plan to me,
And doubtless thinks my father was a merman
When his corner lots show up a mile at sea—
Oh, I'd soak 'em and I'd soak 'em and I'd soak 'em
Till I knocked their lower natures galley-west.
And the man who did invent cross-word puzzles I'd present
With a tax bill somewhat steeper than the rest."

Chorus—Dedicated to Tin Pan Alley

"I DONNA wanna pay no tax,
No tax a-tall.
Big tax or small.
I'm telling yo-o-o-o
It makes me bulloo—
If Uncle Sammy needs a dough tax,
Why not put a hello tax
On the telephone gel?
That would be swell—
Then when she'd yell,
Yell, yell, 'Excuse it, please!'
Take your tax like an ax and use it, please—
Jing-jing!
Please ring
The bell!

"There's the fever-haunted journalist who publishes the tabs—
I've got him on my list, I've got him on my list.
With his DEATH PACT MURDER headlines and his news in poison dabs;
His wrist I'm going to twist on my list."
"I'm fond of The Mikado," quoth the Secretary bright,
"But if you're going to quote from it, why don't you quote it right?"
Yet the specter went on chanting with a sinister delight,
"I've got it on my list, on my list.

"There's the handsome foreign lecturer who ought to get the gate—
I've got him on my list, I've got him on my list.
When he takes the floor to tell us that we went to war too late,
From his purse a tax I'll twist—see my list.
Also the mighty traffic cop who makes you feel so small
And stops you at the corner with a loud official gall—
Then tries to sell you tickets for the next policemen's ball;
I've got him on my list, on my list.

"There's the genial host whose prewar stock, he says, is mighty good,
And always will insist, though away you try to twist,
As you taste the raw bichloride with a fragrant scent of wood—
The tax he can't resist on my list.
There's the nice hotel proprietor who fixes bedrooms so
That the beds all face the windows and the early morning glow
Gets the sleeper in the eyeballs till his slumbers are no mo'—
I've got him on my list, on my list.

"One moment," said the specter, "and the meter I will change
To something operatic, if it's suited to my range."
So he whanged a chord gigantic
And sang this ditty frantic,
Which was short, but rather strange:

Pilgrim's Chorus—from Anheuser

"YO-HO! Yo-ho!
Let's put a tax of a few cents
On the Rad-i-o
When it acts like a nuisance.
When I'm trying to think,
And it howls till I shrink,
Won't the Government please put the thing on the blink?
"Yo-ho! Yo-ho!"

Sir Andrew Stoppeth the Concert

"YOUR voice is good, though a trifle thin,"
The Lord High Treasurer butted in;
"But how many items do you insist
On chanting to me from your special list?"
"Eighty-six hundred and forty-one,"
The specter sighed with a hollow pride.
"There's the fool who loves to carry a gun,
The one-arm driver, the fancy diver
And half the reformers under the sun.
The tax on these will bring you clear
Several billion dollars a year,
Or I'm no eminent financier."
"Perhaps you are, but I think you ain't.
Nothing's so bright as the scene you paint——"
Sir Andrew stopped,
His features dropped,
As hoarsely the question his lips outpopped,
"Shadowy stranger with words so free,
Why, oh, why are you haunting me?
Out of the ranks of the great Who's Who,
Tell me honestly who, oh, who
Are you?"
Then the stranger whispered a thing of dread
As he jammed his hat on his headless head,
"I'm the White House Spokesman, sir," he said,
And faded away with a murmur sad
Like the ghost of Hamlet's eminent dad.

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General Grant and Members of His Staff at the Scene of the "Battle Above the Clouds" on Lookout Mountain, Facing Chattanooga, Tenn.

9 Wall paints were tested

~ and Devoe was selected

IS wall paint just wall paint? A large corporation, before painting its building, determined to find out.

9 leading brands of flat wall paint were selected. A wall 48 feet long and 11 feet high was divided into 9 panels of equal width, on which a skilled painter tested the 9 paints.

Then 4 judges examined and rated each paint on such standards of quality as covering capacity, washability, hiding qualities, durability and texture. As a result, the Company standardized on Devoe Velour Finish! For in Velour Finish there are *combined* these qualities:

1. *Ease of application*—Stirs and mixes readily, and brushes out freely.
2. *Appearance*—Shows no laps or brush marks, and leaves a smooth, even surface.
3. *Washability*—Soap, water and a rag remove finger marks and grime spots, and restore the charm of the original color.
4. *Durability*—Contains no varnish or fillers that might lessen its life. Under all usual conditions Velour Finish will last for years.
5. *Economy*—Unusual covering and spreading capacity insure the minimum cost per job.

Devoe Velour Finish is guaranteed to render satisfaction when applied according to directions.

172 Years of Experience

For the outside of your home, for the walls inside, for the woodwork, the floor, the furniture, there is a particular Devoe paint, varnish, or enamel, backed by 172 years of experience. Take your paint and varnish problems to a Devoe Authorized Agent, and get dependable advice.

Practical Tests Prove Devoe Quality

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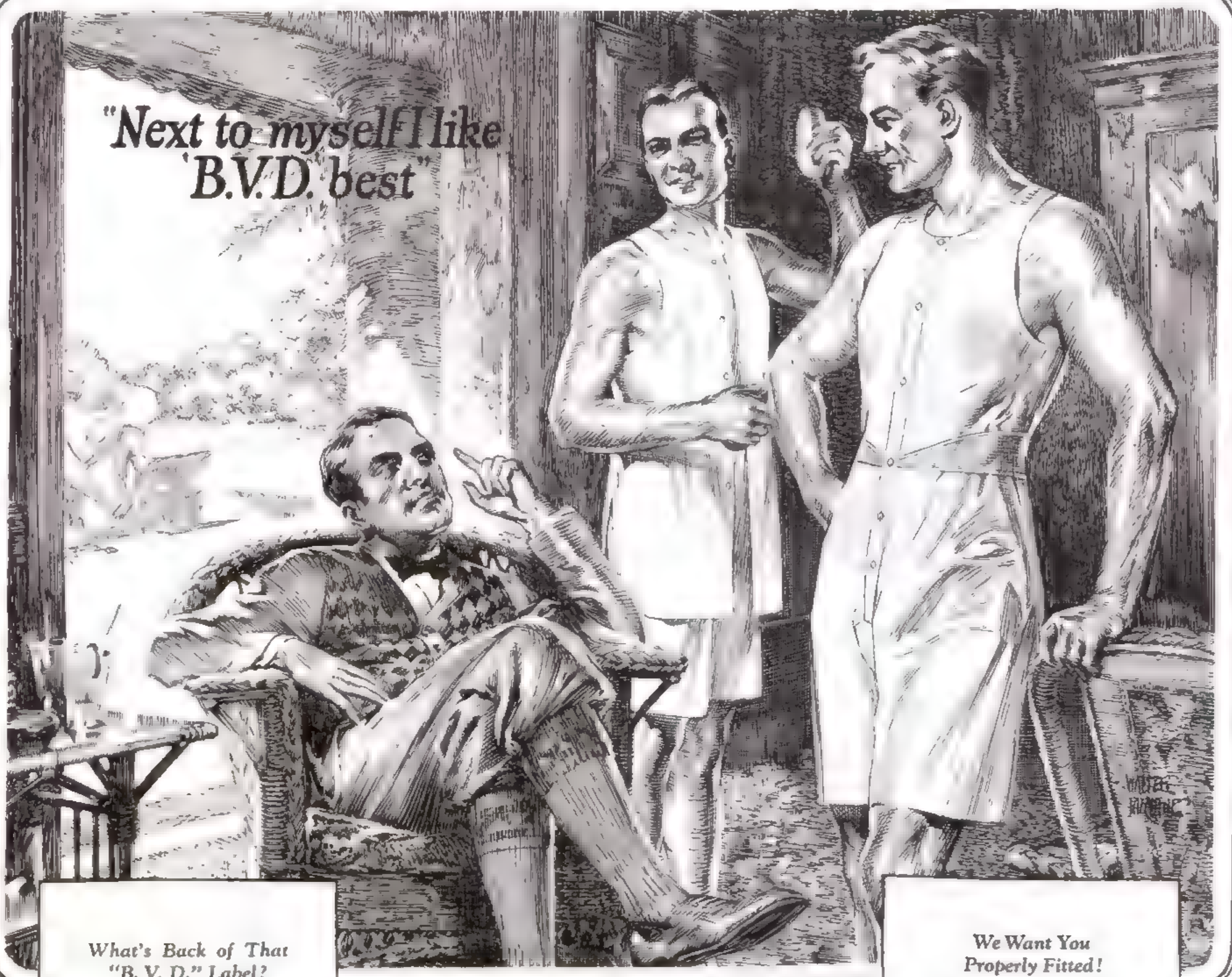
Paint & Varnish Product

The DEVOE GUARANTEE

Use Devoe according to directions, with the understanding that if you find it faulty at the time you put it on or afterwards, we will make satisfactory restitution.



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A *quality* as unique as the fame of the trade-mark! From its specially treated nainsook, woven in our own mills, to its last lock-stitched seam, "B. V. D." is an underwear with *differences that count*. To understand the dozens of details vital to underwear value, write for our interesting free booklet, "*Why the Knowing Millions Say 'Next to Myself I like "B. V. D." Best!'*" It tells just how "B. V. D." is made and is a revelation in the fine points of fine underwear.

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Union Suit
(Patented Features)
Men's $1.50
the suit
Youths'
85c

The B. V. D. Company, Inc., New York
Sole Makers of "B. V. D." Underwear

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RANDOM THOUGHTS ON THE RIVIERA

(Continued from Page 14)

Parenthetically, if the Jersey coast seems to figure a lot in this piece about the Riviera don't be impatient. I'm working up to a bunch of good European stuff, but in my own way.

As a first step in opening preliminary negotiations to get a driving license in our town here, we began—following the advice of compatriots who had been through the ordeal—by engaging eminent counsel to defend us. Accompanied by our lawyers for the defense, we now started the ball rolling by making a visit of state to the throne room at Mary's. Believe me or don't, but that's what the French call their city halls—Mary's. Not only that but right in our own town here they address the mayor as Mary right to his face and get away with it. To nerve myself up to addressing a big whiskered male mayor as Mary stopped me at first, but before the first month of the daily preliminaries of applying for a French driving license had been completed, I was starting each day in Mary's throne room with a cheery, "Allo, Mary!" subconsciously.

Twenty-two days passed. Then the daily preliminary negotiations arrived at the point where things began to move. The wife and I began to move each day under official orders to a local photographer's shop to have still another batch of identification pictures taken. We were on location so steadily from this time on that I began to feel like an extra in the Birth of a Nation. Then suddenly all action ceased. I couldn't for the life of me remember the name of the judge who granted father his first citizen's papers in New York in 1847. For almost a week I sat there, all day, every day, in Mary's office, like a fathead, sweating under the ominous eye of the cop guarding me, and gazing stupidly at the dotted line reserved for the name of the judge. What hurt most was that the missus in the meantime, seemingly with no effort at all, had written out all the questions about her own Brooklyn family tree, which runs back to the time the greater city was consolidated.

"I only wish," I confessed to her when I dragged home from Mary's one night all in, "that I had a memory like yours."

"Memory?" she cried. "Mine's rotten. When in doubt, I just guess."

So I called him Judge Dudley Field Malone and let it go at that.

The Daily Parade From Mary's

And now, with the preliminary applications for our driving licenses all filled in, the police, armed with the papers, began to march over to our place every day to check up, the parade always headed in person by Chief Aristide de Georgette Henri Marie d'Jongzh. This daily police parade from Mary's to our place was not so impressive, perhaps, as the annual police parade that swings down Fifth Avenue, New York, in the matter of length; but it was far more ornate and, incidentally, a source of daily excited interest to the town. Sartorially, our local ordinary patrolmen here do not aspire above the gorgeousness of, say, the second-act chorus of one of Jake Shubert's Winter Garden companies, but the service costumes of Chief of Police Aristide de Georgette Henri Marie d'Jongzh and staff were built, they tell me, from original costume plates by Madame Lebrun. You could outfit a whole Philadelphia police district with the price of the real val lace and silk baby-ribbon insertions on the bodice of Chief of Police Aristide de Georgette Henri Marie d'Jongzh alone.

This daily police parade from Mary's to talk over this driving-license business finally began to suggest to the city fathers a new variation of an idea that is an obsession here—new ways and means to increase the revenues of the town. Why not erect reviewing stands along the line of march?

Knowing conditions in this town the way I know them now, I never for the life of me will understand why they hadn't thought of this before. In the height of the social season, in all these Riviera resort towns, the business section every day or so is roped off from about nine o'clock in the morning until sixteen or seventeen o'clock in the afternoon, sometimes as late as half-past seventeen, to hold another Battle of Flowers. Then the municipality's official portable circus seats are slapped together, shutting off all shop fronts. All commerce is roped off and closed.

Thereafter if, say, the wife drops dead and you feel that you ought to do something about it, you can't. At least you first must halt at the ropes and buy a pink ticket of admission to the local Main Street at a light-blue booth and present it to somebody named Étienne, wearing a silk carnival costume of Nile-green silk. Étienne raises the ropes and you pant down Main Street, crawl under the circus seats in front of your favorite undertaker's and find the shop closed.

The War of the Posies

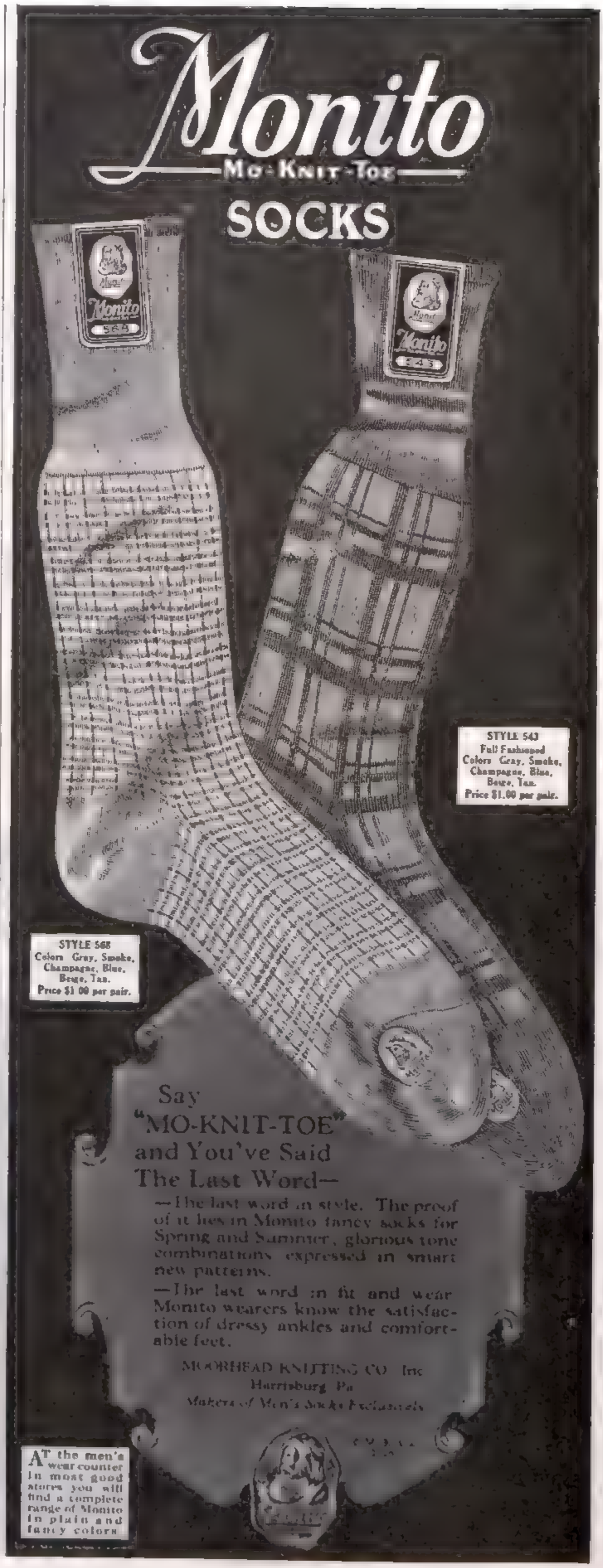
Surface cars have been stopped for the day. All day long the jolly undertaker and his wife and daughters are laughingly parading up and down Main Street in one of the openwork hearses affected by the French, pelting the other paraders with flowers. And all day your children sit munching canned goods in the house of mourning while the town's most prominent grocers, butchers and bakers pelt one another merrily, driving the decorated delivery wagon up and down, up and down, up and down the Boulevard Maréchal Joffre, Avenue Foch, Boulevard de la Victoire, Rue de Pétain and Boulevard Clemenceau. It's all the same street, there usually being room for just one long street in most Riviera resorts between the surf of the Mediterranean and the Big Lumps; but they get variety by giving different names, following each new war, to various stretches of the same Main Street every two or three blocks.

And so, from coffee and rolls until sunset, the traffic cop is chasing the barkeep down the rue, slamming each other with pansies, and the butcher is dashing a sprig of mignonette right in the face of the plumber and running away to hide, screaming with laughter. Jolly dogs.

Then it always seems a shame to the city fathers to take down the circus seats after all the trouble of erecting them. So the next day they again rope off and close the Boulevard Maréchal Joffre, Avenue Foch, Boulevard de la Victoire, Rue de Pétain and Boulevard Clemenceau its whole length and charge admission to the neighborhood of the shops, also again closed. This time Main Street from curb to curb is the exclusive property of a lot of crack French and Italian automobile racing drivers, each driver crunched low in a big-wheeled, low-bodied racing car built like a smelt, and all drivers and their mechanics wearing deep-sea divers' clothes, including the metal helmet with the plate-glass front.

With the last circus seat sold, somebody named Pheleepe fires the town cannon; and for the rest of the day a starter named Georges, wearing a shiny three-liter plug hat and white flannel trousers between his official blue-black whiskers, steadily bangs the starting gun, and the racers roar along Main Street all day at one hundred and thirty miles an hour, and everybody is screaming, and these old eyes fill with tears as memory carries me back again to the third day of Gettysburg. Then toward fourteen o'clock in the afternoon, just to pep up the proceedings and without stopping the races, a polo game on motorcycles

(Continued on Page 182)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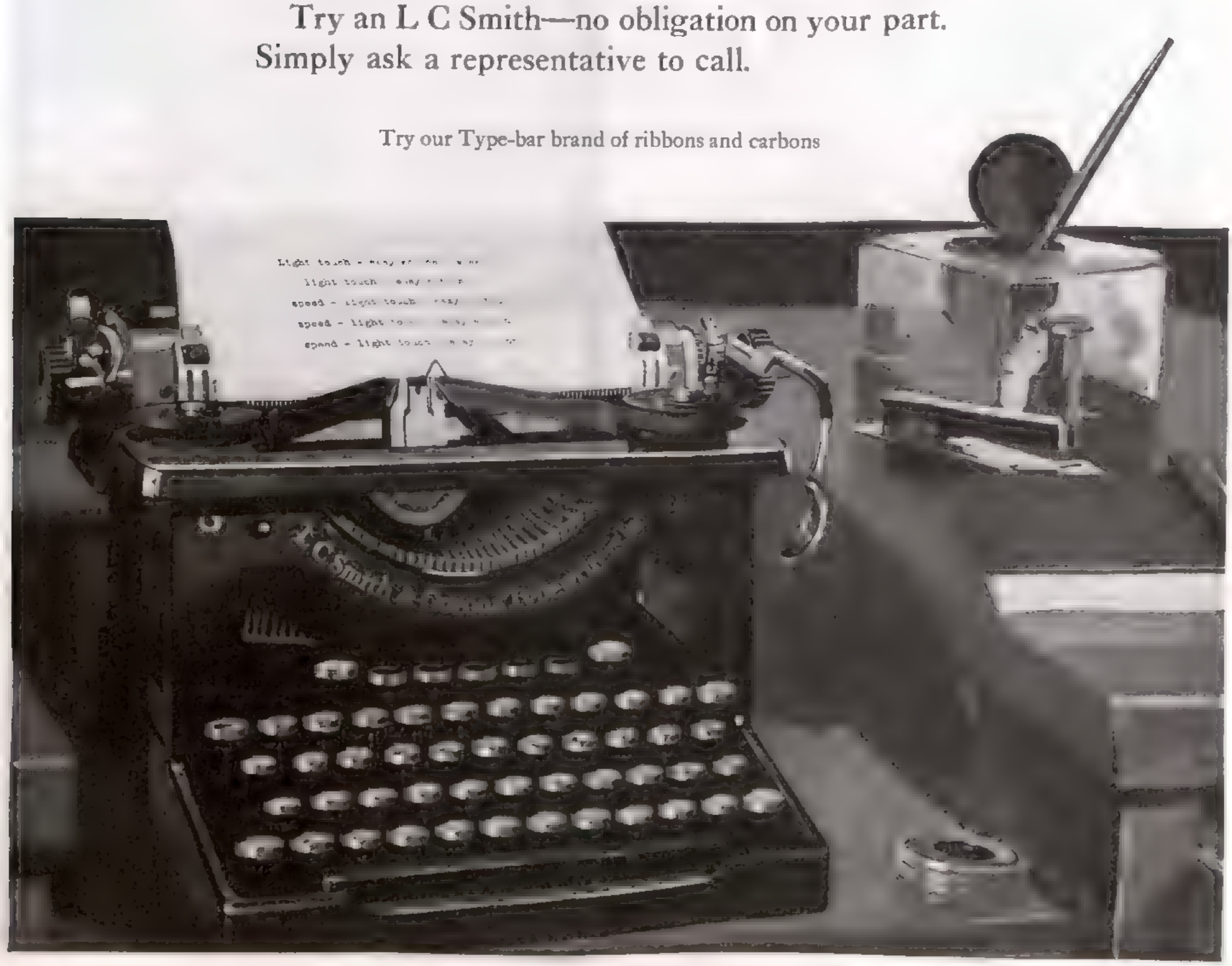

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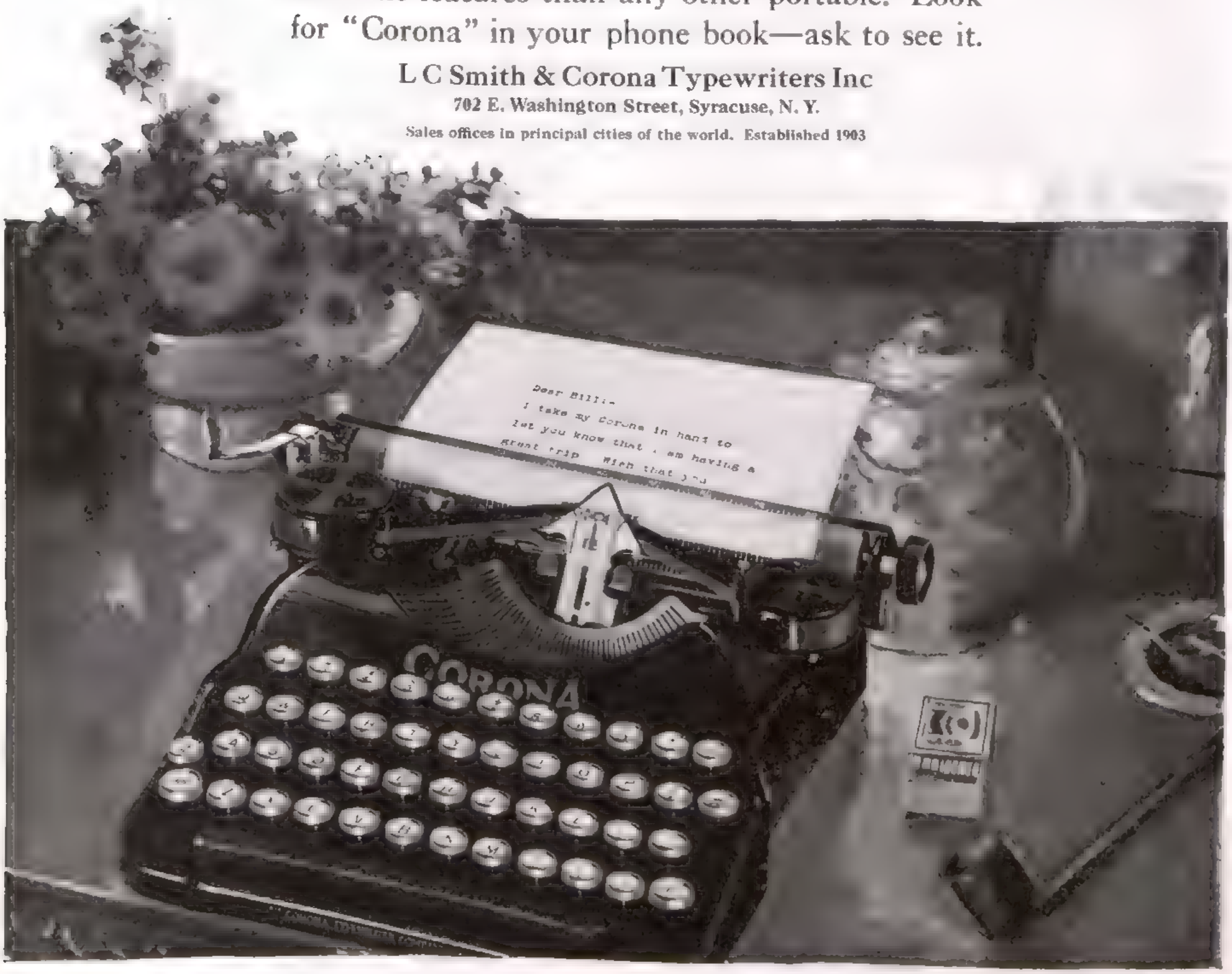

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(Continued from Page 179)

begins to explode, out on the trolley tracks and all along the path of the racers, between the local Intrépides and the boys from Cannes.

Before it had fully dawned upon the city fathers, however, that they were missing a bet by not charging admission to reviewing stands along the route of our daily personal police parade, we received a hand-painted official notification from Mary himself, telling us that the stage had at last been set for the missus and me to take our actual road-driving tests.

Fortunately, there was to be no written examination concerning speed laws and road rules in French, so it looked to us as if our long two months' grind to get a license was as good as finished. Theoretically, there are speed laws and traffic regulations in France, and if you pass a cop at seventy miles an hour in front of a school while the children are crossing the rue the cop often will shake his finger at you. If he's very mean, he'll sometimes stick his tongue out at you. You yell back over your shoulder, "Ah, go chase yourself, you little squirt!" and the incident is closed. It works so well here that I'm going to try it when I get back to New York. And as for the rule about passing another driver to the right or the left, it is simpler here. You just use your own judgment.

We Meet Monsieur Lingerie

But the hand-painted summons from Mary did state that the missus and I positively must present ourselves on the first Lundi of the following month at half-past catt in the afternoon, in a city almost an hour away, and demonstrate our driving skill in the august presence of none other than Monsieur the Automotive Engineer of our district himself.

He's a big, important egg in these parts, Monsieur the Engineer is, and I'm sorry now that I booted the ball the way I did on our first meeting. He is a great big man, wearing, of course, the regulation intense black whiskers required of all officials in these parts. But our Monsieur the Engineer's whiskers are not mere whiskers; they are the sequoias of fair France. He has to keep the ends of one half tucked into his right-hand coat pocket and the other half in the left in order to show his badges. And you speak to him always with your hat off, and after every other phrase you throw in his title of Monsieur Lingerie—lingerie, or l'ingerie, or however you spell it, being the French term, as near as I can recall it at the moment, for "the engineer."

I drive a car, as I do most things—the missus to the contrary—remarkably well. But I was naturally nervous that day. It was pouring rain and the road skiddy, and Monsieur Lingerie hollers French at you, even in casual conversation, as if he were Salvini doing his bedtime pillow fight with Desdemona in the last act of Othello. Could I be blamed therefore for nervousness as I started the engine to begin the ordeal? The only thing that calmed me at all was the thought that in a few minutes it would be all over and I would be legally free to roam the Riviera thereafter at will.

During these brief road examinations Monsieur Lingerie always sits in state in the rear seat of the car during the test. He was cursing the rain and all dogs of motorists as he approached the car, and when he tried to squirm his huge person under a rear side curtain of my little car and stuck, his language grew to something terrible. I was shaking now like a lily gemmed with dew.

And I didn't even have the wife's comforting presence, she keeping out of the rain under an awning down the street while awaiting her turn for a test, her head bowed in prayer.

With the car in gear and the engine running, I stretched back from the driving seat to unbutton more of the rear curtain so that Monsieur Lingerie could get in. Stretching back that way must have caused me to release the clutch for at least an instant, causing the car to move forward merely a few inches before I could halt it again. But it was enough.

I still insist that I didn't jolt Monsieur Lingerie or even jar him during the fraction of a second the car had moved. He still stood virtually on the same spot after the car had stopped again, stooping low over the running board and apparently safe and sound.

But now his language was absolutely frightful. Not that he was talking louder than usual. He couldn't; but from some place down near the running board he was talking faster than the Kaiser heading for Doorn.

As I always say to the wife, I can be driven just so far. I had stood enough, and I stepped out of the car and down beside Monsieur Lingerie, resolved to tell him where he got off. And then I saw why he stood there stooped over instead of squirming into the car.

Much Attached to France

It seems that during the brief instant that I had accidentally released the clutch, allowing the car to advance a few inches, the right-hand section of Monsieur Lingerie's whiskers must have slipped out of a coat pocket, the tendrils trailing low as he stooped and coming to rest on the road just in front of the rear wheel. Then when the car stopped again the rear tire came to rest on his whiskers, pinning him fast to his beloved France. And when I stepped up to help him the son of a gun kicked me in the shins.

That's when I lost my temper. One glance down at the mess and I saw that all hope of obtaining the necessary signature of Monsieur Lingerie to a driving-license card was gone beyond recall. More than two months of sweating and now the whole thing was a bust! Standing there just beyond Monsieur Lingerie's back-kick reach, and certain that he was still safely tethered by his beard, I summoned the best French I could muster and told him what I thought of his manners, his morals and his ancestry, concluding my address with two or three Polish terms I had learned as a youth from a mining boss back of Scranton.

The Flatterer

And then, lighting a cigarette with a match that I struck on the most obvious section of Monsieur Lingerie's anatomy within safe reach, I strolled down the street to the awning where the wife still stood in prayer and broke the news to her that her prayer never would be answered in France.

Then we sauntered back toward Monsieur Lingerie, still safely tethered, and climbed into the front seat—hurrying a bit toward the finish, as strands of the official lambrequin were beginning to part, as Monsieur Lingerie was tugging at the line like a catfish. And I opened the muffler and stepped on the gas, exploding eastward uninterruptedly toward the not distant frontier of Italy.

So you see why my sphere as an investigator of the social, economic, industrial and political conditions along the French Riviera has gone blotto.

Fortunately, Monsieur Lingerie hadn't got up to the point of taking my name and address before I bade him adieu; nevertheless, for more than a week we kept to the upstairs by daylight, meanwhile hiding the car under the back stoop of our Villa Splendide et le Plus Magnifique—to give it the name it was christened by our real-estate agent

Too Pink to Fool a Frenchman

They have a habit in the French courts, even when the criminal makes the clean get-away I did, to try him by default, anyway, and sentence him in his absence. My agents to the west tell me that the high court of Monsieur Lingerie's headquarters town tried and convicted me of attempted manslaughter in eight minutes and sentenced me to twenty years' solitary in the Château d'If.

And if I drive out of the gate and turn toward the east, within a few minutes I am at the Italian border. Instantly the road is blocked by a firing squad of carabinière, all aiming at my heart, their black eyes glinting wickedly through the front tail feathers of their Easter bonnets. To get a valuable flivver like ours over the Italian line, the Senate must first put the idea to the test of a national plebiscite. The vote is then counted and if the verdict is yea, it is put up to Mussolini, who vetoes it, and the Senate then resumes its debate on the funding of the American war debt. Facing the frontier carabinière firing squad therefore is a moment calling for perfect control of the foot brake of *la voiture*.

One false move and the body is shipped back to Brooklyn.

And I'm physically a marked man here, easily spotted. The wife will not stand for a black beard. Besides, I'm the only adult male in France without a ribbon in my buttonhole. I elected myself, by way of disguise, a chevalier of the Legion of Honor and even persuaded the missus to make me a buttonhole rosette of the Legion, First Class; but she still is adamant about my raising the whiskers. So until things blow over a bit I am just hanging round my Villa Magnifique, as I call it for short, waiting for Link Isham, who rented our house at Brielle, to give up his lease and let us go to the good old coast of New Jersey. Even the beard, supposing the wife relents, will not help much. With my racial blood, they don't come the right color. Too pink to fool a Frenchman.

RELAX

GRANTLAND RICE

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

As editor of the American Golfer, a frequent contributor to various periodicals, and through his newspaper column, *The Sportlight*, Mr. Rice is known to millions of readers as America's most authoritative writer on sports.

Relax to Win

NO human system can catapult its way through competition without breathing spells for relaxation and rest. Brain, nerve and muscle can be used under pressure just so much and then, unless relaxation is brought in, staleness and the slumping period follow in swift and depressing succession. There must be rest or there is sure to be wreckage.

The fatal slump has checked the winning rush of many a team and many an individual star in every branch of sport. And the basis of this slump has always been extended tension without a resting place along the speedway of ambition. Stretch a piece of elastic too long and the snap disappears. Leading coaches and trainers are featuring more and more the importance of rest at the right spot. "Form", the brilliant Hek once wrote, "is the brief interval between getting ready and growing stale."

But why grow stale? Any arrangement which leads to greater relaxation is a vital help in this high pressure age. The right amount of relaxation is one of the foundations of coolness, calmness and enduring form, stamina and skill. There is no substitute for work and in the same fashion there is no substitute for rest that helps to build up a needed nerve reserve.

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YOU'RE ON THE AIR

(Continued from Page 46)

It wasn't nervousness that afflicted Will Rogers so much as the lack of an audience, at least of one that could be seen. It seemed to worry him, facing that dead wall near which the microphone stood. As he went on I noticed him turning around again and again to look inquiringly at me, and suddenly it struck me what was the matter—the typical actor's need of audible applause, at least of response he could sense and feel. Leaving my seat in the monitor's booth, from which I had been observing him, I came out and sat on the edge of the table not far from the mike, and smiled or grinned at each thing he said. From that time on he did not turn around; he had that response which the actor always needs.

A Russian pianist evidenced considerable artistic temperament by insisting on playing without lights. So, only, he said, could he get in the mood. It was fortunate that he had no orchestra with him, as they could not have seen the notes; and it was troublesome enough as it was, since the announcer often wants to look at his watch, also his apparatus, so as to know that everything is going on time, as scheduled, and that everything is working all right.

All Pleased But the Audience

Of all we assisted, Lloyd George, perhaps, caused us the greatest worry, though innocently enough. Engrossed in his speech and gathering fire and speed as he went, he just wouldn't stand as, say, President Coolidge does, within reasonable reach of the microphone. He stamped up and down the platform, now speaking to the boxes, now to this side of the audience, then to that, and sometimes to those on the stage behind him. One such experience taught us a lesson, and for his second speech, at the Metropolitan Opera House, we came forearmed, stationing a microphone at almost every three feet of the platform to allow for his marathon.

One of the very few that seemed utterly unafraid was, strangely enough, a pugilist. Others of his trade—Berlenbach, Dundee—almost refused to face the mike, but Benny Leonard, the champion lightweight, had all that well-known confidence he displays in the ring.

The well-known actor, James K. Hackett, suffered one night from one of those rare mistakes when something went wrong. He had been invited to give one or two scenes from Macbeth, which he was playing in New York, and rehearsed the scene perfectly. And when he started that Sunday night the reports came in from the monitor's booth, where some of the staff were listening to the loud speaker, that he was getting on beautifully. The first scene over, he asked for a moment in which to compose himself before proceeding. We announced the delay, meantime filling in with some word about the play; then the actor started in again. If we in the studio had liked the first scene we were doubly impressed by his delivery of the second, his clarity of enunciation, his dramatic fire and power.

It was, indeed, a pleasant evening; Mr. Hackett was pleased, the announcer was pleased, the whole studio was pleased; in fact, everyone but the audience listening in to WEAF, WJAR, WEEI, WCAP, WOC, WCCO, WCAE, WSAI, WGR, KSD, and all the outfits that make a cross-word puzzle of the alphabet. When I returned from seeing Mr. and Mrs. Hackett to their car, I was told that one of those rare switching errors had prevented this host of listeners from benefiting by Mr. Hackett's wonderful impersonation.

It was a body blow and I left the studio in disgust—a perfect evening spoiled! In low spirits, my foot struck something that glittered on the rainy pavement. I picked it up. It was a beautiful piece of jewelry with many large diamonds. As one of my associates said, "Some people have all the luck. If I had made a bull like that I'd have all hands in the studio jumping on me, and everybody from Skaneateles to Keokuk writing in, damning me up and down; and you—well, you go out and pick up diamonds!"

I still have those diamonds. Much advertising and diligent inquiry have never revealed the owner. If they happen to be yours, drop in at WEAF some night and get them.

It was about this time that I became very familiar with Carnegie Hall, and I think the first broadcasting of Damrosch's talks on music and the concerts given by the Philharmonic Orchestra were two of the best steps radio ever made—steps, be it said, distinctly forward. The better jazz is often entertaining, but man cannot live by jazz alone; and we had had so many soloists, many of the first rank, that such features, while delightful, were no longer novel.

Mr. Damrosch's talks were novel, and appreciated, as we found from the mail response. Incidentally, he has one of the best radio voices in captivity.

Right here, too, it should be added that voice cultivation is one of the most important things to be considered by anyone who wants to reach the public of the future. By this we mean not only the timbre or quality of tone with which Nature has endowed a man and which, too, may be cultivated, but the diction, pronunciation, clear enunciation, the smooth, even delivery and the proper tempo or timing.

Since the last two national conventions I have had considerable evidence that political speakers recognize these facts; that many are devoting more time to the cultivation of tone, modulation and diction. And they are wise in thus bringing to the finest temper the one weapon they will have left to conquer the audiences of the future. As the years go on and the power of the microphone is even more widely appreciated, the old plastic spellbinding orator will be a thing of the past, a type almost forgotten. Affectation is the first thing that will be spotted over a radio, the last thing its audience will stand.

These are the important things, then, to be noted by anyone thinking of broadcasting. The other directions will be found simple enough, for the announcer in the studio or at any outdoor gathering can coach you in a few minutes so that you will know where to stand and when to advance or step backward, as your voice increases or diminishes in volume.

Tips From Mr. Damrosch

But to return to Carnegie Hall—if you ever have a chance to listen in to Mr. Damrosch, try it; his delivery is a model to be followed; and unconsciously, while listening in, you will absorb many tips that are invaluable.

The content of his talks, too, was well worth while; for example, the one on the Beethoven cycle. Interspersed with little selections on the piano which served as illustrations, he talked on in a friendly way about the composer, his life and work, and the meaning of his compositions. It was all easily understood by his nonmusical hearers, delightfully intimate and, too, delightfully to the point. His treatment, therefore—that is, the method of handling his subject—may well serve as a model to other speakers.

Often at concerts, or in the larger motion-picture houses where good music is served, I have noticed the audience so engrossed in the actions of the conductor that they almost forget to listen to the music. It is too bad that you who are actually in the hall see only his back and coat tails and the radio audience sees him not at all, while I from my station in the wings can see every expression of his face—and you can rest assured that these are interesting.

Take Willem Mengelberg, for example, the conductor with whom I have come into contact more than any other. He is a study—each step in the score, each mood of the music being illustrated by his body, registered above and mirrored in every play of the features.

He comes on, a little man with a powerful head covered with reddish down, quite absorbed in his dreams; but as soon as he reaches his station and raps with his baton on the music stand for attention he is all alertness.

Glancing over his men, he seems to be calling a silent roll. In turn each eye is focused on him, and he signals for the start. In perfect order they are off, bearing us with them on the long symphonic march, or over some rhythmic and melodious ocean.

Now all is calm, and his face, too, is gentle. He smiles benignly on his men; with magic baton and fingers he fairly coaxes out and woos the soft music from the assembled instruments.

But now watch him—in the oncoming storm, or as they begin the climb to some far dramatic height, building up, step by step or wave by wave, note by note and bar by bar, to the climax. He is a changed man—even his stature seeming to vary with the music. Now, indeed, he is a veritable giant. His whole frame, too, grows tense; the gentle face turns to steel; the mouth tautens and is drained of blood, while the eyes are narrowed to mere slits, yet they glitter with hypnotic power from those slits.

The Baton Before the Microphone

So, by superb leadership, he pulls his men up to those heights and to that fortissimo climax; they reach it, and a moment his head is thrown back, his eyes fixed on some far-off heaven lesser souls cannot envisage. Then, for this moment, he carries them along at the very crest of their power, on the full high tide of that melodious ocean. Then, all too soon, but with beautiful smoothness, begins the descent—the diminuendo. His eyes seek his men again, signaling this one and that who may not be sufficiently diminishing the fortissimo. The features relax and soften to accord with the piano passage they are now approaching; but still he guides them with a gentle "sh-h" of his pursed lips; and while his right hand unerringly indicates the beat, his left illustrates that passage for them, with opened thumb and third finger held a few inches apart and gradually closing.

So Mengelberg carries his men from movement to movement, from mood to mood, through the most intricate passages, with a sense of some overpowering dynamic force but none at all of strain. And when all is over he is himself again, just a little man with that enormous head topped with reddish hair.

"Thank you. You like?" he says in his childlike way, as we congratulate him, then hurries to a little retiring room from which it is hard to get him out. The ten minutes are up, and someone taps at the door, announcing that the intermission is over.

Deeply engrossed in his poring over the score of the next number, he replies, "I am busy. I must study." He has forgotten his audience entirely.

We remonstrate—the audience is waiting, is growing restless. "Surely, Herr Mengelberg, you must know every note of this next number!"

"Maybe yes—maybe no," he replies from behind the closed door. "It is difficult. I do not play it for long time."

At last, however, he yields to entreaty, comes out, again wrapped in his dreams, takes up his baton and soon is lost in the work of conducting, and, before long, once more you have lost the little man in the giant.

After the second of these concerts I suggested to Herr Mengelberg that he speak over the microphone.

"The radio audience," I told him, "would appreciate just a word from you."

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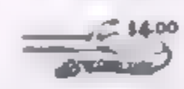
$4.75



Never before such a wonderful waffle iron at such a low price. You can have delicious waffles now without worrying about the cost of "equipment."

Thousands of housewives who have hesitated about paying three and four times this amount will gladly welcome this opportunity to buy a very fine, full size waffle iron at the low price of $4.75. And don't forget it's good—because it's made by Security.

Security Appliances are sold at electrical and hardware stores, or sent prepaid at prices shown.

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HEATING APPLIANCES
COMPARE THE GOODS—COMPARE THE PRICES

BARKELEW
LEFT FOOT DIMMER
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WHY left foot?

It enables you to change the lights instantly with both hands on the wheel (Left foot dimming gives speed and accuracy when both are needed.)

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Mounts under the floor board in thirty minutes. Price $3 at your dealers or $3.10 from us. Give car make, model and year.

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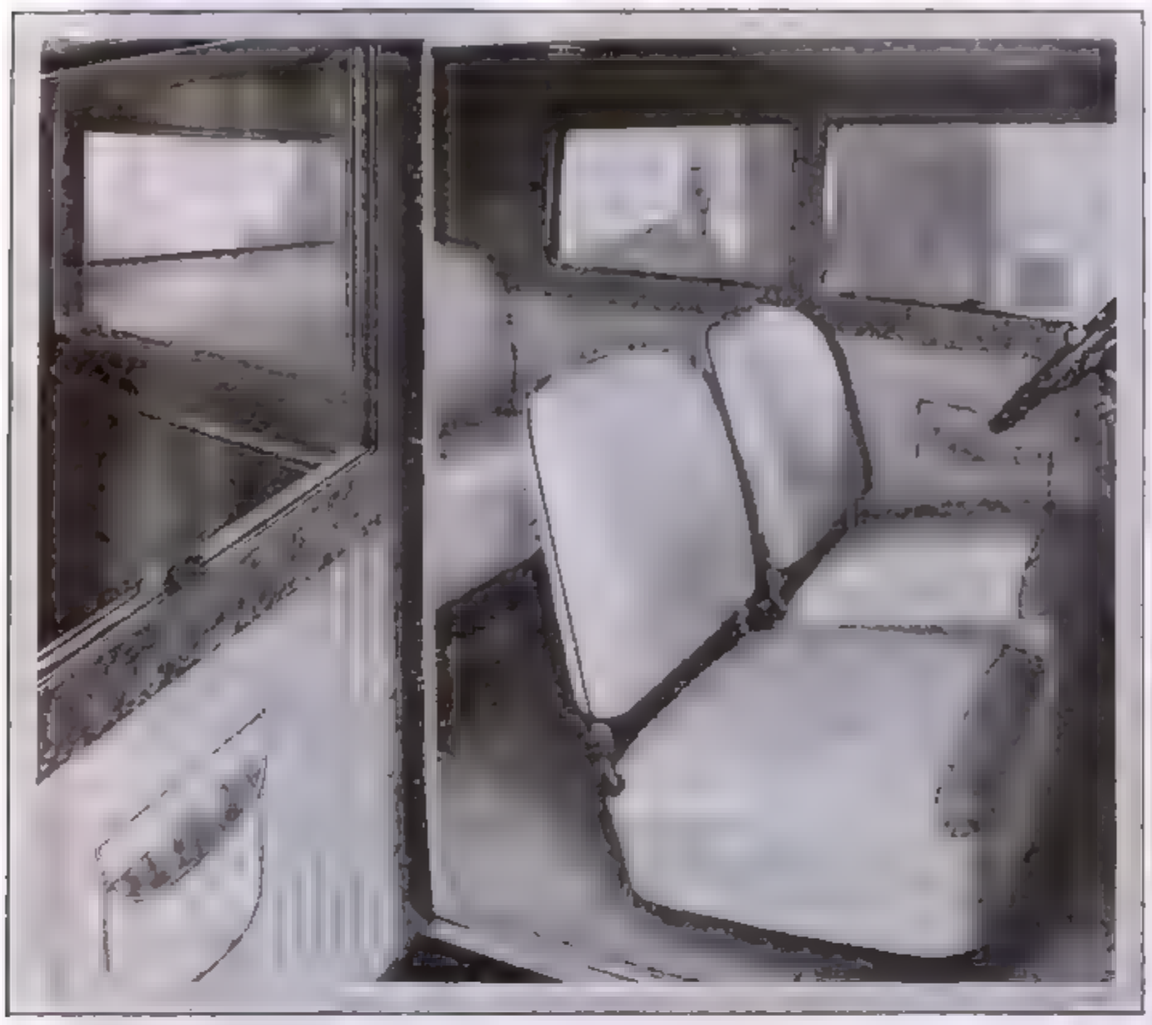
Famous FANDANGO Auto SEAT COVERS



Pat. Applied For

Protect *and* Beautify Your Car

with Famous FANDANGO Auto SEAT COVERS

NOW at trifling cost you can add years of beauty and service to your car.
Handsome Famous Fandango Auto Seat Covers will keep new cars new, make old cars look new and greatly enhance the resale value of both. They put an end to soiled, spotted, worn, germ-laden car upholstery.

Add Beauty to Your Car

Famous Fandango Seat Covers are made of beautifully striped seat cover materials in various color tones. Each set is carefully designed and cut to fit your particular car perfectly. The wearing edges are beautified and re-enforced with blue, gray or brown Spanish art leather, harmonizing with the cover material. These colors go harmoniously with the interior of your car.

Easy to Attach

It is easy to attach Famous Fandango Seat Covers. Snap fasteners are provided so that they can be quickly put on and taken off. No sewing necessary. Special fasteners provided for steel bodies. Why pay $50 to $75 for seat covers when these beautiful covers cost only $14.50?

Guaranteed Fit, Material and Workmanship

Only carefully selected materials and the most careful workmanship go into Famous Fandango Auto Seat Covers. Each set consists of covers for seats, backs, side panels and arm rests and door covers with large pockets. Back of front seat is covered right down to the floor of car, protecting against the feet of occupants in back of car. Famous Fandango Seat Covers fit perfectly and are easy to detach. Complete instructions come in each box. Ask your dealer or department store to show you these beautiful covers. Or order direct from us. Read coupon carefully then fill it out. We will ship your order promptly. Send no money.

DEALERS: *Certain territories are still open for dealers and department stores. Write at once for information about these nationally advertised Auto Seat Covers.*

NOW $14.50 COMPLETE

Made for

COACHES SEDANS
COUPES BROUGHAMS

4 or 5 Passenger Cars $14.50 complete
7 Passenger Cars 18.50 complete

1924, 1925, 1926 models—

BUICK	HUPMOBILE
CADILLAC	NASH
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DODGE	OVERLAND
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FLINT	REO
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PACKARD	WILLYS-KNIGHT

...FORDS...

All models Coupes *and* Roadsters $6.75
Tudors, Sedans, Touring Cars 9.95

Important Reasons Why You Should Buy Famous Fandango Seat Covers

1 **Beauty**—The handsome striped seat cover materials and harmonizing art leather trim add beauty to the interior of any car.

2 **Protection**—Greasy hands, muddy feet, road dirt have no terrors for a car protected with these seat covers

3 **Higher Resale Value**—Usually the condition of the interior of cars [illegible] Famous Fandango Seat Covers keep upholstery new and clean.

4 **Sanitary**—Your health and your children's health is endangered by germ laden upholstery. Fandango Covers can easily be cleaned and snapped on again.

DURANT MOTOCOVER CO., Inc.
200 Sixth Avenue, *Dept. F*, New York City

SEND NO MONEY—MAIL COUPON NOW

DURANT MOTOCOVER CO., Inc., 200 Sixth Ave., Dept. F., New York. Please send me one set of Famous Fandango Auto Seat Covers express prepaid, subject to examination. If satisfied I will pay expressman price of covers *only*. NOTE: Check full information. Print name and address plainly.

Name and year of car

Your name _____

Address _____

. 4 passenger . Brougham . Color art leather trim desired
. 5 passenger . Coach . Blue
. 7 passenger . Sedan . Gray
.. Coupe 2 door 4 door . Brown

His face brightened.

"Yes, you think?"

"I am sure of it."

"But what will I say?" This with a frightened glance at the mike, whose steel and springs seemed to suggest a steel trap.

"Anything you like, Herr Mengelberg. Tell them you like to play for them."

Somehow he managed it, feverishly gripping the table and glaring at the instrument as if he thought it would bite him: "My dear friendts of the air, if you enjoy what I play as much as I enjoy it to play for you, I am glad."

Then he jumped up from the mike as if he had heard an explosion. But from that time on, at succeeding concerts you couldn't have kept him away from his new friend if you had wanted to, and the letters he gets from the radio fans are the only things that can keep him from his study.

That little message, just repeated, to his radio audience gets over all right; but it was amusing to hear a famous violinist, when called to undergo the same torture, fall back on what he had just heard Mengelberg say. Though American born, he repeated the exact words of the little formula, even to the "friendts."

When Twenty Million Waited

During the months between July, 1924, and the spring of 1925, I had three more political assignments—the notification of John W. Davis, Democratic candidate for President, at Clarksburg, West Virginia; the notification of General Dawes, the Republican candidate for Vice President, at Chicago, and the inauguration of President Coolidge at Washington on March 4, 1925.

Clarksburg furnished a rather lively picture when we arrived—a little town of 27,000 grown to 110,000 overnight; men all over town sleeping eight to a room, and the hotel walls almost bursting, and next evening we found, gathered on the open plaza where the ceremonies were to take place, over 100,000. The town was now empty; and to make things more interesting the rain poured bucketfuls; yet from one-third to one-half of the crowd stayed until the end.

I don't know whether that rain was an omen or not, starting to fall as it did with the candidate's first word, but I do know that when I talked with him afterward Mr. Davis was a very wet man—the wettest, in fact, I ever saw. During the talk, too, he used up over a dozen copies of the speech. These had been made for distribution to the press, and as the one he was using became so soggy and water-logged he could not read it, another of the reserve was called on, and he could neither hurry nor condense his speech to please either himself or the crowd. That vast unseen radio audience kept him at it.

General Dawes had better luck—just the reverse of Mr. Davis' weather. It had been storming all day, but as soon as the general began to speak the stars came out.

He was a most interesting man to meet and study. I think I've told about his remembering my voice, though he had not seen me before or heard my name announced. Well, that was Dawes—always a good memory, alert and keen-witted, but hair trigger—everything shot out of a gun; yet, too, with most democratic ways.

This impression was deepened when our crew started back for New York, and we met him in the station. He noticed us, and, coming up, said, "Hello, fellows, are you going back to New York on the same train with me? Fine. Come back and see me after a while."

The election that November was not handled outside but in our studio. The United Press placed here a staff of telegraphers who brought the returns to us as they came in over the wire. We shot these out without any additional information.

The inauguration proved a meaner job than most, as it was so hard to get information. For one thing, we didn't know when to go on the air. The vice presidential swearing-in took place in the Senate Chamber; that might take twenty minutes or an hour; no wires were allowed in the building for any telephone messages that could keep us informed, yet once on the air we had to stay on.

So again I wrote reams of stuff, historical stories, and so on, as filler-in stuff. Meantime I had stationed messengers in the Capitol to hotfoot it to me as soon as the President and Vice President left the Senate Chamber to come to the Capitol steps, where the President himself was to take the oath of office.

Then I was lost and the radio sets were almost left without an announcer. My booth was on the steps of the Capitol near the pedestal of one of the statues; and all my messengers being busy, I left the booth for a minute, while the officials were still in the Senate Chamber, to get word to one of the men on the steps. To reach him I had to hurdle a temporary fence built to keep the President's pathway clear of intruders; and once on the other side I found I couldn't get back.

A patrolman yanked me by the shoulder just as I was starting on the return journey, and refused to let me climb over. In vain I pleaded.

"Against orders," he said. I told him of the microphone lying silent, and pictured all the people from coast to coast that would be disappointed. But he was evidently a man of a single-track mind, one of those not very imaginative men that will stick like bulldogs to an order once they get it, and who are inflexible when given a little authority.

For ten minutes I argued, until at last I saw light—no, not a bribe; that would never have done—but another way of approach through the crowd I had not noticed before. I asked him about it; that was all right, but never until hell froze over would he have let me over that fence, in spite of the waiting 20,000,000. And that was the total estimated by the newspapers, the audience on this occasion being vastly increased by the children. Almost every school in the land had a loud speaker installed in its auditorium, or its one little room in the case of the country hamlets.

A Curious Request

Somebody from the control room might have noticed my absence, but he, too, might have had trouble in gaining the booth. In any event there would have been one of those breaks on the air, or some mess-up, which it is the pride of our profession to avoid.

And at that I was caught, for after I had reached the booth and started in announcing, with a little description, then a story, I was halfway through that story when a messenger came racing to me, saying that the procession had started from the Senate Chamber. We were having difficulty enough in timing things, anyway, and General Dawes upset even our tentative calculations. Instead of swearing in the senators one by one, he had done it in batches.

That story was pretty well jumbled, I am afraid, for the President was on its heels. I had to cut off my microphone and telephone the control room to put on the President's very quickly, and just had time to catch the administration of the oath by Chief Justice Taft.

The President stood there very quietly, and looking very subdued and careworn, I thought; this was so soon after his boy's death.

His response to the oath was so low that none of the people there present, excepting the few immediately around him, and none at all of the radio audience heard it; and we had to answer many inquiries by mail afterward, telling them that the response was a simple, "I do."

Speaking of "I do," we have just received a curious request from a couple who want to be married at our studio. We'll see what can be done.

Editor's Note—This is the third article of a series by Mr. McNamee in collaboration with Mr. Anderson.

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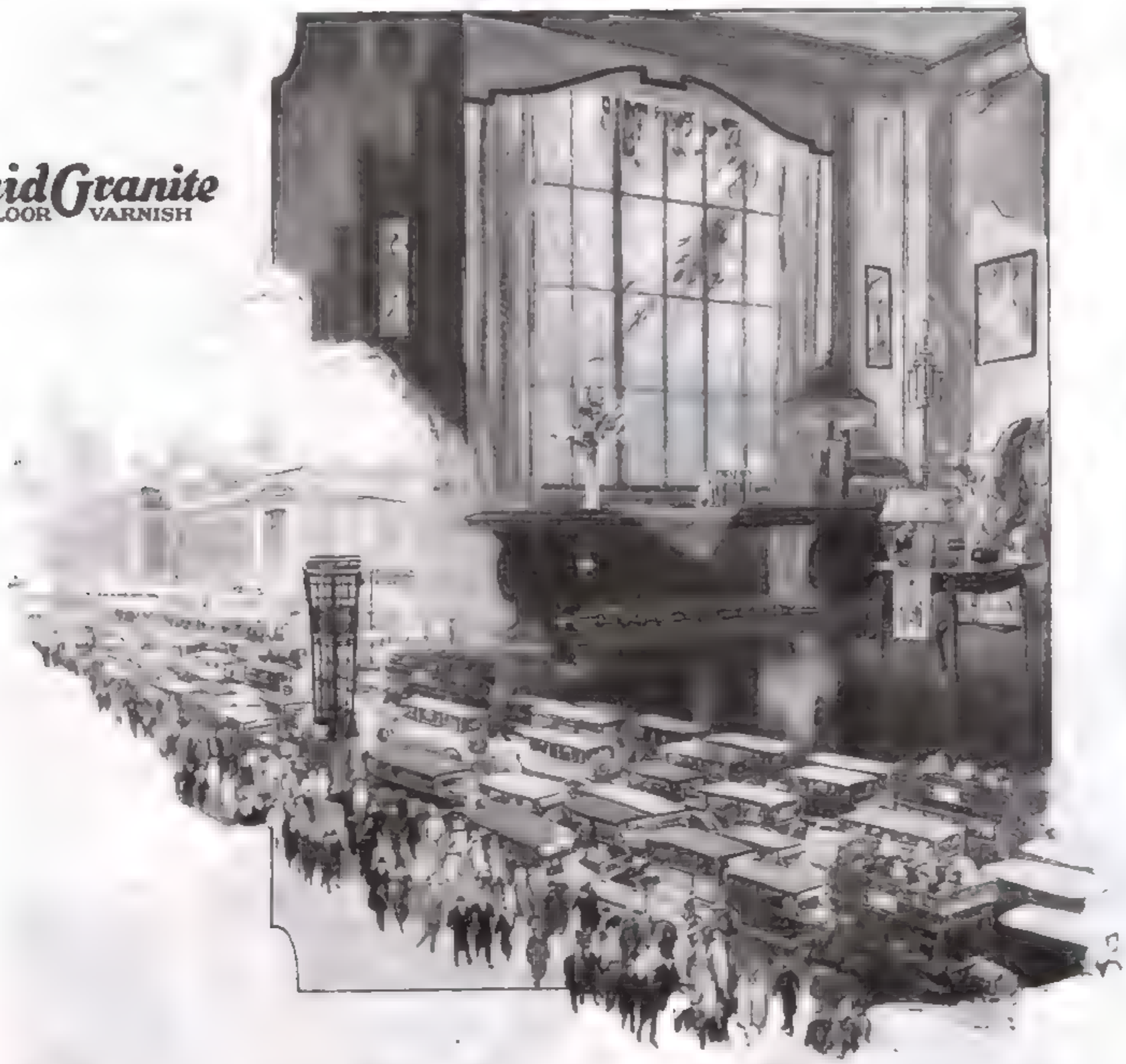
LIQUID GRANITE FLOOR VARNISH RESISTS MILLIONS OF STEPS

Liquid Granite FLOOR VARNISH



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Think of the traffic that crosses your floors/

An avenue of traffic crosses your varnished floors year after year. Millions of steps are taken. Thousands of miles are traversed. Heavy furniture, vacuum cleaners, toy wagons and miniature trains are dragged to and fro, back and forth.

To have beautiful, unmarred floors buy floor varnish for the mileage it gives, the wear it resists and the service it renders.

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A WEEK-END AT ATLANTIC CITY

Continued from Page 15

Then they go home, or we go home, as the case may be, and Wallie says, "Well, you pair of bandits, you'd be a couple of Jesse Jameses if you had horses. But wait! R-r-r-revenge is sweet, and next time we get together the missus and I'll take your chemises and send you home in a barrel." Wallie would make a horse laugh.

We've got the purest drinking water in the state in Pellsburg, and one of the neatest nine-hole courses I ever saw. Every Saturday night they have a dance at the country club and our bunch always goes. Monday is always radio night in my house, and generally a lot of the neighbors drop in, because I've got a set that most folks agree is the best they ever listened to. I can get San Francisco any time, but I don't. The programs they broadcast from Purdy & Marx's Big Store, not a mile from my home, are plenty good enough for me. We all think Charlie Ball, with that deep voice of his, is the best announcer in the country, and the Purdy-Marx Music Dispensers give us a brand of snappy jazz second to none. All in all, we do a heap o' living, as the poet says.

I guess man is a pretty funny sort of creature. No matter what you've got, you want something else. I was thinking this one evening as I came in the house for my dinner. I noticed at once that Molly was in the dumps. She didn't seem much interested when I told her the chamber of commerce was offering a two-hundred-and-fifty-dollar prize for the best slogan for Pellsburg, and that I had sent in twenty-nine. That wasn't like Molly. She's just as good and loyal a Pellsburger as I am. She wasn't at all chatty at dinner. She ate like it hurt her.

"Well," I said, to cheer her up, "in an hour we'll be hearing old Wallie say, 'Folks, could I, perchance, induce you gay gamboliers to shuffle the ole pasteboards?'"

Molly put down her knife with a bang. "That's just it," she said. "That's exactly what he will say."

"Why, Molly!" I exclaimed. "What's the matter?"

Molly certainly did surprise me. In a voice that was no laughing matter, she said, "I'm sick of it all."

"Sick of what all?"

"Everything," said Molly. "This life, these people, this town ——"

"You'll hunt a long time before you find anything better," I said.

There was a pretty grim look in Molly's eyes as she said, "Maybe. But listen! If I hear Wallie Cooper sing macaroni, ravioli, spaghetti just once more, or if I hear him tell again that story about the Scotchman who killed his little boy for buying an all-day sucker at three in the afternoon, I'll murder him with the nearest heavy object! And as for Flo Cooper, if I see that terrible blue-beaded georgette of hers once more, I'll chew it to shreds!"

And what do you think? I found myself saying, "If you'll do the murdering I'll get rid of the bodies."

It certainly was odd. Coming home in the coupé that evening, I hadn't been feeling any too chipper myself. I put it down to the scallops I'd had for luncheon. I thought at the time they tasted sort of middle-aged. Anyhow, I had a sort of stuffed feeling. I didn't look forward to the bridge that evening. I felt, I guess, like the fellow who ate a quail a day for forty days. But I'm no spoil-sport and I hoped I'd buck up when the game started. Now here was Molly feeling the same way.

"Tell you what," I said, "I'll call up the Coopers and tell them we're tired and want to hit the hay early and can't play tonight. Then, maybe, we could sneak off to the movies."

"That's just it!" Molly burst out. "We'd have to sneak. If they saw us they'd be sore as pups. It seems to me we spend most of our lives doing things or not doing things because we're afraid of making the neighbors as sore as pups. Well, they can be as sore as all the pups in the world. I'm sick of bridge and the Coopers and the whole gang."

I didn't give her an argument. You see, I was beginning to realize that it wasn't the scallops, after all, that made me feel the way I did. I was tired of the whole shooting match myself.

I called up Wallie and I thought he sounded a bit stiff over the telephone. Usually he makes some sort of wise crack, like "How's the optical business, old sport—eye-deal?" But when I told him we couldn't play bridge that night he said, rather shortly I thought, "That's O. K. with us. We were just going to call you up and say we couldn't play."

Molly and I did go to the movies. She was all for marching right out the front door and not minding whether the Coopers saw or not. But I guess men are more diplomatic than women. I persuaded Molly to go out first alone, as if she were going to the drug store. Then a little later I slipped out the back door and joined her at the Bijou-Jewel. I thought I saw Wallie Cooper's sedan parked near there.

The picture was called Love's Playground and was all about a husband and wife who had a spat and parted, and then met at the same summer resort and fell in love all over again on the beach, and made up.

"You know what?" said Molly, on the way home.

"No. What?"

"We've got to go away somewhere."

"What?" I said. "In the middle of March? Nobody goes anywhere in the middle of March."

"Yes, they do," said Molly. "Florida, California, the Riviera."

"Sure!" I said. "And some people have steam yachts, but they're not in the retail optical-goods line."

"Well," said Molly, "there's Atlantic City." I couldn't deny that. "I've always been crazy to go there," Molly said.

"Me too. But how can we?"

"I don't know," said Molly, in a desperate sort of voice; "but I do know if we don't get a change soon I'll burst."

I certainly did not want Molly to do that. I said I'd think about ways and means.

Next morning we hadn't changed for the better. We ate our breakfast as if the coffee were vinegar and the muffins cut glass. It was a nice bright Thursday morning too. Usually when I drive down East Elm to Clinton, and through Clinton to Main, and down Main to my store, I get quite a kick out of it. I sort of fill up with what you might call civic pride when I pass Purdy & Marx's Big Store, and the First National Bank, with its front of real marble, and the McNider Building, and our new City Hall. But this morning the whole thing kind of palled on me. I was pretty glum when I got to the store, and I just pottered around getting glummer and glummer. No interest in anything. What saved my life, I guess, was a telephone call from Vance T. Cole. Vance is the secretary of our chamber of commerce and a regular dynamo.

"Hello, Brother Spence," he said. That's his way. I certainly must have been in a queer state, because I winced. I almost said, "Don't brother me, you big fat handshaker."

"Well," says Vance, "congratulations, felicitations and cheers."

"How come?" I said.

"You win the flannel lollipops," says Vance.

"Huh?"

"The two hundred and fifty ripe red berries for the best slogan," says Vance.

I must admit that gave me a thrill. Yet it didn't give me as big a thrill as you'd think an honor like that would give a fellow. I called up Molly right away and told her.

"Good!" said Molly. "We leave for Atlantic City tomorrow."

"But ——" I began.

"No buts," said Molly. "You've got the money and you can make the time."

"Wouldn't you rather buy that piano lamp you've been wanting?" I said. "I saw some nice ones in the Big Store for forty-nine-fifty."

"No," said Molly, and I saw her mind was made up; "what I want is a complete change and plenty of it."

We got off on an early morning train. To tell the truth, I felt a bit like an embezzler, sneaking off like that, without a word to the Coopers or anybody, and using the money I'd won helping boost Pellsburg to get away from it. From the amount of baggage Molly brought, it looked as if we might be away for months. As soon as the train started we both began to cheer up. We'd parked Junior with his grandmother and I'd left young Bauer in charge of the store. We pulled out of the station and passed the Pellsburg Hose and Rubber Company, the McNider Horseshoe Works and the new light, heat and power plant, and I actually felt just then that I didn't care a cruller if I never saw any of them again. That gives you a pretty strong idea of the state of mind I must have been in.

We were as excited as two kids at a circus, Molly and I, when the train pulled into the Atlantic City station. We'd engaged a room at the New Grandleigh, which isn't the most expensive hotel there, maybe, but according to its booklet, is one of the smartest and most exclusive. It ought to be, at twelve dollars a day—and I don't mean for both, either. Meals with, of course.

Our hotel wasn't right smack on the boardwalk, but near enough so you could get a glimpse of the sea—if you sort of stretched yourself out of the window. Its lobby was palatial—that's the only word for it—with marble columns and no end of potted palms; but I remarked to Molly that I didn't think it any more magnificent than the lobby of the New Brigham back home.

Molly gave me a look that would have broken plate glass, and said, "Oh, for pity's sake, forget Pellsburg! I never want to hear the name of that place again."

I saw her point. Somehow, though, it made me think of a story I ran across in a set of books I have, called The Man Without a Country, about a fellow who got sore and said he never wanted to hear the name of the United States again. He got his wish. I didn't mention this to Molly. To be perfectly honest, I personally didn't care if I never heard the name of Pellsburg again.

We had a late luncheon. There were fifty-one dishes on the luncheon menu alone, not counting coffee, tea and milk, and we could have had them all. Living on the American plan certainly puts responsibility on a man. We were hungry after our trip and I ate till I sagged. I had an oyster cocktail, chicken gumbo soup, olives, celery, radishes, halibut and new potatoes, pear fritters, kidneys on toast, chicken à la Maryland with new peas, fruit salad, Neapolitan ice cream, assorted cakes—but I guess you're not much interested in what I had.

Then we went for a stroll on the boardwalk. I, personally, felt a little uncomfortable. But I soon forgot my troubles. The boardwalk, I thought, was the most fascinating place I'd ever seen. It's lined with stores and exhibits and shooting galleries and what not. They had one exhibit of plumbing fixtures that was as interesting a thing as I ever looked at. Molly could hardly drag me away from it.

We got into one of those wheel chairs, dollar an hour for two, dollar and a quarter for three. It was pushed by a negro named George. All afternoon we rode up and down, right alongside the sea. I must say the sea got me. I never realized before what a thrill you can get watching the

(Continued on Page 192)

Come to these isles of enchantment

So jolly and so thrilling and yet so restful and recreative too! There's nothing like the thousand sporting pleasures of the Thousand Islands. It's Nature's paradise.

Don't miss it this year! Don't miss the fishing, motor boating, sailing, golf and camping. The finest waters that you plunge into for a swim or watch in the excitement of a boat race, the gay ballrooms where you dance to the most irresistible strains.

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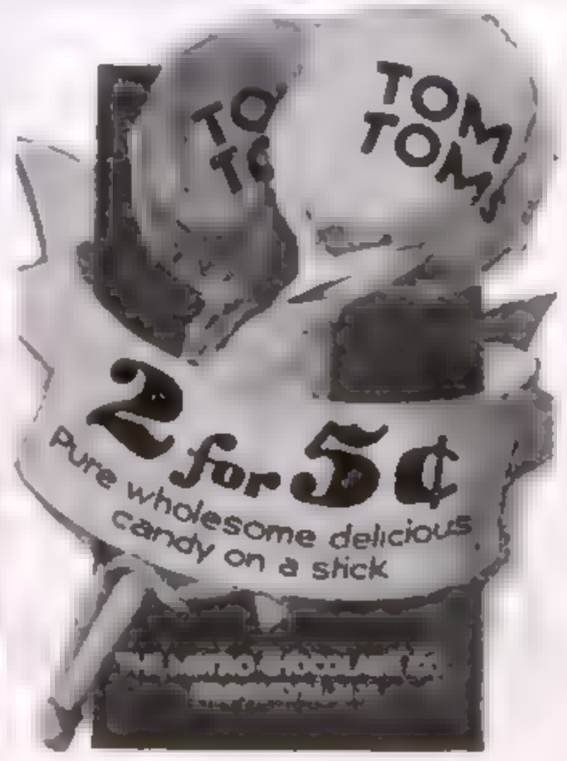


How to buy Haberdashery *that looks right and feels right*

If you just say to the young man behind the counter, "I want some shirts, size 15", you may or may not get the sort of shirts you'll enjoy wearing—most likely not.

To make sure of having shirts that will look well, feel right and wear long, remember these simple but very important things—Shirt comfort begins with your collar. That is why the collars and neckbands of Wilson Brothers Shirts are shrunk *before* they are made up.

But comfort doesn't end there. If you want to be *sure* of the sleeve length after two washings, remember that the sleeves of a Wilson Brothers shirt will be exactly the number of inches indicated—and will stay so.

And perhaps you don't like wads of shirting over your hip bones. Shirts do not offend this way when they are made roomier in the chest than at the waist and are given long, narrow tails. Wilson Brothers Shirts, with their trouser-leg tails, tuck in neatly and do not creep above your belt.

Here's real comfort in underwear

You will find that the men who have given so much care and thought to better shirts also excel in the making of underwear. For instance, Wilson Brothers know that a man's *chest* size seldom tells what *body-length* he needs. Hence the Wilson Brothers *trunk-measurement*.

Ask your haberdasher to fit you Wilson Brothers' way and know real underwear comfort. You can have your choice of special Wilson Brothers fabrics like Shasta Cloth or standard weaves such as madras and broadcloth. They are made up in both union suits and two-piece garments.

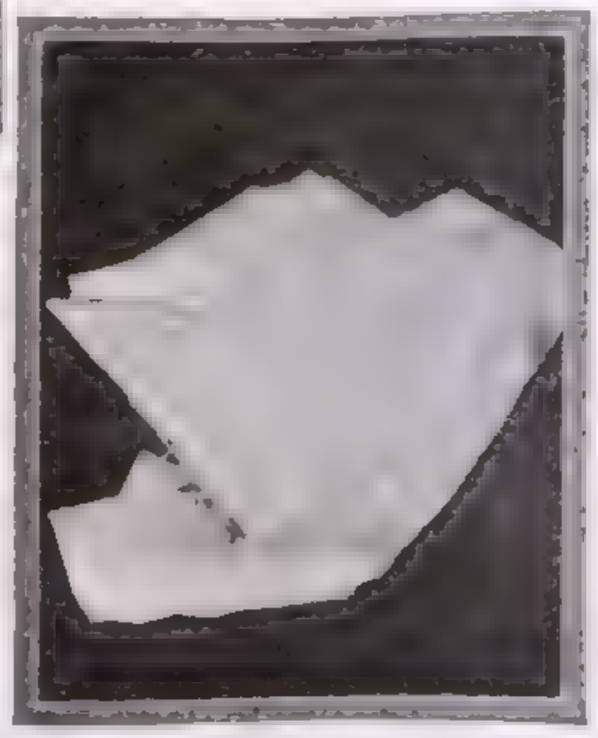
Whichever style you choose you will get the same fine stitching, buttonholes that won't tear out, on-to-stay buttons, reinforcements at points of extra wear and the famous Wilson Brothers closed crotch—features that have made this underwear famous for wear as well as comfort.

Here are also some photographs of the new Wilson Brothers pajamas, hosiery, cravats and handkerchiefs. Under them are some of the many things we could say or that wearing will tell you.

Wilson Bro's CHICAGO
NEW YORK PARIS
FACTORIES AT SOUTH BEND, INDIANA

COOL SUMMER UNDERWEAR

Special fabrics have been developed by Wilson Brothers to insure cool, airy comfort in summer underwear. Tampa cloth, shown here, is a fine striped fabric. Then there is Shasta Cloth, another exclusive Wilson Brothers material. Some prefer a fine quality of English broadcloth, silky and lustrous. There are dozens of others in both union suits and two-piece garments, at prices from $1.00 to $9.00 each. All are carefully cut to insure freedom of movement and to allow fully for possible shrinkage.



GOOD-LOOKING PAJAMAS

There's no longer any need to sacrifice good appearance on retiring. These pajamas with attached collars give you style all the while—plus the comfort you would expect in any Wilson Brothers garment. They are made up from fine-count percales, madras and broadcloths, in designs of character and individuality, $2.50 to $8.00.

THE NEW CRAVATS

The latest summer neckwear is light in both coloring and materials—yet far from pale and uninteresting. For novel figured effects as well as modified cubistic and futuristic patterns in the new color harmonies mark Wilson Brothers Neckwear for summer. Your choice of imported and domestic silks from $1.00 to $5.50

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(Continued from Page 189)

ocean. It just keeps breaking and breaking and breaking. It made me feel well, sort of awed, the way you do in church, or at the lodge when they're holding some high degree. I'm not easily stirred, but I had to turn to Molly and say I thought there was something majestic about the ocean. Molly said that "majestic" was just the word she was trying to think of.

I was so sold on the ocean that I went into one of those new stores on the boardwalk—you know the kind—all stuccoed up to look Spanish, where they sell real estate in Florida, and asked them how much they were getting for lots right on the ocean. I had a pretty strong feeling that I'd like to spend the rest of my days somewhere where the ocean broke right in my front yard. When they told me the price of ocean-front lots, I decided to think it over before I made a decision. I was fairly sure, though, that after seeing the ocean I didn't want to go back to Pellsburg, with its measly little river.

The air they have along the boardwalk certainly is like a tonic, as I remarked to Molly. It gave me such an appetite that I ate straight through the menu from clams to demi-tasse. Our waiter was a negro named George.

When he brought me a baked potato Molly caught my eye and said, "Frank Spence, if I hear you make one crack about that baked potato not being as good as the ones they serve in Ye Olde English Grill at the New Brigham, you can go and sleep under the boardwalk."

I didn't, though it wasn't.

We were pretty tuckered out by the sight-seeing; but as Molly pointed out, we didn't come two hundred and fifty-two miles to go to bed. So we went out and walked along the boardwalk again, and got some salt-water taffy and ate it. The ocean was breaking away, and I tell you it made me feel a little solemn to think it had been doing that for years and probably would go on doing it long after I was dead and gone. We stood there watching the sea till Molly got chilly, and then we went into a movie, and the picture was Love's Playground, but Molly and I held hands and had a good time.

We had a late breakfast next day. It certainly surprised George the number of pancakes I put away. We looked over the people who were staying at our hotel, and they were a nice respectable-looking lot; but I guess most of them came from New York or Philadelphia, because they seemed sort of stand-offish. Near us was a nice-looking couple who looked like our kind of folks, and when I heard the man telling his wife he was having trouble with the brakes on his new Perkin Six, I wanted to lean over and tell him my experience with my coupé; but Molly said I'd better not, for they might think we were trying to pick them up, and probably we were just as prominent socially in our home town as they were in theirs, so let them make the advances. They didn't make any, so we went out on the boardwalk.

It was a pleasant day, with lots of fresh air and plenty of people parading up and down, some you'd like to know and a lot you'd hate to have to. I remarked to Molly that it takes all kinds of people to make a world.

It was a strange experience, and one that sort of gave me the willies, to see all those faces and not know any of them from a hole in the ground, or vice versa. Once I was sure I knew a fellow—a Benny Myers who travels for a microscope house and calls on me a couple of times a year. Same walk, same brown suit, same ears. I was so delighted to see somebody I knew I was just going to holler, "Hello, Benny!" when the man turned around and I saw he had a lot more nose than Benny. I was disappointed.

When I told Molly about this, she said: "Well, now that is odd. I was sure I saw Hilda Mercer—you remember her—plump girl with a lot of teeth who lived in Maple Avenue four or five years ago. She was going by in a wheel chair while you were in that store buying cigars. I was so sure it was Hilda that I went right up to her and said, 'Well, if it isn't Hilda Mercer who used to live in Pellsburg!' The lady said, 'Well, it isn't. It is Mrs. Corcoran, of Camden.'"

Molly and I watched the ocean a while. It was behaving as usual. Then we went back to the hotel for luncheon, and I had a sea-food cocktail, celery, smelts—but no matter.

The orchestra played, and when I turned to Molly and said, "Say what you will, it isn't as good as the one at the New Brigham," Molly sort of sighed and said, "I was thinking that too."

Maybe it was the smelts. Anyhow, when we went out after luncheon, I found I'd lost interest in the ocean. Personally, I like variety. I didn't want to spoil Molly's fun, though, so I said, "Isn't it wonderful the way that water keeps coming in and coming in?"

"Huh!" said Molly. "There's nothing to prevent it."

That made me wonder if maybe Molly hadn't gone a little sour on the ocean herself.

"Let's go somewhere—to an auction, or anything," she suggested. "We can't spend all our time watching a lot of loose water sloshing about."

We didn't have to look far for an auction. We went into a place full of rugs, china and statues, not intending to buy a thing, but just for the entertainment. I must say that auctioneer was an A-1 salesman. Before we got out we'd bought a bronze statue of an elephant attacked by two ivory tigers, which we hardly needed, for our house is full of bric-a-brac as it is. Molly bought a dozen doilies with bluebirds on them, although she already has more doilies than any two women in Pellsburg. She paid twenty-seven-fifty for them, which seemed a lot for doilies to me; but she got bidding against a hard-faced dame who gave Molly a mean look every time Molly raised the bid a half dollar, so Molly made up her mind she was going to have those doilies willy-nilly.

Well, there was a baked potato with the roast beef at dinner, and I looked at the potato, then at Molly, then at the potato, and Molly said, "Go ahead, say it!"

But I didn't. Molly knew what I was thinking. Women get the knack of doing that after they've been married to you fifteen years or so.

We went out into one of the lounges, or drawing-rooms, or whatever they are, after dinner, and we felt sort of out of it. Nobody paid any attention to us. The other guests sat around like so many shad; so, I guess, did we. I began to get fidgety. Then somebody turned on the radio. They got a couple of New York stations—not bad, but nothing so very wonderful. Then the fellow twiddled the knob and I heard a bass voice that—would you believe it?—gave me a thrill. It was old Charlie Ball, and he was saying:

"This is Station WPMS—Purdy & Marx's Big Store, Pellsburg—More than an Institution—a Necessity."

He certainly showed up those big-city announcers. I looked at Molly. Her eyes were bright too.

"Stand by," said Charlie Ball, "and you will hear the Purdy-Marx Music Dispensers play Nobody's Sweeter Than My Sweetie Anita."

And maybe they didn't play it! It was as clear as a bell, and I tell you I wanted to get right up and say, "That's my town you're listening to!"

Then they switched the radio to Newark or some such place, and Molly and I went out to the boardwalk. We didn't even glance at the ocean. We were both pretty thoughtful as we walked along. We sort of automatically went into the auction again and got seats in the front row. Molly almost bought some more doilies, but this time the same hard-faced dame outbid her. I guess that woman must have been a regular doily-buying fool.

They put up a piano lamp with a mahogany post and purple fringe.

"Looks to me a lot like the ones they were selling at the Big Store for forty-nine-fifty," I whispered to Molly.

The bidding started at thirty, hopped to forty, then fifty. I could see Molly sort of twitching around in her seat and I knew that meant she was up to something. She bid fifty-two. From the back of the auction room a woman bid fifty-three. Her voice gave me a start. I seemed to know it; but I'd had so many false alarms since I left home I decided my ears were playing tricks on me. Molly came right back with "Fifty-four!" Molly is as sweet and gentle as most women ever are, but when she makes up her mind, you'd better look round for the nearest exit. "Fifty-five!" shouts the woman in the back of the auction room.

"Fifty-six!" counters Molly.

Well, it was give and take until finally the lamp was knocked down to Molly for sixty-seven seventy-five, and Molly turned round to toss a triumphant glare at her opponent.

Then I saw Molly give a little gasp, and she said, "Heavens above, Frank, it's Flo Cooper!"

I spun round, and sure enough it was. Standing beside her was Wallie. When he saw us his mouth dropped open and he got red. Then he grinned. The next thing we knew I was shaking his hand and he was shaking mine, and the girls were kissing each other like a couple of machine guns, and old Wallie was saying, "Well, well, well, you pair of rascals sure are a sight for sore eyes," and Molly was saying to Flo, "Dear, that blue georgette looks just too smart for words."

We all went out on the boardwalk, and Wallie said, "I see the sea is doing its stuff as per usual," and of course that got us laughing; and when Wallie pretended he was in what he called grand uproar and the waves were the audience, and sang something he called The Misery from Ill Stevedore, which went "Sacramento, Californio, Olive Oilio, Macaronio," we laughed so hard I thought they might put us off the boardwalk.

We didn't say a word about why we'd come to Atlantic City, and Flo and Wallie didn't say anything, either.

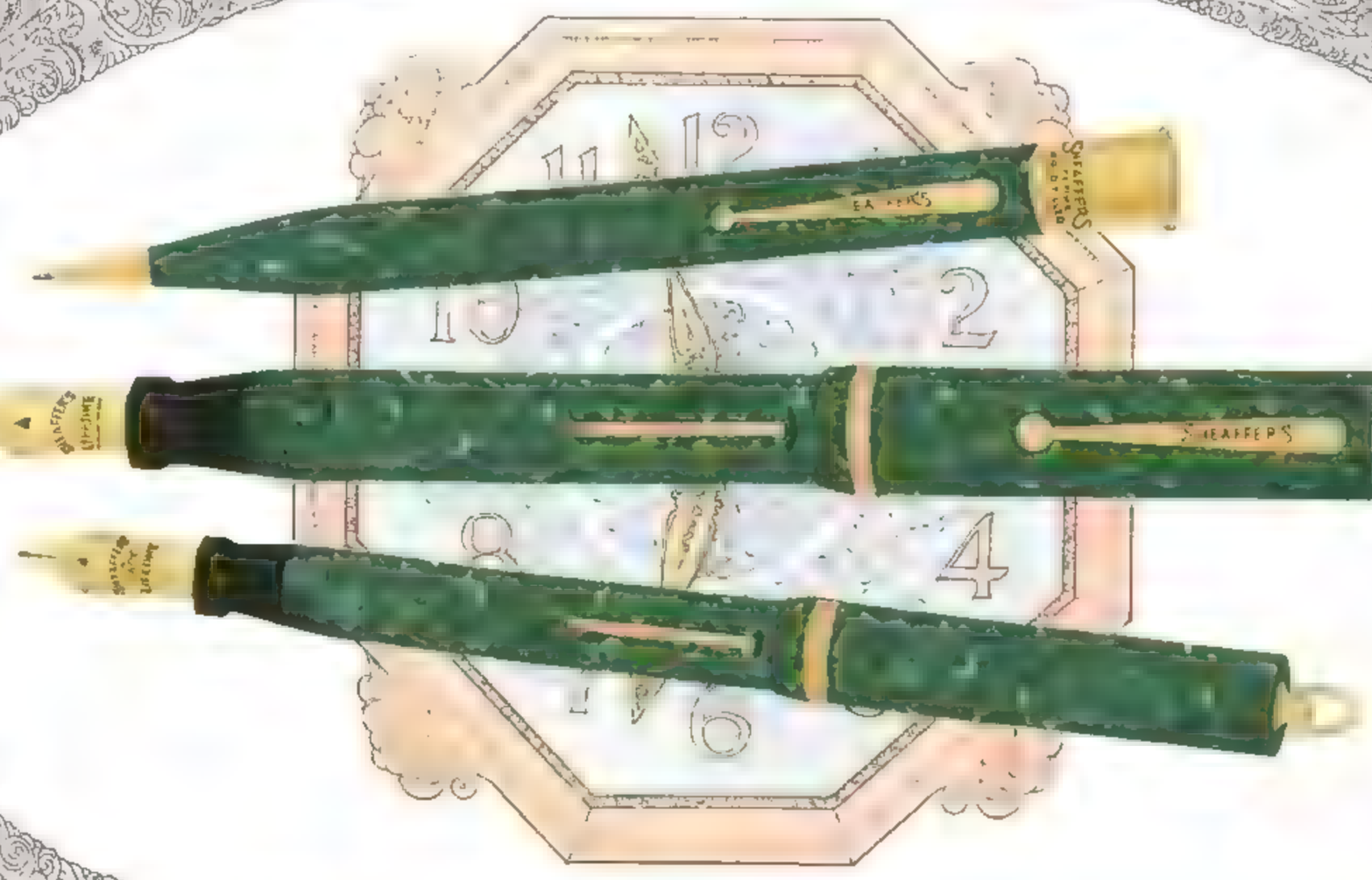
Wallie said, "Folks, could I, perchance, induce you gay gamboliers to shuffle the ole pasteboards?" Needless to say, Molly and I said yes.

By a funny coincidence, Wallie and Flo were stopping at the New Clarimore, right next door to our hotel, and they'd come down the same day we had. We went to our room in the New Grandleigh and played bridge. Molly and I won two dollars and forty cents, and we quit at eleven; and I had the bellhop, whose name was George, bring up some sandwiches and grape juice to our room; and then we sat around and kidded, and I wish I could remember some of the wise cracks Wallie pulled. He told a peach of a Scotch story—one of his best—about a moth opening its pocketbook and two Scotchmen flying out, and though I'd heard it before, the way Wallie told it had us in stitches. He imitated a locomotive, too, till the man in the next room pounded on the wall and hollered through the wall why in the hell didn't Wallie go to a roundhouse, and Wallie came right back and told the man to go home to the zoo, and Flo and Molly had to hush him up.

The Coopers went to their hotel at 11:30, and Wallie said, "Just wait, you bandits! R-r-r-revenge is sweet, and tomorrow the missus and I will cop your chemises."

But the joke was on them. We played bridge all the way back to Pellsburg on the train the next day, and Molly and I won a dollar-sixty. I put the cards away just as we turned the bend in the river and could see our new light, heat and power plant, and I don't mind admitting the sight gave me a kick.

In fairness to Wallie and Flo, I must say that they set us back four-fifteen the next night.



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THE FOX AND THE EGGS

Continued from Page 33

A moment later a surging mass of hounds were tumbling over one another among the Brussels sprouts in Mr. Hands' kitchen garden. Two whips were first to reach the spot. They were followed by the master and other members of the hunt.

"Shot, sir—shot to bits," said a whip, exhibiting the limp, bedraggled body.

Colonel Tighe brought his foot down with a crash on a cucumber frame.

"Thunder of heaven!" he cried. "These damned parvenus!"

Joy in his heart, Mr. Hands hurried from the house. He had seen from his window the splendid company—the best blood in the county gathered in his garden. The mercury of social ambition soared high. They should not be allowed to depart without refreshment. Lady Vale Alton would shake him by the hand. Thank heaven his port was reliable. There would be cherry brandy for the ladies. He hurried on, words of welcome ready on his lips.

"Welcome to the Yews," he said. "Welcome to the ——"

But something was wrong. Colonel Tighe was pointing at him with a whip.

"You dare to show your face after this contemptible murder?" he cried. "D'you know what we think of a man who does this kind of thing—what the whole county thinks of him?" He touched the dead fox with the toe of a riding boot.

Mr. Hands turned white and sick. "Gentlemen, I assure you—I swear ——"

"Riddled with shot, sir, and that's what you ought to be, sir, that's what you ought to be!"

And then for the first time since the Armistice, Captain Greville went over the top—over the top of two hedges to face inevitable annihilation.

"I shot that fox," he said—"shot it last night."

There was amazement. "You, Greville? But I thought you were a sportsman."

"Nevertheless I shot it—deliberately."

There was a pause. Then Tighe said very distinctly, "But gentlemen don't do such things."

"Then, sir, I can't afford to be a gentleman."

"And never were," said Mr. Hands stoutly. "And never was."

Someone murmured, "I can't understand."

"No," said Greville, "or forgive the sin of poverty."

"But, look here, old bird," drawled young Talbot-Chesser, from the Manneringe, "the hunt's glad to square losses you may sustain. It's barbarous blazin' away and destroyin' other people's simple pleasures."

"Then the hunt should answer letters as they get them," retorted Greville with emotion.

Mr. Hands touched the master on the sleeve.

"Talking of the hunt as if it were a business house!" he scoffed.

But favor is not so easy to curry. The master drew away his arm and scowled. Young Talbot-Chesser shook his head.

"Wasn't the action of a white man or a sahib," he said. "Not a sahib of my acquaintance would have done it."

"Nor," said Mr. Hands, "would they try to lay off the blame on a neighbor."

"Who has?" demanded Greville.

"You have. Wasn't the body found in my garden, where without a doubt you slung it?"

"That's a lie," said Greville. "Didn't I come here at once and take the responsibility? Is there a soul in this county who's likely to believe you'd ever be able to shoot—anything?"

"Out of my garden!" roared Hands. "Out before I turn you out!"

"Skrimshanker!" said Greville. "Pawky skrimshanker! Address another word to me or about me and I'll swing you by the nose."

"Come," said the master, addressing the onlookers. "We're out to hunt, not to take part in vulgar brawls." He turned to Greville. "You may have believed you were protecting your interests in murdering this fox, but I venture to doubt it. In the circumstances there will be no compensation from the hunt. . . . Let us get back to our horses."

"A glass of sloe gin before you go," suggested Mr. Hands urgently.

"Sloe gin be damned!" said the master.

That afternoon Captain Greville received a letter, by hand, from Lady Foundel. Lady Foundel, it said, would, in future, be obtaining her weekly supply of eggs from a new source, with compliments. Greville crumpled the note into a ball and pitched it on the ground. The messengers from Belmont Towers and Lyelands, who both collected three dozen a week, failed to put in an appearance. By the first post next morning came a batch of letters canceling regular orders. Captain Greville tore them into confetti.

"A freeze-out," he muttered, and somewhere at the back of his head the name Burton, Burton, dinned ironically.

There is no organization in the world so complete as that in which men and women combine to bring about the humiliation and destruction of one of their number who has transgressed a social law. The entire machinery of the county was set in motion to knock Greville out of business. Everywhere was apparent a conspiracy of great and small.

Mr. Hands, laboring under the mistaken belief that his own social success might haply spring from the confounding of Greville, plunged into the fray with an enthusiasm which had never distinguished his actions during the sterner warfare of seven years before. He was tireless. He put pen to paper and attacked Greville through the medium of the local newspaper.

"Our beautiful countryside," he wrote, "is being ruined by bungalows and hen coops—and who shall tell the one from the other?—and very unsporting gentlemen, so-called, who violate the best traditions of our noble race."

Followed, through a labyrinth of parenthesis, a full account of the destruction of the fox. No names were mentioned.

The letter made a stir all over the neighborhood. In the village pub, it was discussed nightly.

"Ther's no doubt as captain killed a vox, but voxes be there for killin'. They be no manner o' use otherways."

"Tes'n that, Polter, but tes unsportin' fer one man to kill a vox, a vox bein' reserved fer all they hounds and huntsmen fer to kill together, do ee see?" A complicated point—knotty.

Captain Greville faced adversity and ostracism like an officer and a gentleman. He walked the roads with his head held high. The country cut him in a variety of ways. Beal, the big grocer at the market town, was approached.

"You can hardly expect to keep our custom if you deal with a man of that character."

Beal scratched his head. Beal had been ready to take eggs from Greville up to any number.

"But you see how I stand, captain."

"I see," was the grim retort.

"Let's hope it will all blow over," he said.

Blow over!

At the Willingly Dairy Company the worm had been at work.

"Just for the present," they said.

A country fit for heroes—to starve in. Greville shut his teeth, but his patience was wearing thin. So concerned was he for the welfare of his son that he was quite unable to speak a civil word to the boy.

Now on Sundays it was the fashion among the inhabitants of Little Dole-Keynes to walk for an hour by the margin of the lake. A church parade—a custom honored by the observance of countless generations. The village dressed up for it and turned up en masse—even some of the county would attend.

It took all Greville's courage to button himself into his best serge suit and cut across the cinder track to the lake. He knew exactly what he might expect. But then he had known what to expect when he went over the top in the Battle of Hill 60 all those years before. Captain Greville was no coward.

He jammed his hands into his jacket pockets and set forth. Couples passed him by, little groups ignored him, men with whom he had been on friendly terms failed to reply to his greeting. The wind that blew over the lake's surface was a cold wind, yet it served to fan a flame of anger in Greville's breast. Not much longer would he stand it—not much longer. A little more and ——

Then he saw Hands—Hands had his back toward him and was saying, "He'll have to clear out. We don't want officers who're not gentlemen in this village."

Hands had chosen a bad moment. With a sudden yell, Greville was upon him with fingers that fastened upon his nose. Round and round went Hands—swung by the nose—round and round, then splash!

Only Mr. Hands' bowler remained on the path. Greville kicked it into the water after its owner. Then he marched back across the fields to Hill 60. He had burned his boats. The fat was in the fire. The rector sent a message expressing horror that the quiet dignities of a church parade should have been thus profaned. Greville's few remaining customers vanished and Mr. Hands applied for and was granted a summons against him for assault and battery.

Only one household still treated him as heretofore—the household of Amardis and her grandmother.

"I do not like quarrels," said the old lady, "especially when I am sandwiched between the quarrelers. But I do see that sometimes they can't be avoided. It is very clear, Captain Greville, that they mean to starve you out, and I only wish I could suggest a way you could prevent them. But, oh, dear me, I can think of nothing. Oh, while we're on the subject," she added, "could you spare me a hundred eggs or so to put in glass? They do get so expensive later on."

"No, I couldn't," said Greville gruffly, and then bent forward and kissed her impulsively. "You are a darling," he said with emotion, "and I s'pose I've acted like a fool."

"You have," said Amardis' grandmother, "but regretting it won't do any good."

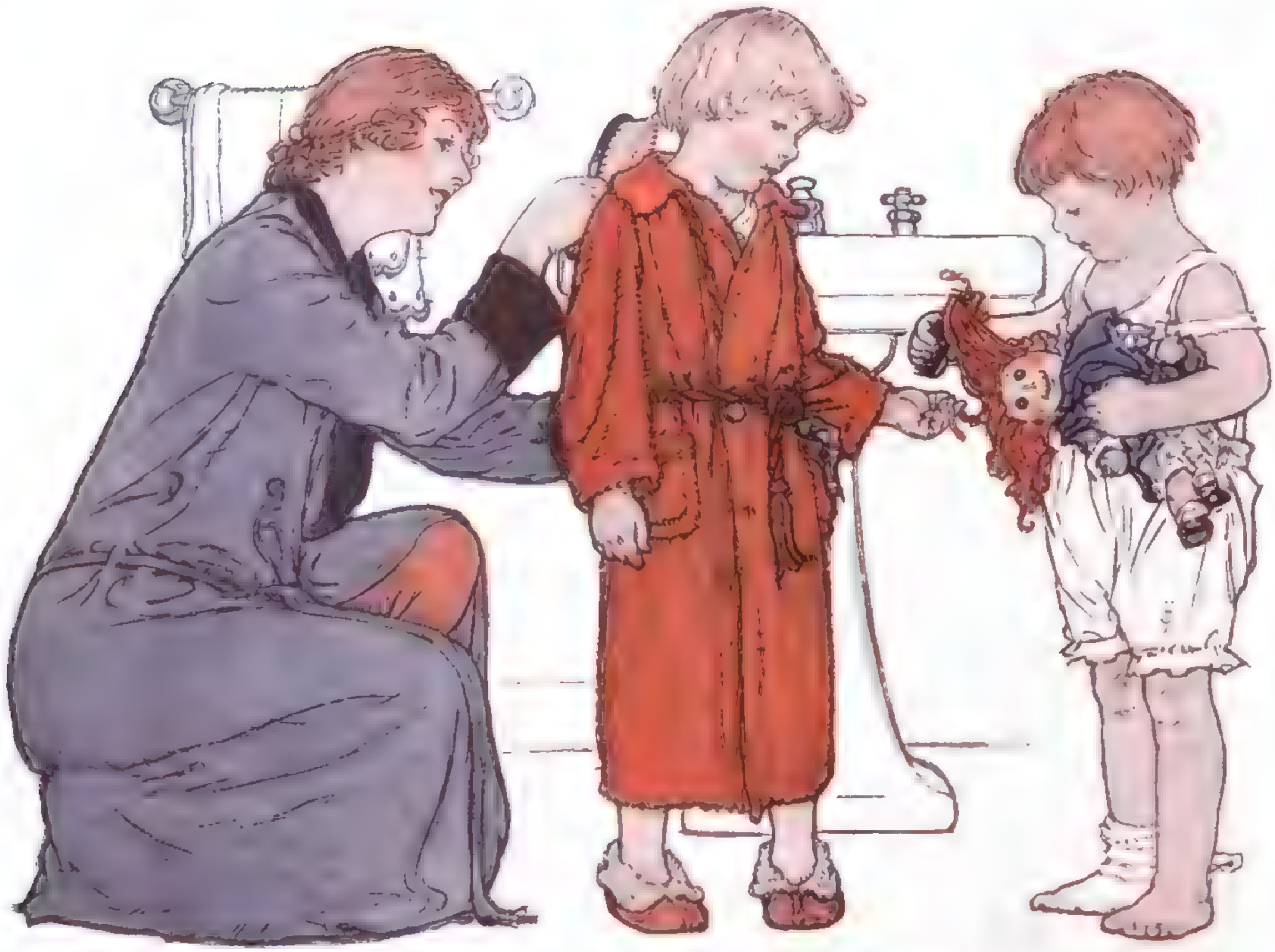
"Listen," said Greville, "I'm a small man and a failure at that. During the war I managed to put up a fairly good show, but since the war I've cracked. For my own sake, I don't care, but for the boy's sake I do care—terribly. Of course, I never ought to have shot the fox, I know that; and I dare say if I crawled round the county on all fours they might be willing to overlook it and give me a second chance. But I'm not made that way, Mrs. Mead. My boy may live to deride me as a man beaten by the world, but I'll be damned if he shall ever say I was a coward or a crawler. If I'm to be squeezed out of Little Dole-Keynes, I'll go with my flag flying and I'll make the whole village dance to my tune before that happens. The name of Greville shall be remembered in Little Dole-Keynes long after its owner's failure has been forgotten."

"Brave words," said Amardis' grandmother.

"Watch 'em come true," said Greville grimly.

That night he spoke to Michael for the first time for many days.

Continued on Page 196



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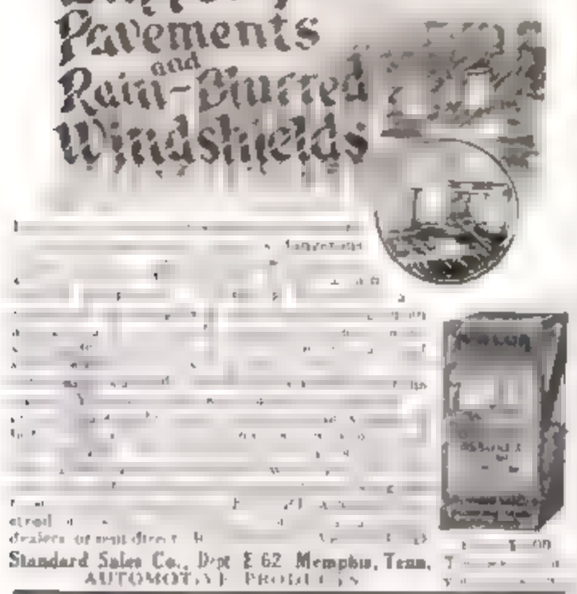

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(Continued from Page 194)

"Mike, old man, we're up against it. Eggs are piling up—customers have vanished."

"Awfully sorry," said the boy.

"Don't be! In the old days I was at my best when I was up against it. We'll see how the old principle stands. I want you to get together half a dozen stout lads to meet me in the market place at noon tomorrow—the kind of lad who can chuck a cricket ball."

"Easy stuff, guv; but what's the idea?"

"We're going to deliver a few eggs free of charge. We're going to make our presence felt."

"What, chuck 'em about?" said Michael, in dismay.

"Exactly. It ought to be rather fun."

It would be fun were it not for the tragedy lurking behind it.

"You don't mean it, guv!"

"Yes, I do. Noon tomorrow. I'll bring the ammunition."

Five minutes later, Michael was whispering through the hedge to Amardis.

"My old man's gone off his rocker," said he.

But Amardis shook her head.

"No, he hasn't—he hasn't a bit—and please I can chuck?"

Next day Michael and his forces awaited the arrival of the ammunition wagon. There were the two Poulter boys, Amardis, young Peak Billing, the village fast bowler, Syd Mason and Wally Wall.

Michael had fallen them in beside the sheep pens, sized them, numbered them off from the right and addressed a few heartening words on the subject of discipline.

"Stand at ease—stand easy," he concluded.

Captain Greville, dressed in an old British warm, came up the hill pushing a handcart laden with open cases of eggs and empty baskets.

"Company, 'shun!" roared Michael as Greville came to a standstill and took the salute.

"One full basket to each man," he said. "Take your time from me and don't start bombing until the whistle goes. Remember to keep touch and look out for attacks from the rear. Quick march!"

He halted his troops fifteen yards from the auctioneer's rostrum. Behind them was a wall, before them a double line of open pens, variously filled with sheep, pigs and cattle. The sale was due to begin in a few minutes and already farmers, villagers and ladies and gentlemen of quality were drifting away from the ribbon and fruit stalls and other attractions of the market place.

Mr. Sarum, of Sarum, Hate & Spendit, auctioneers, emerged from the Green Man, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand, and he mounted the steps of the rostrum and picking up a small hand bell rang it.

"Gentlemen, the sale commences."

"Now!" cried Greville.

The first volley of range finders described an arc over Mr. Sarum's head and splashed on the cobbles between himself and the nearest of his clients. There was a gasp of astonishment and a move backward.

"What's on—what's the game?" someone cried.

"Put 'em in steadily," Greville commanded, "a creeping barrage, boys! A yard at a time!"

Swish—flop! went the eggs.

"Hi, stop that—stop it!" shrilled Mr. Sarum, and ducked as another clutch whizzed by.

"Up a bit!"

Eggs were falling in a steady stream between the rostrum and the prospective buyers. The front rank had fallen back three or four yards, but a press of spectators, hurrying from a distance to see what was happening, impeded the retreat.

Within two minutes nearly every soul in Little Dole-Keynes was crowded into a narrow compass before the auctioneer. Those in front were pressing back and those at the back pressed forward.

"Rush 'em!" cried a voice. "Rush the boundersl Get behind 'em!"

Captain Greville held up his hand.

"No one to move!" he said. "Listen to me! For the past ten days I have been tyrannized because in defense of my property I shot a fox. For that crime—and I admit it was a crime—I am to be denied the right to earn a living. Well and good. But if I am not to live, then no business shall be done at Little Dole-Keynes this day. I wish no harm to anyone and no one will come to harm who obeys orders. When I give the word of command you will all face the other way and march in close formation to the crossroads. From there you will break up and go quietly to your homes."

From the middle of the crowd a voice was lifted—the voice of Mr. Hands.

"Are we going to allow ourselves to be dictated to by a creature like that?" he cried. "Into the duck pond with him!"

For one moment it looked as though a rush would be made. But Captain Greville was swift to act.

"Double doses, boys!" he cried. "Bracket the whole crowd—box 'em in, fore and aft!"

A hail of eggs fell before, behind and on both flanks of the crowd.

"Wedge 'em up tight, boys! Shorten on your back line! Pitch 'em high!"

In face of this brilliant bracketing the crowd was squared into a compact perspiring wedge. Your countryman does not like to have his market broadcloth splashed with yolk and albumen, and there were ladies and gentlemen and persons of quality in the crowd who had their dignity to consider.

Young Talbot-Chesser was there and he gave it out that in his opinion, at least, Greville was a sportsman.

"Give me a joker who takes his troubles standing up," said he.

It was at that moment the cinema operator appeared upon the scene. Now the cinema operator had no ulterior motive in coming to Little Dole-Keynes. He was there simply and solely to take Spreading Chestnuts, Ye Olde Hostelrie and portraits of ducks. He had not a notion of the scoop that awaited him. In a second he realized that something unfamiliar was toward. Grasping his machine, he leaped from the car and squeezing between a couple of Frisian heifers ranged himself on the side of Captain Greville.

"What's on?" he demanded breathlessly. "What's on?"

"Keep that back-line stuff higher!" roared Greville.

"Is it a joke?"

"Joke? No! . . . Now the whole lot of you, about turn!"

"Not yet," screamed the cinema operator, shaking out the legs of the tripod and grasping the handle of the machine. "I'll give you a hundred pounds to keep 'em as they are."

Greville started and cocked his head sideways.

"Is that a bet?"

"A bet? Lord, yes! You shall have anything!"

"Face this way!" Greville ordered.

The camera whirred and the temper of the crowd began to crack. The back line swayed outward and broke, half a dozen villagers scuttled for safety. The rest surged forward, checked by a veritable curtain fire of falling eggs.

Then someone threw a tomato. It was aimed at the camera, for your simple Englishman does not like to be perpetuated in his folly; but passion rendered the aim untrue. The tomato struck Greville full in the face. A shout was lifted.

"At 'em, boys!"

In that instant Captain Greville both saw and looked red.

"Bomb 'em out!" he shrieked, and raised the old school battle cry, "Up, Burton! Up, Burton!"

And then the mix-up began. The line of pens stretching between aggressors and aggressed held up the advance like a barricade of barbed wire. As some of the bolder spirits vaulted the low rails of the pens, Peak Billing, fast bowler of the village team, sniped them off at close range. The sound of eggs breaking on bare foreheads was music in his ears for months afterward.

Amardis kept saying, "If you won't buy eggs, have them for nothing—have them for nothing!" Her marksmanship was phenomenal. She was no ordinary girl.

The square had broken now. Men were running in all directions; some for safety, others to skirt round the pens and attack from the flanks.

Something hit the wall behind Greville with a dull thud—a potato. It was followed by another and another. A vegetable stall had been broached and already eager hands were rushing it up to the front line. The air whistled with the sound of heavy stuff falling.

A green apple struck Wally Wall in the pit of the stomach and doubled him up.

"To the forge!" cried Greville. "Follow me, my lads!"

Headed by the cinema operator, they fled. They were not a second too soon. The last of the gallant band had barely darted into the open shelter of the forge before an armed host was upon them. Greville jammed the egg barrow across the open doorway and shouted an order to "Keep low and reserve fire!" Potatoes, apples and pears thundered on the low roof. A few penetrated the narrow opening and set up a jangle among the blacksmith's tools. Tiles came clattering down.

There were cries, shouts and a purr from the camera.

The attackers were out of hand now—hysterical, half angry and half crazy with the fantastic joke of it. They expended ammunition with lavish prodigality. In another minute the vegetable barrow was denuded. And then it was that Greville proved himself a master of strategy. As his enemies looked helplessly about them for something else to throw, he called upon his troops to attack.

"Up, Burton!" they cried, but knew not why.

Never before had there been such a mess in the village of Little Dole-Keynes. The few who had the courage to stand their ground and offer resistance were pelted from head to foot and fled before the assault like animated omelets. The advance carried all before it. Ten minutes later Captain Greville and his scarlet and perspiring band of heroes were masters of the market place. With the exception of Wally Wall, there had been no casualty, but Wally Wall was used to the effects of green apples in the stomach and had already recovered.

The cinema operator wiped the laughter out of his eyes.

"The most terrific piece of local news ever screened," he gurgled. "For the Lord's sake, what's it all mean?"

"It means," Greville replied, without a vestige of humor, "that I shot a fox—and when are you going to give me that hundred pounds?"

"I'll phone my directors to post it tonight. But, my dear sir, does the show end here?"

Greville nodded.

"It ends," he said. "Except that this afternoon I shall be delivering all the eggs that my old customers have refused to take from me during the past ten days."

"What time?"

"About half past three."

"Another fifty if I can come with you."

"Done!" said Greville.

The cinema operator rushed to the local post office and put through a call to his firm. He also spoke to Keeley, of the Universal Press Bureau, Fleet Street, E. C.

"I'll come myself," said Keeley.

Greville's eyebrows went up when at three o'clock that afternoon, a fine limousine as well as the cinema operator's car drew up before Hill 60. A very prosperous-looking individual stepped from the car and introduced himself.

"Keeley, of the Universal Press Bureau, Captain Greville. Mind if I come round with you this afternoon?"

(Continued on Page 198)

40-40-20 is the Registered Trade Mark of The New Jersey Zinc Company for an outside paint. This paint is made according to the formula of The New Jersey Zinc Company by sixty-one paint manufacturers. It is made in paste form, specially for master painters, and is also made by some manufacturers as a ready mixed paint in many shades and tints.

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THE NEW THERMOID LISTS bring welcome news to the motorist, because they reduce the car owner's list price of Thermoid Hydraulic Compressed — the All-Weather Brake Lining — by 37%; and reduce the car owner's list price on Thermoid Interwoven by 50%. They enable the Thermoid Service Station or Garage to give the motorist an unquestionably superior lining at a much lower cost than the list price of even the most inferior lining.

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The All-Weather Brake Lining

"For Short Stops and Long Service"

(Continued from Page 196)

"'Fraid you'll find it rather dull," said Greville.

"I doubt that, unless our friend of the flickers is a liar."

"Come if you like."

Greville seemed strangely unmoved. He began to fill his barrow with parcels of eggs.

"How about using my car?" Keeley suggested.

"Would save time."

The eggs were put in the back seat and the journey began.

"That's the first place," said Greville, pointing at a house standing near the road, "but don't bother to stop."

Through the open window and over the hedge he slung a parcel containing two dozen eggs. They went wallop on the gravel.

"Hi! Wait a bit!" said the cinema operator. "I can't get that, old man. You must give me a bit of notice."

"There are plenty more," said Greville gloomily.

At the other houses the cinema operator popped out first and got his shot.

The expedition finished up at the Willingly Dairy Company with a matter of five dozen tumbled haphazard onto the pavement.

"That's the last," said Greville. They returned in silence to Hill 60.

"And now," said Keeley, "may I have the story—in detail?"

Greville explained in short sentences, like an official communique in the Great War. Keeley scratched his chin.

"Think you could write it as you told it to me?"

"Why not?" said Greville.

"Then suppose I stop here until you have. It 'ud be worth one-five-o to me."

Greville took out some sheets of paper. He bit his pen uncomfortably.

"S'pose I'm acting like a cad to make profit out of this; but my boy—I did want him to go to a decent school."

Keeley said nothing. He knew the value of silence. He lit a pipe and strolled outside and talked to Amardis and Sally, who was lying in the middle of the road, which was her place.

"It's no ain to be poor," Amardis told him.

"But why did he chuck all the eggs about?"

"Pride," said Amardis, "and being ashamed about that fox."

Later in the evening Keeley read what Greville had written.

"You have amazing simplicity of style," said he, "and I like the way you've put yourself in the wrong all through this—there's something oddly decent about it." Greville flushed, but said nothing. "I wonder you don't do a bit of journalism on the side. I could take yards of this kind of stuff. You'd earn—what?—four hundred a year easily."

Greville sat up, and suddenly he wanted to cry. In all the big daily papers next morning was a story called The Fox and the Eggs.

The county said, "If that infernal beggar has ——"

But in reading the story they found that he had not.

Colonel Tighe had a horse saddled and rode down to Hill 60.

"We old traditionals are a bit apt to overlook the other fellow's troubles and difficulties," he said. "You had a chance to show us up and didn't take it. Let's shake hands." They did. "Care for a day at the pheasants Friday week? Pretty good shot, aren't you?" He hastened to add, "Look here, didn't mean it that way."

Greville laughed.

"Love to have done, but I'm packing my boy off to Burton that day and you know what it is—one likes to go down and see the old school."

"'Nother time then?"

"'Nother time, sir"

Greville walked round the corner and presented himself to Mr. Hands.

"I'm not trying to dodge that summons, Hands," said he, "but I'm sorry I pulled your nose." Hands didn't know which way to take it.

Greville went on: "Thought as our boys'll be at school together and we being neighbors—pity if their fathers ——"

The old cleaner became less dry than ever before. He shot out a hand.

"Neighbors it is," said he, "and it's a mighty fine school our boys have gone to."

"You're talking sense," said Captain Greville sturdily.

They Met in the Twilight

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BEYOND

(Continued from Page 9

dollar, on top of your surprise, your head's worse, it ain't better. Say, you don't like Mrs. Cole and your father either. Do you begin to see what I mean? Do you get anything?"

"No," Jefferson replied, "I don't. There ain't anything in what you said to get."

"Going to Europe didn't help you much," Marble asserted. "But I'll tell you. Leave this to me. Will you do that? Will you do what I tell you for a little?"

"It depends on what you tell me."

William Marble grasped Jefferson by the arm. "Come home to my boarding house and stay in my room. Don't let a person see you. We can do that because I'm going to marry Mrs. Statz's daughter, Valeria. Valeria can bring you up your meals. And I'll see Mr. Cole. I'll say to him what would it be like if you came back unexpected from the beyond? I'll say what would it be like, but mean how much would it be worth if you didn't. I wouldn't be surprised if we lifted a couple of thousand. A thousand for you and a thousand for me."

"I'm lucky you offered me half," Jefferson Cole retorted. "You might have wanted me to do it for nothing. Stay in a room in a boarding house and eat boarding-house food, when what I need most is air and light dishes. I don't see where you come in it anyhow."

"It was my idea is how. You can't get along without me."

But Jefferson, it was evident, wasn't convinced of that.

"I could send them a letter," he pointed out.

"Yes, and by that time it might be old news to them." On this Marble rested.

Jefferson's forehead was cut into a frowning concentration of thought. Suddenly he grasped Marble's implication. "You'd tell them!"

"I might just forget and speak of it," William admitted. "It would be too bad."

"What if I warned you not to trifle with me?" Cole's long cheeks were touched with red. "I've been to war, remember. That's a hard experience and makes hard men. You get reckless. Like as if you were used to killing. Don't think nothing of it. Let me tell you that you don't want to interfere with me."

"I've beat you up before and I can again," said William. "No war was ever shot that could make you hard. It was liberal to offer you half. I'll have to keep you and see you and feed you. But what's the use of us quarreling? We'll just end by spoiling everything. I need you and you need me and we will do this together. It ought to be easy."

"Well, you'll have to watch pa," Jefferson proceeded. "He's awful tricky. I wouldn't put it over him to get rid of both of us. And how will we go out home? Someone's certain to see us."

"It's dark now," Marble replied. "And we won't take the train; we'll ride in a taxicab."

The parlor of Mrs. Statz's boarding house held Mrs. Statz, her daughter Valeria and William Marble. The elder woman was plainly interested in what he had to say. Valeria was examining her highly pink and burnished finger nails. She was pretty.

"I never liked her anyway," Mrs. Statz admitted. "Pretending she was a medium and could talk with the dead. For one I'd like to see her exposed. I told her right on the street. I said: 'Mrs. Cole, if you can get Mr. Statz to speak with me I'll give you a hundred dollars.' It would be worth that to tell him what I thought of the way he left me off. The business as hollow as his words, and not that I don't know where it went, with that manufactured blonde behind the counter. I asked her where did she get that beaver coat and her working for twenty-eight dollars the week. She had the nerve to tell me it was nothing but dyed muskrat. Taking it I didn't know beaver, with the sheen it has. It was on my tongue to say there was a dyed rat around, but it wasn't no coat."

"She was smarter than you. That was all," Valeria observed in a dragging voice.

"Them that call it smart can call it smart," her mother declared. "I could put another name to it. I don't want no more of that out of you, either. Now you're going to be married to Mr. Marble, there's no stopping you. After all, I can't see what he's the president of."

"Let's go back to what we're here for," William Marble hastily put in.

His landlady gave no heed to him. "But I suppose you are lucky to get a husband, with what you're like. Money no better than water. You lied to me about what that hat cost too. Eight dollars you said, when it was thirty if it was a cent. The beaver coat all over again. . . . And so I said to her, 'Just you let me speak to Mr. Statz. It won't take long what I've got to say. I'd ask him about fur coats and gold hair. Leaving me to keep a boarding house.'"

"With you around," Valeria said—"with you around and words were dollars, we could pay three hundred for a hat and never notice it."

William Marble put in firmly, "He don't have to stay in my room but a short while and Valeria can tend to him. I told Jefferson we could get two thousand dollars, but it would be more than that—perhaps four. We needn't say anything about the difference. I guess we can use it. Then, Valeria, we would be married and have a nice trip. Mrs. Statz could put a sum away too."

"What about his meals?" Mrs. Statz asked. "With him a returned soldier, his eating would be considerable. Money promised is all right, but food is on the table. If I didn't watch those little things I'd be in the street in a month."

"I'll pay for him," William agreed. "People don't have vision."

"Lord, ma," Valeria added, "you're close."

"Well, you ain't. If it's any news to you."

Valeria turned to William Marble. "I don't mind, William," she agreed. "I'll take his meals up. I'd kind of like to see Mr. Cole, with the war and what he'd have to tell and all."

"You won't, not really," he said quickly. "Jefferson wouldn't impress you. He was probably took a prisoner right away and didn't see a thing. A soldier is hardly any better than a sailor too. Unreliable. You better just slip a tray in the door so there will be no sound of talking. If it was found out he was alive it would be all over." Mrs. Statz advised him—William Marble—to tell her. The meals carried up to Mr. Marble's room, she proceeded, would be a dollar.

With Valeria seated on the bed, an unheeded dinner tray beside her, Jefferson Cole strode up and down the room talking to the waving of his arms.

"There we were," he proceeded, "what was left of us. Just a handful, you might say. The hill led right down to the canal, without any cover, and beyond the canal was all them bushes. You couldn't tell what. 'Well,' I said, 'we can't stay here. We ought to advance, and advance we will.' With that we went forward and the bushes and all, and plunged right in up to our belts, and then we saw the bushes was thick with machine guns. We were caught. They all started firing and the bullets went over our heads solid. They cut the light. But we were so low they couldn't get a range on us. So they waited, with us in the canal, and we couldn't go forward or back—and the water like ice water.

"After an hour a fellow by me sunk out of sight. Like you'd open and shut your hand. Another went crazy and charged right up the bank alone a-waving his pistol

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The lead was so thick it throwed him right back into the water. And then the sergeant got hit. 'Drag me out,' Jefferson, he told me, 'it's all over.' 'I'll do it, sergeant.' And I carried him back. 'There's a little girl at home, Jefferson,' he went on. 'Say to her to keep a stiff upper lip. War's hell and I did my duty. I'll depend on you to find her, and maybe you could give her some comfort, on a porch and roses climbing over it I'll never see again.' But I doubt if I'll look for her. The fact is I've lost her address, written by the sergeant with his blood. I couldn't comfort her, for the reason my heart wouldn't be in it. My heart is somewhere else."

"What do you mean; I mean about your heart?" Valeria asked.

Standing above her Jefferson Cole replied that he couldn't answer. "I can't as a soldier," he went on, "with my friend not here—trusting me. No, I've got to carry my unhappiness away. Take it to some far place; and maybe in time, when it's all a memory, I'll come back and see where she was. But I wouldn't want to meet her. Never again. The pain would be too sharp."

"Men make me tired," Valeria asserted; "the way they dispose of a girl. As if she hadn't a say of her own. The one who thinks he has me might be wrong. Nothing is done until it's done. You can't see all the world and everybody in it at once. I guess there's such things as mistakes."

"Don't talk like that," Jefferson begged her. He sat beside her. "I can't be strong always."

Valeria muttered that no one asked him to be. "I'll tell you this of William, if you want to know it. He's going to ask Mr. Cole for four thousand dollars and not mention it to you. I thought you ought to find out, with what you've been through."

"Thank you, Valeria." He slipped an arm about her slender waist. "I'll say it hurts a friend and a soldier to learn what treachery is in life. You don't want to believe it." He kissed her. Valeria produced her handkerchief and rubbed his lips hard. He kissed her again.

"You'll have to get the lipstick off yourself," she informed him, repairing the damaged color of her own mouth. "As soon as I heard of you," she proceeded, "I had a feeling about us. Something important. It couldn't be struggled against. When I first saw you I knew we would kiss each other. I could see you wanted to, and wondered why you didn't."

"Honor," Jefferson explained briefly.

The door opened sharply and William Marble entered. He gazed gloomily at Valeria and at the tray and at Cole. "I suppose you've been talking so loud everybody in the neighborhood knows you're here," he addressed Jefferson.

"We've hardly passed a word," Valeria told him coldly. "I was just up the stairs before you." Marble answered that her mother had said different. "According to her it was most of an hour ago."

Valeria accused him of snooping. "You can't snoop after me," she warned him. "Asking where I've been and how long." He touched the coffee cup on the tray.

"Well, anyhow"—he defended his position—"that's iced coffee you brought up or it ain't."

"I like it cold," Jefferson explained. "I asked for it that way."

"I'm surprised. With your delicate stomach," William returned, "it's bad for you."

"Don't pay no attention to him, Mr. Cole," Valeria Statz advised him. "I'm getting awful tired of his ways myself. I'll tell you what's the matter with William: He's jealous of the war. It's so romantic and being in a German prison."

Marble asked, "Where did you say that prison was, Jefferson?"

Jefferson Cole promptly answered, "Hamburg."

"And onions," William added disagreeably.

Valeria rose. "That is too much!" she exclaimed. "I wouldn't be surprised if Mr. Cole shot right at you. And I can tell you this, speaking for myself, from now on I'm done. Your disposition is too nasty. I couldn't live with it for a month. Take notice I don't have to return your ring either. Not under the circumstances." She turned again to Cole. "The circumstances being I never had one. He said he was saving for the marriage. I'll give him this: The next time he gets engaged he don't want to save for what might never happen. A girl when she's young don't want to be thinking of washing machines and umbrellas. Let it rain. That's another time."

"You broke all hell loose, you did," Marble said heatedly to Jefferson. Valeria Statz had abruptly left the room. "If Valeria means what she said and I find you have been undermining me, I'll knock your head off. I'll fix you so you can't be reached by no medium. Sitting up here and talking to her about the war! I'll bet you never saw the inside of a prison, and I suppose you told her the story about the canal and bushes and machine guns and the corporal. I've heard it three times now, and once it was a captain and once it was a corporal and once a lieutenant. If I asked her, she'd probably say you called him a sergeant."

"Forget it," Jefferson Cole advised him. "Forget it. Girls are always interested in fighting and uniforms, but it ain't serious with them. Miss Statz likes to hear me now, but when I'm gone I'll be forgotten in a week."

"Forgotten or not forgotten, you'll be gone. That part you're right about. I don't want to listen to any more about Valeria. I'm going to see your father tonight and then it will be over. You'll have your thousand and I'll have mine, and there will be nothing else to it."

"I kind of had an idea you thought you could get more than just two thousand," Jefferson said. "Perhaps four. I tell you what you better do. Bring a note to me mentioning what sum was give you. I know the old smear's hand, and something like that would be a good idea."

"He'd never do it," Marble declared. "He'd never put it in writing. It would be insane. The best I can do is get the money. What put this in your head?"

"Everything," Jefferson told him largely. He was devoting himself to the tray. "Tell them downstairs I can't eat mutton fat."

"Now let's get this straight," Richmond Cole proceeded. "You say Jefferson might perhaps be around, having come back from the war. Turn up here any day. Is that it?"

"It's like that," William Marble admitted. He was sitting in the Cole parlor with Richmond and Lily Cole. He wished that he wasn't. William was decidedly uneasy about the whole business. He wished bitterly that he had never thought of making money out of Jefferson. The truth was that Mr. Cole had a nasty look to him.

Lily Cole said to her husband, "He's just a blackmailer; that's what he is. Jefferson's dead and we know it. We can prove it from the papers the Government sent us."

"You don't know Jefferson like I do," Cole returned. "I never took no faith in the heroic-soldier idea and Jefferson. This is more his style. But you're right about the blackmail, Lily." He returned to Marble. "Well, suppose it would be inconvenient for Jefferson to appear for a little. Suppose it would suit us to have you hold him off. Mind, I ain't saying it would And I'd have to see him before I and you could get together. I wouldn't be such a fool as to do anything before then."

"That's reasonable," William agreed, "and yet it can't be done. It's too much of a chance. Nobody could be sure of Jefferson. I'll tell you what. You give me a piece of paper with marks or writing on it and I'll bring it back with a message from him. That's the best I can do."

"Then he's where you can reach him," Cole replied quickly.

"Maybe," Marble answered. "Perhaps." It was clear that he had made a mistake. *(Continued on Page 205)*

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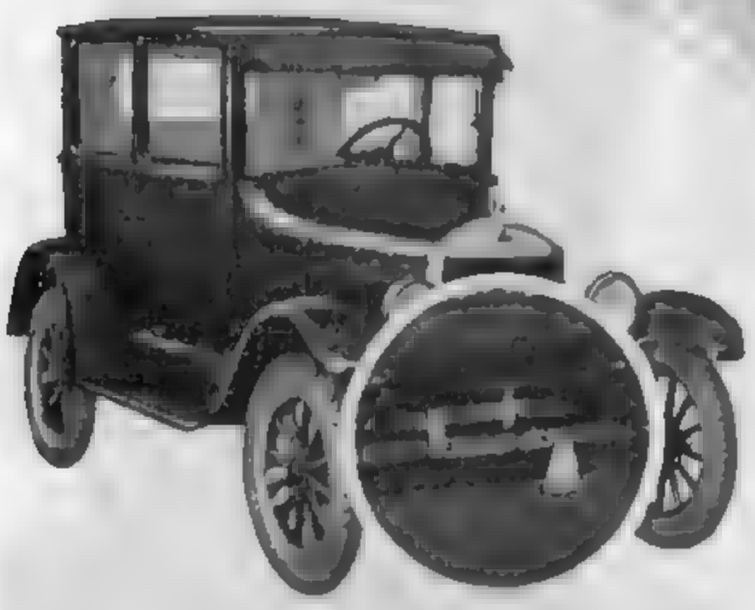

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(Continued from Page 202)

"What's to keep us from moving out of here?" Mrs. Cole asked. "We could leave this all flat."

"Not till Jefferson was flat," Cole replied, "at last." Marble didn't like his tone at all. "We'd always be bothered by the chance of his turning up, and then, you might put it, we would lose our stock in trade—that is, Jefferson. It's all known around here. We've built this thing right up. Anywhere else we wouldn't be one-two-three. No, it's got to be met. Don't worry, Lily, we'll meet it. I've got an idea now. Here it is: Suppose," he said to William Marble—"suppose we all go into this together. I mean have Jefferson answer for himself. I can take care of who's doing it now. That couldn't last forever. Jefferson wouldn't stay hid that long, but we can collect big for a while. How does that sound to you?"

Marble didn't know. He couldn't think that quick. He'd have to say later. "And if you start to follow me, to snoop around"—he borrowed Valeria's term—"it will be over. I'll can it good."

"I'd like to can you," Cole admitted briefly.

"It's Jefferson I'm down on," his wife asserted. "Him coming back like this. It's dirty practice. I could send him over myself with the chance. Breaking into a body's occupation." Her face, William thought, resembled the mutton fat of Jefferson's complaint.

"Or I'll tell you what," Cole added. "I'll give you one thousand dollars if you bring Jefferson to meet me tonight." His long thin fingers were engaged in a soft tapping on the arm of his chair.

"No, sir. I won't. Not for a million," Marble declared. "Something might happen to him." Insinuations of death seemed to eddy coldly around him.

"Then there you are. I can't get a guaranty from you that Jefferson wouldn't want something more every day."

William Marble rose. "I can guarantee this, though, if something's not stirring you'll have him back the day after tomorrow, about noon. He don't seem to show any more love for you than you do for him."

"Think over my suggestion," Richmond advised him. "It's pretty good and we could prorate the money between us."

"I'd rather have it down," William insisted. "I'm going to need some right away."

"You're a fool," Mrs. Statz told her daughter. "I haven't a particle of patience with you." Valeria advised her to keep her eyebrows on. "Here you got Mr. Marble," her mother continued. "As I said before, he ain't a magnate, but he's better than nothing. You can't stay around here like you're doing. If he gets along, that's all right, and if he don't it's all right too. You can leave him. The thing is he'll up and leave you. Then I wouldn't mention what might happen. You need a keel under you and I'm surprised you even think of Jefferson Cole. The war won't help you, and look at his people. A medium and a shady character. And Jefferson will take you right home. There's no get up to him."

"I'm tired of William Marble, and Jefferson interests me," Valeria replied. "He's so romantic in hiding and all. I'm sick of boarding houses and subways and the store. It wouldn't be a bit better in what William could get for me. A little house in a row, with one tin roof to the whole side of the street. I'm sick of just being alive. Jefferson wants to take me to California. He says I could get in moving pictures the day we landed ——"

"And him laying back letting you support him," Mrs. Statz interrupted her.

"Real estate," Valeria answered. "That's what he'd do. Jefferson says in a year we'd be rich. If we weren't, I wouldn't be any worse off -not than this. William's not a lot of help to a girl's ambition. All you want's to get me off your hands. If I had a chance I'd go out and get drunk. I could forget the boarders anyway."

"You are mesmerized," Mrs. Statz pronounced. "Jefferson Cole done it with his talk. It was a dark day when William brought him here."

"Night," Valeria corrected her—"a dark night."

"He was a worse fool than you are," the elder declared acidulously. "I don't know what gets into men—I don't really. Bringing a fellow back from war and prisons and throwing him with his girl. Suicide." They were seated in a lower room, and William Marble walked abruptly in. Mrs. Statz sniffed sharply and Valeria gazed at the wan pattern of the carpet.

"Hullo," he said—"hullo, Mrs. Statz." He dropped into a chair somberly.

"You done a good day's work," Mrs. Statz told him satirically. "Spoiled your own chances and Valeria as well."

"Oh, I guess not," he replied. "Not if you mean Jefferson. If he gets in my way, there are twenty things I can do with him. I'm only using him for a day or two, Mrs. Statz, that's all. He better not interfere with me or get fresh with Valeria."

She laughed. "Ask Valeria about that." It wasn't the time to ask Valeria anything, Marble informed her. There were troubles closer at hand.

"If you think I'm of no account, maybe it's just as well for you," Valeria said. "If that's what you had on your mind, don't let it keep you awake."

"And don't let Jefferson Cole upset you either," he retorted. "He's nothing but a pawn. There's no reality to him. A pawn," he repeated, pleased with the term. "When I'm done with him there won't be a Jefferson Cole. He'll disappear. Jefferson will turn back into a ghost, that's what he'll do."

"Indeed!" Valeria exclaimed. "Indeed! That is interesting. He is going to disappear, but not quite like you think. Not alone. I'm surprised at the nerve of you, and I'd advise you not to let him hear you talking like this. He told me only a little back he had a hard time restraining himself from you. He said he couldn't be patient much longer."

"I'll go up and see to him," William Marble announced. "What's hanging over his head is due to drop."

A very quiet-appearing man with a thin high voice was talking to Richmond Cole. "He was there all right," he said. "It was just like you thought that Marble was keeping him hid in his room at the boarding house. He was there," he repeated with a peculiar intonation.

"Do you mean he's gone?" Cole demanded excitedly. "Are you sitting there to tell me Jefferson got away from you?"

"It was the crowd. There was quite a gathering. I hadn't reached the house when the front door bursted open and Jefferson come down the steps—mostly on his head. But he had been considerable beaten up by then. There was two black eyes to him and his nose was bleeding free. I didn't want to be conspicuous, with the police gathered, and he got off from everybody when I was trimming around."

"Then that's all there is to this," Cole declared. "We're through here. And just as it was getting good." It was hot in the Cole parlor and the mild-looking individual unfastened his coat. Strapped high and close to his body were two flat automatic pistols. "God knows why you carry all that iron Sims," Cole observed.

Sims replied that it was a fancy of his. "I like the feeling of so much with me," he proceeded. "I was thinking, with that crowd about the steps this afternoon, I could step back a piece and kill near everyone. Pull and shoot would be all. I could hear the racket in my brain and see them down on the pavement. A thing like that would be something. The whole world would read about it."

"And you'd get the news in the death house," Richmond Cole told him. "You are batty and there's the whole trouble with you. That's how you lost Jefferson—thinking about the pleasures of killing. I suppose it's an art with you like throwing

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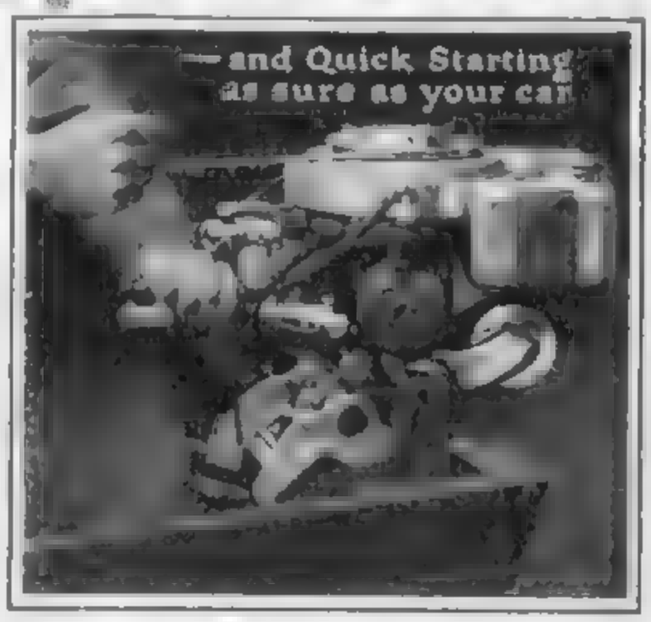

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his voice is to Herman Passmore. You're both artists." The bell from the street sounded. "You slip back in the kitchen till I see who it is," Cole directed

There was a small, closed, black automobile before the house and a large woman in black on his steps. "I'd like to see Mrs. Cole, if this is where she lives," the woman proceeded. "I'm Mrs. Ross Thomas."

Cole led her into the parlor. "I'm sorry," he said, "but Mrs. Cole is resting. She can't be disturbed between four and six. If she didn't rest she would collapse from strain." Mrs. Thomas sat heavily down.

"That is too bad," she replied. "I wanted her to help me. I need help dreadfully, Mr. Cole—if you are Mr. Cole." She leaned forward and a wave of perfume enveloped Richmond Cole. "I heard of her and I thought she might save my mind. It's come to that."

"If you could give me some idea —"

"My husband committed suicide last month and there is something I must ask him. I have to know. It's got so I can't stand it another hour. I'm so oppressed it's all I can do to breathe."

"Tell me just a little," Cole persisted.

"I couldn't. Not like this. Not here with you. But when I was informed that your son, who had been killed in the war, had returned to help who came to you, I felt I had to consult with Mrs. Cole."

"She has assisted hundreds," Richmond assured her. "The balm she has spread over souls is wonderful. At first, when my dear boy was took—he was by my first wife, Mrs. Thomas—I was rebellious. I thought the Lord had forgotten us. I said what no man should about Almighty Power, and I hope He has forgiven me—I was so worked up—and it seems He did, for Jefferson communicated with us from beyond. He told us not to mourn or carry on; it was well with him. In particular we weren't to worry about death. There was no death, Jefferson spoke out of the void to us. And then with our hearts rejoicing we saw that we had a mission. It didn't matter how we felt; we had a duty to mankind. That's why Mrs. Cole is sacrificing herself. I don't mind telling you, it has made her health dreadful bad. In fact I'm afraid she'll have to stop soon. I couldn't let her go over yet, Mrs. Thomas. I need her here."

"Of course you do," Mrs. Thomas agreed. "I think it's very noble of you both to do what you have. But she mustn't stop before she helps me."

"In a small way," Richmond Cole went on, "in a modest way, I've been back of her. I gave up a considerable business to be her support, and I lost it as a result. But we have never been sorry. We had our duty, and we can face whatever life brings with calm spirits. Jefferson hasn't passed in vain."

"You must let me assist you," she cried eagerly. "Would you accept a thousand dollars in return for what Mrs. Cole might do for me? I'd give it gladly."

"If we did bring you any peace," Cole agreed. "Yes, a thousand dollars would be very welcome. I'll be honest with you. I wonder about this evening. We had hoped to have a séance at eight."

"Nothing public, please," Mrs. Thomas explained. "I couldn't ask my question like that."

"It would be as you like," Cole assured her. "Everyone leave but Mrs. Cole and me. I have to be there to multiply the will power. I thought you might want to see Mrs. Cole summon Jefferson back to us."

That, Mrs. Thomas agreed, might be a help to her and prepare her for the ordeal to follow. "At eight then"—she held Richmond Cole's hand in a soft and warm and damp palm. In the kitchen he found that Sims had once more buttoned his coat over the pistols.

"Who was it, and what did she want?" Sims asked. "I heard her voice and it sounded rich."

"The richest I've heard talk for over a year," Cole replied. "She needs Lily to find out something from her husband who did away with himself. But she wouldn't give me a hint of what it was. There's no way I can think of to ready Passmore up. He'll just have to listen careful and think quick. Where do you suppose that Jefferson is?" he asked uselessly. "And why did Marble black his eyes? It must have been Marble. Jefferson gives me the fidgets and so do you.

"You ain't a bit of good to me any more, Sims Nothing real quiet and satisfactory can be done now. If there were any questions, William Marble would help to answer them."

"I might as well leave then," Sims remarked.

"You might except it would be worth a hundred to you if you led Jefferson in before supper. He's bound to be here or hereabouts. And not damaged, Sims. Not with things as they have turned out. The fool, if I could get hold of him I could cut something his way. But that wouldn't be Jefferson. He'd come in just as Lily had him found among the spirits, filled up with nectar and dancing with Pharaoh's daughter."

"A hundred wouldn't help me a bit," Sims informed him. "It wouldn't carry me for a city square. I'm not a messenger boy." His hands caressed his coat high up by the shoulders. Richmond Cole was glad to be rid of him.

"You've been through the war you have." It was a druggist speaking and he was holding a soft wad saturated with a cooling lotion on Jefferson Cole's eyes. They were back of a partition of shelves by the sink, hidden from the sweep of the drug store.

"In more ways than one," Jefferson returned. "Yes, sir, more than one." He was thinking, Why did I get in with that Valeria? As crazy as her name. It spoiled everything, with William Marble acting like mad. Hell, I wasn't serious.

Here in America, he reflected, the whole question of love was regarded too serious. He had been a fool to come back, and if he had a chance ——

"I kinda thought you were over there," the druggist continued. "Something military in your make-up. It can't be mistaken. The war gives a man a stamp. I wanted to go, but I was an invalid sister's sole support—bedridden from childhood. And even then you didn't get enough of fighting. Here you are at it again."

"Over a girl," Cole told him shortly. "I guess that's the oldest cause of battle there is." His nose, packed with absorbent cotton, gave his voice a flat quality.

"You said it," the druggist assented. "Woman"—he lent that single term all its immemorial significance. "Well, that's the most I can do for you. Your nose has stopped bleeding and the eyes'll take a day or two. I suppose the enemy is in the hospital."

"Oh, I don't think so," Jefferson responded modestly. "They carried him up to his bed. The girl went on terrible."

"You left her?"

"Forever. I told her it was no good trying to patch things up. Some words could never be unsaid. Look here, doc, I feel a little faint. What could you do for that?"

"Aromatic spirits," the druggist promptly replied.

"Say!" Jefferson exclaimed. "You heard me the first time."

"Where's your prescription?"

Jefferson laid a five-dollar bill on the zinc drain beside them. "Don't try to give me any change."

The druggist, with a flat pint bottle of extremely red whisky in his hand, said, "This can't be bought here illegal. I'm giving it to you because of the poppies growing in Belgium." Yet the bill vanished entire.

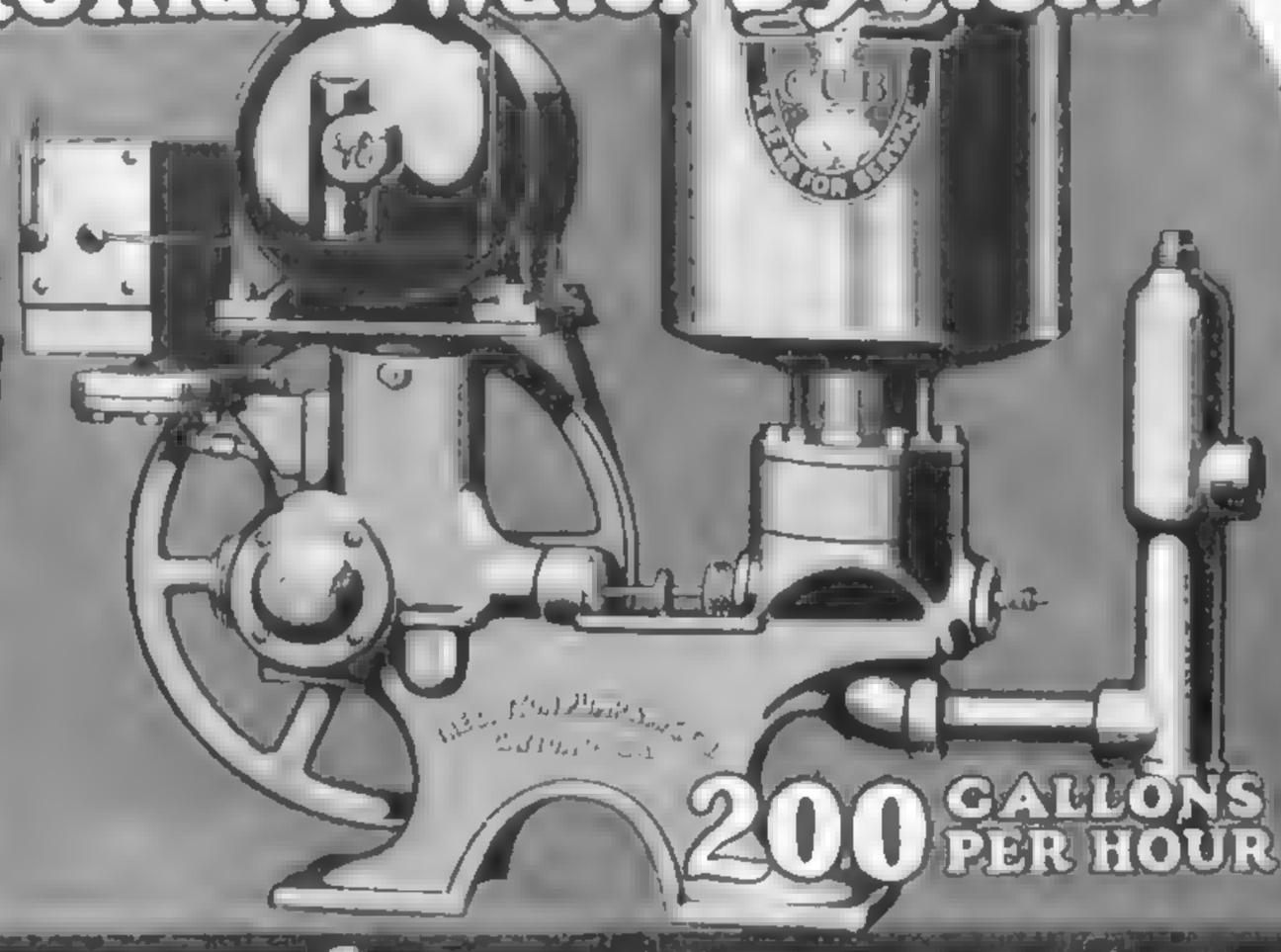
A bell at the door on the street sounded and the druggist disappeared. Jefferson took a drink in a measuring glass. Other people came in; he was alone for an extended period and his whisky steadily decreased. He began to be obsessed by two necessities, one to go back to the house

(Continued on Page 209)

The Dayton
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

CUB

A Bear for Service
Automatic Water System

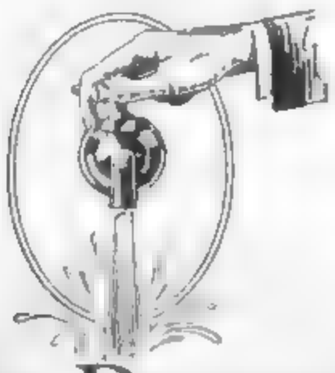


200 GALLONS PER HOUR

$85 F. O. B. DAYTON

for *small homes, cottages, summer camps, filling stations, pleasure boats and wherever running water under pressure is needed*

Water Under Pressure



The DAYTON line of private automatic water systems is over seventeen years old The Cub model is a logical development of this old established line since its low price permits the use of running water under pressure in thousands of installations where the larger systems would be too costly for the purpose

The "Cub" is not a toy Like the Ford automobile it combines low price with dependable service, and for the same reason—quantity production It is a standard DAYTON system, covered by the same written guarantee as the larger models It is entirely automatic and operates on any electric circuit Opening a faucet anywhere in the line starts the pump and closing the faucet stops it Once installed, it needs no attention beyond an occasional oiling

The DAYTON complete line includes sizes and models for every requirement for shallow or deep wells

Just Like City Service

SPECIFICATIONS

1 6 H P electric motor Shipping weight, 115 pounds Dimensions 10" wide, 22" high 26" long Capacity, 200 gallons per hour (actual) Maximum suction lift (vertical) 22 feet

The Dayton Pump & Manufacturing Co. Dayton, Ohio

Builders of Rapidayton Gasoline Measuring Pumps and Underground Storage Tanks also "Hot Dip" Galvanizing

MAIL THIS COUPON FOR BOOKLET

The Dayton Pump & Mfg. Co.
505 Webster Street
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Please send me full particulars of the DAYTON "Cub" automatic water system and free booklet DEPENDABLE WATER SERVICE.

(NAME)

(STREET NUMBER)

(CITY) (STATE)

SEP 5 22

DEALERS

Write for Catalog No 24 showing the complete DAYTON line of electric pumps and water supply systems for shallow and deep wells Also for the DAYTON sales plan that will help you make profits

"Thermos" Coffee Pot (Individual Service) No. 41. Heavy brass case, solid handle, nickel-plated. Price $7.50. Two portion, No. 42, $9.00.

The wedding gifts—the vexing duplications—the welcome for "Thermos" no matter how many—and afterward the days and years of "Thermos" Comfort.

THERE'S even more to "Thermos" Bottles and sets as wedding or anniversary gifts—or any other gift for that matter—than their beauty and utility.

"Thermos" is the gift you can select without once thinking to yourself, "Oh, they are sure to have too many of these."

Why, a home simply *can't* have too many "Thermos" Bottles!

There is need for "Thermos" Jug Sets in every bedroom, in the library, in the dining room. The sun parlor needs one, too. And there are outing occasions when no matter how many quart "Thermos" Bottles one has, there is need for more.

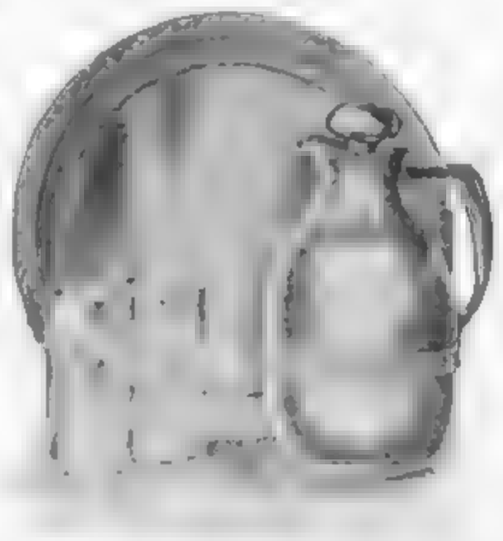
When selecting a "Thermos" gift for a friend, stop for a moment to think whether you have enough "Thermos" Bottles yourself.

Isn't some member of the family going without "Thermos" comfort at least part of the time?

There is a genuine "Thermos" Bottle, Jug, Pitcher Set or Kit to suit every need and pocketbook. See them at your dealer's.

"Thermos" Quart size, Silver-plated Butler Finish Lip Jug Set, with mounted embossed border (Chrysanthemum design) No. 358. Price $26.00.

Other sets in enamel colors from $10.25 up.



'Tis "Thermos" or 'Tisn't "Thermos"—look for the trade-mark

"Thermos" glass stopper Lip Jug (quart size) No. 564. Heavy brass case, solid handle, nickel-plated. Price $9.75. Other styles (quart size) from $8.00 up.

GENUINE

THERMOS

REG. U.S. PAT. OFFICE

VACUUM BOTTLE

THE AMERICAN THERMOS BOTTLE CO. 366 MADISON AVE. NEW YORK

CHICAGO CINCINNATI SAN FRANCISCO NORWICH, CONN. HUNTINGTON, W. VA. *In England:* THERMOS (1925), Ltd., London *In Canada:* THERMOS BOTTLE CO., Ltd., Toronto

(Continued from Page 206)

where William Marble boarded and kill him, the other to proceed directly to his father and demand eleven thousand dollars and an apology. "Public," Jefferson added loudly. In the first case he wouldn't put it past him to bang Valeria in the jaw, spoiling everything the way she did. He'd sink his thumbs in William Marble's throat and let them stay. William had taken him unexpected and that was all there was to that. He hadn't had time to get started. Marble had just walked into the room and busted him in the jaw and kicked him. In a fair fight he could murder William.

"I'll knock his head off," Jefferson told the druggist.

"I thought you had," he observed, studying Jefferson with a frown.

"Well, I can do it again, can't I? Ain't your head been knocked off more than once?" Suddenly he was flooded with the desire and glory of battle. "Once when we were coming up a hill in France we ran right in a canal—a canal and bushes. Everybody hung back, but I said this is a charge. We got to go on no matter what's in them bushes—and they were thick with botch machine guns. We couldn't go forward and we couldn't go back. Eight men drownded, right where we were standing in the canal, and I dragged the major up on the bank—what there was of him! A little girl at home with climbing roses. But I said right there, to hell with your girl, Maje. Leave her climb on the roses."

"Not so loud," the druggist warned him. "Be quiet, can't you? There's people in the drug store. And you'll have to go along; I can't stay here with you. Go on nice and quiet."

Jefferson Cole finished the bottle. "Don't tell me what to do," he retorted. "I know where there is eleven thousand dollars and I'm about to get it. After that I'm coming back and slam you for telling me how to act. I could take a poke at you now."

Jefferson did, violently, with the result that he fell into a corner. In an instant he was deeply and incurably asleep.

Herman Passmore was seriously annoyed. Once more in the Cole kitchen, he was excitedly addressing Richmond.

"Didn't I ask you to get more stuff on these bozos?" he demanded. "How can I stand beyond that curtain and answer one a minute without I get some help? There's a limit to what an art will do—even pitching the voice. Hearing a name and that she has a private automobile is no assistance. What's her question going to be like? That's what I want to know—what I got to know. Is it geographical or personal or commercial? So far as I can find out, you didn't even get her husband's first name. How can I be him if I don't know that?"

"I told you twicet—Ross Thomas."

"Yes, but what did she call him? All them perfumed widows have pink dogs and special names for their best cash customer. If he killed himself that soon you could have worked on her and had it all."

"You'll have to do with what you got," Richmond Cole replied. "But I tell you what, I'll make it fifty just tonight. Only this once. In recognition it may be harder than usual. All you got to do is convince her. When she comes under the sway, she won't know an eye from her foot."

"All," Passmore echoed him satirically—"all I got to do is convince her. And how about the other—the first?"

"Real estate. You'd better go in; it's getting on." Mrs. Cole appeared. She filled a cup to the brim with black coffee, and it was evident she was nervous. "I could scream right out," she declared.

"Keep it," Richmond advised her—"keep it till the séance. I'm a little unsettled myself, with Jefferson who knows where. I could break his neck or give him a piece of change, either the one. It would be immaterial. After tonight we'll hold off until he gets located. Jefferson will be around."

"I only saw him the once, but that'll do for me. Speaking personal, I'd rather have him choked than paid. I'm that sick calling on him, you'd never guess—not in a thousand years. I wish I had a young Indian for a control. A name like Nogawoc; there would be some dignity to that. Romantic. I could get interested in him. But Jefferson! And to think nobody had the sense to kill him. Think of having Jefferson in a prison and letting him out. The Germans ought to been beaten. Richmond, I'm all in a quiver, apprehensive."

"That won't hurt you," he asserted. "You got to be jazzed in this game. High-strung is what we require."

Lily Cole said that she had never been more tore away from the flesh. "The ceiling is open and the sky is rent and the spirits pouring down like rain."

Herman Passmore made his way deliberately to the shallow curtained recess for a window directly back of where Mrs. Cole sat conducting her séances. One side of the hidden space had been cut away and filled with a swinging screen. It led into a hall, and Passmore realized that if he grew any fatter the passage would be useless for him.

He heard Richmond Cole speaking. "Lily, see if the kitchen door is locked, and don't have any mistake about fastening the front when the folks are in. I had better do it myself." Where Passmore stood the darkness was complete. He wished that he had spoken about beating the curtain. The dust in it was fierce. As bad for sneezing as the punk Lily Cole sometimes burned.

There was a ring at the bell and footsteps. "Take your seat right there, please, Mr. Knoblaw. Yes, we'll begin very soon now. As soon as Mrs. Ross Thomas arrives. Mrs. Knoblaw, there is nothing to be frightened of. The medium has the spirits in control. That's why you ought to be careful in how you select a medium. Some lose their authority and horrible things have been known to happen. All spirits are not benign." The bell rang again. It was Mrs. Thomas. "Mrs. Thomas, this is my wife, Mrs. Lily Cole. I spoke to her of you."

"Mrs. Thomas," Lily Cole acknowledged the greeting. "You'll excuse me if I don't talk. It's the ordeal. Wrenched away from this world, in a way, to put it. Yes, take that chair. Are you ready?" she asked in a sharpened voice. "Richmond, the lights!" Herman Passmore had a dangerous urging to clear his throat. It was from cigarettes. His art might make it necessary to change to cigars. He never liked a pipe. There were some strained sighs from the parlor and a deep gasp. That was Mrs. Cole. Richmond said in a low voice, "Hold my hand." Well, why didn't the old fool begin? Did they expect he'd stand all night behind a curtain for next to nothing? Perhaps it was the dust and such that was hurting his throat, and not cigarettes.

"Will Jefferson Cole communicate with us?" Mrs. Cole asked. "There's a party here with his wife needs assistance."

"Go away," Passmore answered. "I can't get down to you this evening."

"Jefferson, Mr. Knoblaw has to have advice. Will you speak to us, Jefferson?"

"It's always money and land," Passmore proclaimed. At this there was an astounded gulp. "Everybody is too worldly minded. All the questions are about earth, while the mind should be on heaven."

Mrs. Cole admitted this. "But Mr. Knoblaw has to know. Shall he buy the building next to his store on the left and expand the business, or buy and rent or what?"

Herman Passmore replied enigmatically, "Up here there are many mansions."

A silence followed and Mrs. Cole spoke again. "I can't ask Jefferson any more. In heaven there are many mansions. That seems clear enough to me. If there are many above there can't be too many below. Jefferson wants you to buy. Mr. Cole will you show Mr. and Mrs. Knoblaw out?"

A woman's voice objected, "But he didn't tell us what to do when we had it."

Mrs. Cole replied that the Lord helped those who helped themselves. To her mind

now-

A bumper *Style Book!*

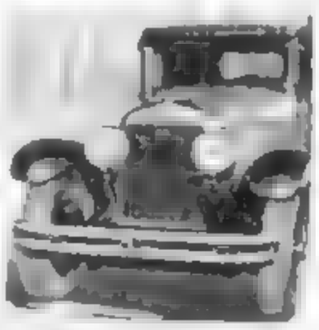
AND why not? There's a world of style in bumpers.

Often it's no fault of the bumper that it looks like an afterthought—"tacked on," as it were. It's the *best* bumper model, probably, for *some other model of car.*

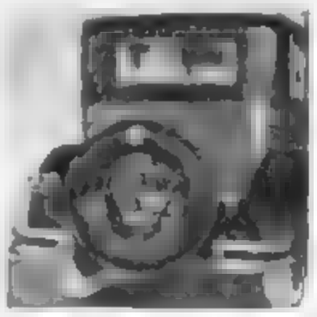
A well-selected bumper will go far toward accentuating the distinctive lines, the inbuilt beauty of the car of your selection.

Choosing the bumper to harmoniously fit the car design and "weight" and style, is so important we've made it the name of a book. A real bumper style book that proves the point with pictures.

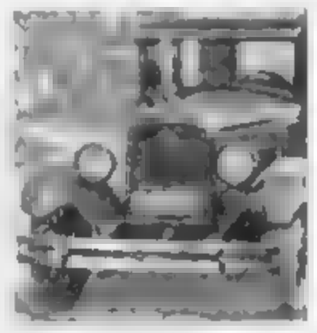
"Choosing the Bumper" shows just *why* bumpers that enhance one car look misplaced on another, and gives good concrete rules to help you choose the best bumpers for your car—from the standpoint of appearance as well as protection. You'll find it interesting as well as invaluable in making a selection. Send for it today if your local automobile dealer or garage cannot supply you with a copy.



Unparalleled bumper beauty that harmonizes with and accentuates the finest hurl motor cars has made the "Metropolitan" the most popular Federal Model.



Federal Metropolitan Fender Guards to match the full Metropolitan.



The clean, highly polished nickeled sheaths of the Runproof Federal Broadway are an embellishment that blends beautifully with the style and trim of the modern car.

There are distinctive models for cars of all styles in the FEDERAL line—*twenty-five* in all. Each bumper is well designed and rugged, attractive in an individual way, each one carrying the strength test approval of the Underwriters' Laboratories. Car dealers and garages are glad to assist you in making the proper selection.

FEDERAL PRESSED STEEL COMPANY

Jobbing Division: 360 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILL.

Factory: Milwaukee, Wis.

FEDERAL BUMPERS

BUMPERS TO MATCH THE BEAUTY OF YOUR CAR

—when you buy an Electric Drill—consider this

Flat rates for automobile repairs have made electric drills the most important single units in garage and service station equipment, because of the increasing number of tools depending on electric drill power for operation. Their importance demands careful selection. Here's why "Van Dorn" electric drills best meet the needs of garages and service stations.

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Studebaker, Chevrolet, Durant, Buick, Willys Overland, Mack and Pierce Arrow are a few of the motor car companies who show "Van Dorn" electric drills in their service manuals, because their service departments know that these drills give the best and longest service to car dealers.

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Made completely in our own plant, *motor and all*, these drills have the strength, power and endurance for the hardest garage jobs.

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"Van Dorn" service stations are conveniently located within easy reach of all parts of the country.

Ask your nearest Jobber for a demonstration. Insist on "Van Dorn". If not available, write us.

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Los Angeles	Seattle
	Toronto

"Van Dorn" ELECTRIC DRILLS

His will had been made plain. They weren't Moses to expect tablets with written instructions.

There was a sound of retreating feet, the delayed muffled closing of a door and Richmond returned. "That's it, Mrs. Thomas," he half whispered. "Get close. Where's your hand at?" Where was her hand at—Passmore almost laughed out loud. Mrs. Cole wasn't taken up so much but she'd notice his getting soft. It's just like being in a tunnel with Richmond, he reflected.

"Jefferson Cole," Lily went on, "have you gone? Have you deserted us poor mortal humans? Mrs. Thomas is here."

"I know it"—Passmore cast his voice into the ceiling. "It was made clear to me years ago she'd be present tonight. Such things that are will be. But why she came has been held dark. There is a shadow on it. Tell her the perfume up here is made from platinum violets. The daisies are all gold." There, Passmore said to himself, again he had almost sneezed. They'd have to take the curtains right out in the yard and beat them good.

Mrs. Thomas' words quavered. "Is Roly there? Can he hear me? Tell him it's Em. Tell him it's cruel the way he left her. Tell him he knows what she's got to find out and he must satisfy her."

"Roly — Roly," the intimate name sounded from every part of the room. It echoed under the table and along the walls. "Roly, it's Jefferson Cole speaking. Will you tell Em what she wants to find out?"

A different and deeper voice answered, "Have her ask it and not beat around the bush. I got awful tired of that before I was translated. Let her come out with it."

"I can't, Roly," she wailed. "I thought you could tell me in a way just I'd understand. You know what."

The thinner tones took up the burden. "He's gone. He seemed wore out with something. He's a million miles beyond Mars this second and just going good. It's all over, unless you tell me. There are no reticences in the spirit world. Everything is understood ——"

Herman Passmore was interrupted by the violent forcing of a window sash. A living impact hit the floor. There was a scream and Cole cursed. Passmore pulled the curtain slightly aside and in the dim ruby light he saw a strange, tall, wavering shape that even in the gloom strongly suggested Richmond Cole.

"It's him!" Cole exclaimed. "Jefferson!" Mrs. Thomas started to rise but fell limply forward across the table. "You let me get my hands on you!" Richmond cried. "I'll wring the head off your shoulders." A blundering chase started in the semidarkness.

"I got him," Lily called. "No, he's gone. Kill him, Richmond—kill him for me." She gasped that Jefferson Cole had knocked the lights right out of her.

The disturbance suddenly sank. "He's went," Cole said, "out the window he come in at. You get away before she comes around," Richmond Cole told Passmore. "Lily, get yourself together. Don't you see this is the best thing could happen to us? I know Jefferson. We'll never set eyes on him again, after the scare he got. We're made, that's what we are. An apparition from beyond. Mrs. Thomas saw it. We'll have to let Marble in, but that won't hurt us none. Not after him pounding Jefferson's face off. Beat it, Passmore, I told you. She's coming to."

In the kitchen Passmore stopped for a drink of water. He was totally confused. His knees and hands were shaking. That was a hell of a thing to come smashing down on a person.

Then Mrs. Thomas' voice rose shrilly in his ears. "Where's my bag? It was right here and it's gone." Cole was evidently trying to pacify her. "No, it's not on the floor, as anyone can see. It had my bracelets in it—all five of them. I've been robbed and this is a conspiracy."

Richmond Cole said desperately, "Jefferson must have took it with him."

Mrs. Thomas cried that he could tell that to the judge. "I guess you didn't pay attention to who I was or you'd never have robbed me. The district attorney is my brother-in-law. Tell him my bracelets were snatched up to heaven! Yes, and sixteen hundred dollars! Tell him!" she reiterated with an infuriated sobbing.

It didn't look so good, Herman Passmore concluded. He had better start.

The Trap-Drummer Spanks His Child!

Three years ago a valley of farms—

Today?

Let these pictures answer for the amazing growth of

LONGVIEW
Washington

It is not uncommon to see three of these great ocean freighters loading lumber at Longview docks on the Columbia River. When this photograph was made (at 10 o'clock), two ships were loading for Japan and a Westcoaster and tender for the Atlantic Coast

PERMANENT, substantial cities do not spring from grass roots in three short years to house and employ 10,000 inhabitants without strong justification.

That is what Longview, Washington, has done and these are the facts that warranted its amazing growth:

Three transcontinental railroads. The Columbia River with its ocean going commerce to the leading ports of the world. Proximity of boundless resources, including the finest stands of timber in America. Cheap power, abundant fuel. A climate unsurpassed anywhere. A "three-story" land of plenty—minerals beneath, rich grass, grains and cattle on the surface and fruits in the trees.

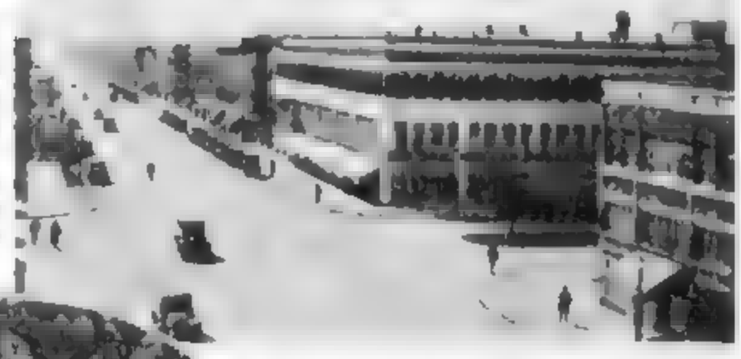
To these facts, with the building and populating of the city, have been added as further justification for growth:

A model community of paved streets, boulevards, parks, fine buildings, hotels, beautiful and comfortable homes. The largest lumber manufacturing plants in the world. A second group of lumber plants now being built which, when in operation, will mean that more lumber will be manufactured in Longview than in any other city in the world.

If all of this permanent, substantial, rapid growth has come to Longview in three years, *without a boom or boom methods*, what of five years, or ten years, or twenty years?

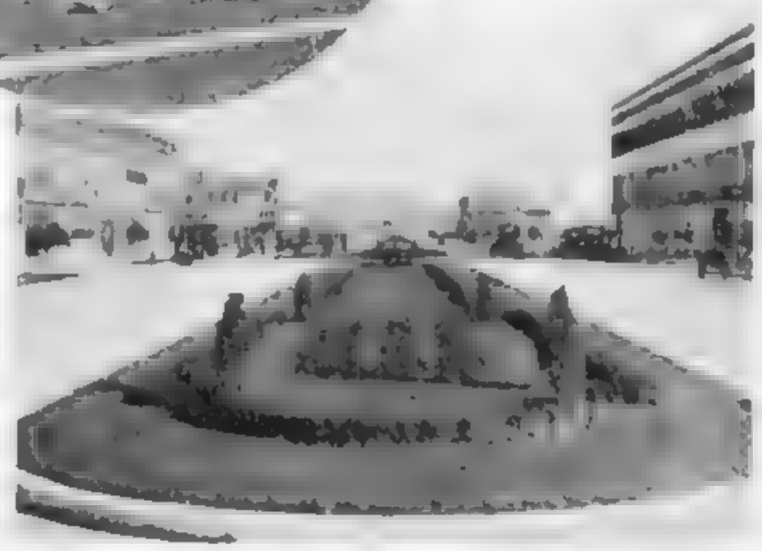
Lying crescent shaped and touching several of the residential sections is Lake Sacajawea a spot of wonderful beauty. One and one-half miles in length, it is bordered with an evergreen parks, flowers and trees. Nichols Boulevard and Kessler Boulevard completely encircle the lake, making a five-mile drive. Many beautiful homes front upon these boulevards.

At the left is the new public library now open in Longview. It fronts on Jefferson Square, a civic center park adjacent to the business district. Hotel Monticello, second to none in the Pacific Northwest, also fronts on Jefferson Square



A view of one of the principal business streets. Every building seen is a permanent structure of new and modern Longview. Sidewalks are wide, trees abundant, many trees have grown

At the left a summer scene on the lawn near Hotel Monticello. Longview's climate is so mild that people may spend comfortably their leisure hours outdoors ninety per cent of the entire year



Here is a business thoroughfare 120 feet wide, beautifully parked down its center. It connects Hotel Monticello and the handsome new railway station which are a mile apart. The station is seen in the distance.

L

THE LONGVIEW COMPANY
Dept. 11 Longview, Wash.

Gentlemen: Please send me further information about Longview, Washington, with special reference to.....

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Name .....

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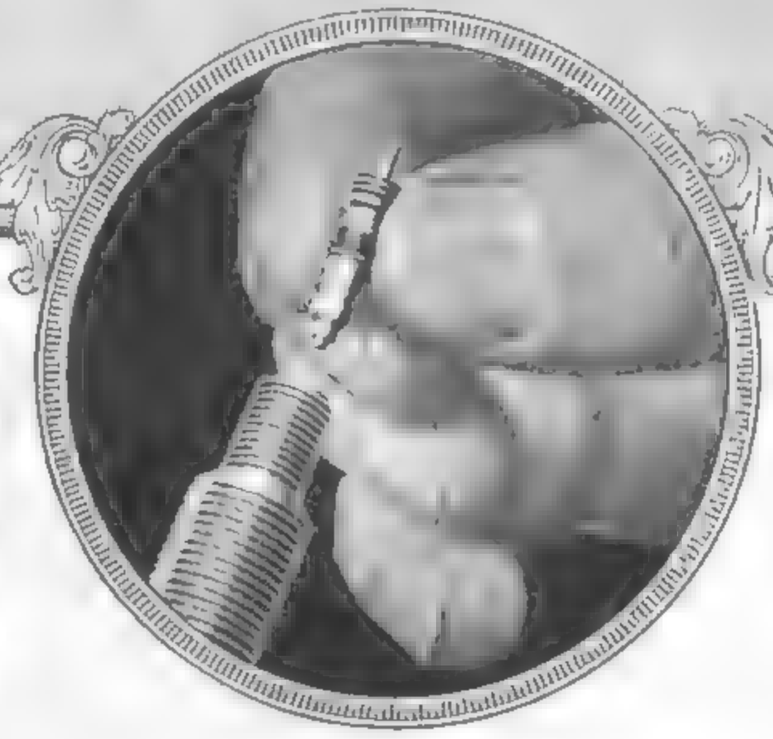
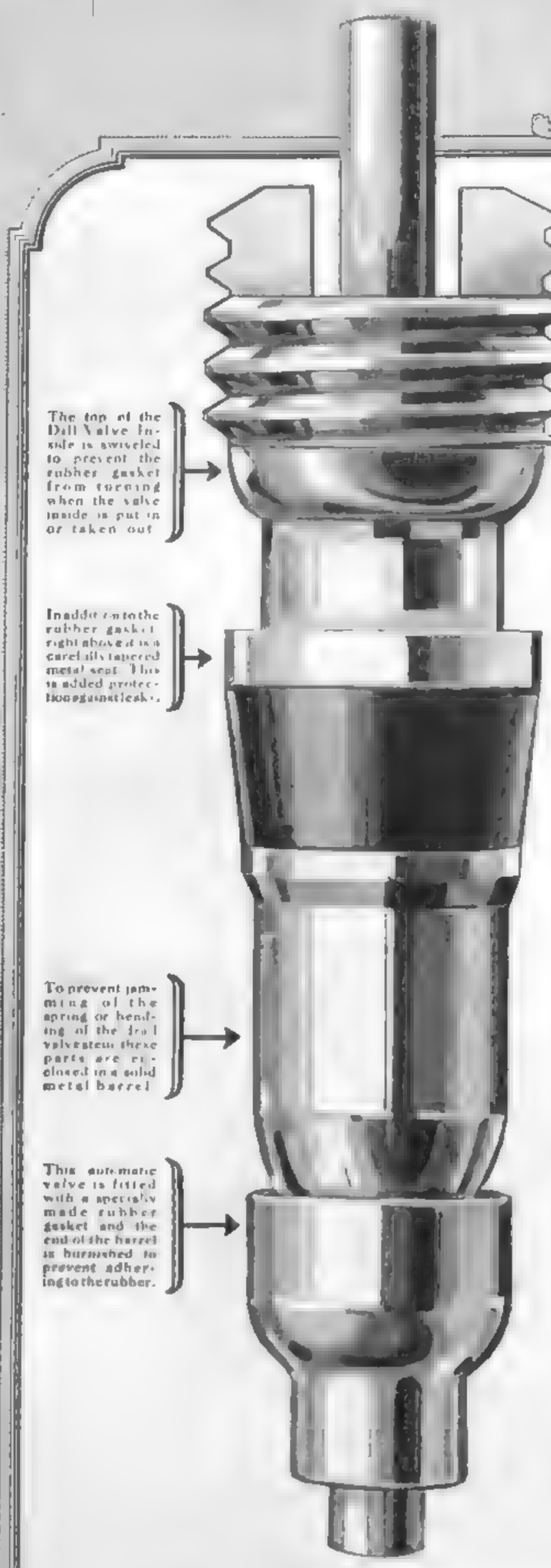
(PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS)

For low summer rates to Longview, ask any railroad representative. See the entire Pacific Coast. Stop-over privileges at all important centers, including Longview.




The top of the Dill Valve Inside is swiveled to prevent the rubber gasket from turning when the valve inside is put in or taken out
In addition to the rubber gasket right above it is a carefully tapered metal seat. This is added protection against leaks.
To prevent jamming of the spring or bending of the fine valve stem these parts are enclosed in a solid metal barrel
This automatic valve is fitted with a specially made rubber gasket and the end of the barrel is burnished to prevent adhering to the rubber.

This *protected* valve inside means added protection for your tires

THE sturdier your valve insides are, the longer you are free from leaky valves.

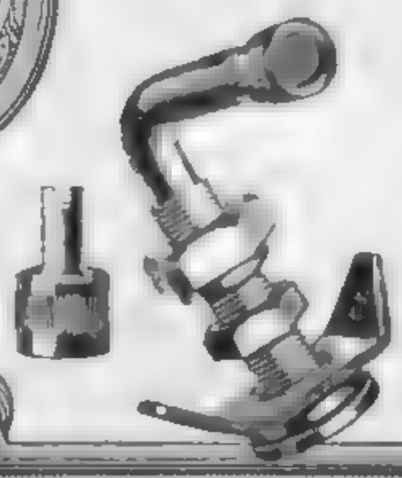
Look at the enlarged illustration of a Dill Valve Inside at the left. See how the spring and valve stem are protected by an armor coat of metal. It's hard to believe that so small a thing can be so perfectly and so strongly built.

Such sturdiness means freedom from continuous testing and inflating. It gives you assurance of the even pressure that adds so much to tire mileage and riding comfort!

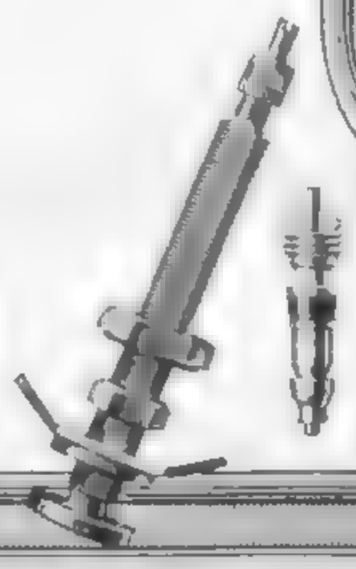
Dill Valve Insides cost but 30c for a box of five. Good tire manufacturers use them —and good dealers sell them.

THE DILL MANUFACTURING CO.
Cleveland, Ohio
Manufactured in Canada by The Dill Manufacturing Company of Canada, Ltd., Toronto

Dill also developed the remarkable Instant-On, dust-and-valve-cap combined. On or off in a wink. $1.00 for set of 5. If your dealer can't supply Instant-Ons or Dill Valve Insides they will be sent postage free on receipt of price.



DILL
Standard Tire Valves and Valve Parts



REAL AND SYNTHETIC COWBOYS

(Continued from Page 25)

prodigal in his gambling, in his lending and in his gifts. He might risk six months' wages upon the turn of a single card in faro; might do so, provided he had not earlier been called upon to befriend a stranger whose only asset was a hard-luck story. At word that any puncher was in dire physical straits and needed money for medical or surgical treatment the local range emptied its pockets.

In profanity the cowboy rose often to majestic heights. No golf course has as yet yielded expletives worthy of an instant's competition with even the most feeble productions of the cattle country. However, it is no sophism to assert that the puncher's blasphemy, appalling as it was, had its foundation on arbitrarily created fashion, on the dangers of his life, and on youthful sense of humor, and not on any affirmative wish for wickedness. Just as soldiers curse professionally, so did the cowboy.

This bent for blasphemy had a disreputable companion—namely, the character which pervaded many of the cowboys' songs. The punchers were fond of singing; and in their nasal practice of the art, when not limiting themselves to mournful dirges or sentimental lyrics, they would plunge shamelessly into canticles the words of which were hopelessly indecent. Assuredly, The Dying Cowboy, The Home I Ne'er Will Live to See, Rosalie, the Prairie Flower, and My Dying Mother's Face could offend no clergyman, could offend nobody save possibly a musician. But there were several hundred stanzas in that interminable classic, The Old Chisholm Trail, which should not have been sung within three thousand feet of a Sunday school. Although thus favoring clangorous obscenity, the puncher had a robust contempt for all veiled expressions of eroticism.

Cowboys offered little that could earn the censure of a present-day psychiatrist. Their numbers, with but few exceptions, were composed not of subnormal fugitives seeking to evade the responsibilities of life at home, but of normal-minded youths in quest of adventure for its own sake.

The loneliness of the puncher's life generated in him a reserve toward strangers, an almost feminine shyness, a sententiousness in utterance, and, for the purpose of defense against possible depression, a carefully nurtured cheerfulness.

Squinty Drops In

Out of this cheerfulness grew his love for meticulous arguments, arguments pursued in order to provide mental recreation. He would debate earnestly in favor of a particular shape of spur rowel, or in opposition to either a specified length of lariat or particular form of saddletree; and, when doing so, cared little which side of the argument he elected to support. With an active mind and in a well-nigh bookless country, he had to derive his intellectual diversion in part from applied logic, rather than from reading. In this he was brother to the farmer of anywhere in America; that farmer who, upon the rostrum of a cracker box in the country store, has, ever since the founding of America, reveled in debate.

The cowboy's reserve toward strangers came from no native taciturnity or innate unfriendliness. Merely he had been schooled to regard every stranger, until the stranger should establish his character and mission, to be a possible horse thief or else a farmer or sheepman seeking to install his offensive fences or flocks within the cowboy's range, and to its injury. So fixedly had this suspicion built reserve toward strangers that every stranger was at the outset treated with wariness, even though he was patently neither a thief nor a raiser of wheat or wool.

The puncher's shyness, though almost feminine in quality, and though well-nigh universal in the presence of women of refinement, was no indicator of effeminacy, or of a lack of self-confidence. It represented the effect of loneliness upon reserve.

The cowboy's sententiousness in utterance meant more than mere conciseness in speech. It meant also a most amusing picturesqueness in many of his phrasings. This element of sententiousness and of picturesque expression was consciously and carefully fostered; and was frequently called upon to exhibit itself.

When Squinty Smith, arriving upon horseback at a ranch, rode quietly to its bunk-house door, his horse suddenly threw him out of the saddle, through the door opening and into the house. Thereupon the horse broke into a mad gallop, its flight taking it in the direction of Squinty's own and distant ranch.

The first remark made by anyone to Squinty was, "Come to stay?"

A tenderfoot ranch owner, very newly located upon the range and much disliked by his outfit, rushed incontinently at midnight to the open door of a bunk house that was disgorging a lusty volume of unharmonious singing, and peremptorily demanded, "What is this?"

He instantly received the answer, "A word of one syllable"; and, with that, the singing increased in volume.

A Young Man's Game

Hank Brown had his arm broken while attempting, in complete silence, to put salt upon the tail of a cayuse that, at the moment, was bucking beneath a pilgrim who possessed some ability to cling and still more ability to make himself offensive.

Other salient characteristics of the actual puncher were youthfulness, toleration, bravery, sentimentalism and resourcefulness.

Like the runner, ball player or other athlete of today, the cowboy had to be young in order to endure his exacting life. At thirty years of age, he was beginning to be too old for his task.

Though youthful, the cowboy was devoid of the intolerance of ordinary youth, and thus he accorded to all other persons the right to hold whatever opinions they might choose.

As Kansas Brown asserted, "Fatty has sure a grand collection of fool ideas. Let 'im keep 'em. He likes 'em, an' they don't hurt none of us none." Thus tolerant of the opinions of other folk, he was equally indulgent to tenderfeet so long as they remained unassertive. The unassertive tenderfoot could find nowhere a more kindly caretaker than was the average puncher. Tenderfeet of this pleasing type were withheld from mounting vicious horses, were aided in a host of different and benevolent ways.

As Hi Rafferty said, "Be gentle to a tenderfoot. He's all he's got."

Particularly in religious matters were the cowboys tolerant. Some of them might scoff at religion, but none of them scoffed at anybody for believing in it. Devoutness, if apparently sincere, was universally accorded deep respect.

Bravery was a prerequisite to entering the puncher's vocation and to remaining in it. If military warfare be excluded from the reckoning, the cowboy's calling appears to have had as modern rivals, in terms of hazard, only mountaineering, aviation, pearl diving and polar exploration. Physical injury, in the form of hernia, ordinarily the gift of bucking, allowed to the average puncher but seven years of active riding. Also there was the chance that he might, if unseated from his saddle, drag from a stirrup, and so form a horizontal pendulum which would swing under flashing hoofs. A lariat, by enmeshing its thrower, readily might injure him or even cause his death.

And when a lariat had caught its quarry and had jerked into tautness, into its so-called bust, if either the thrower's horse

Not long ago fine tobacco cost a fortune!

THE QUAINT old painting reproduced above was done about the year 1918. It is a typical scene of the time. As the title, "A MAN BUYING TOBACCO", subtly suggests, it depicts a man buying tobacco.

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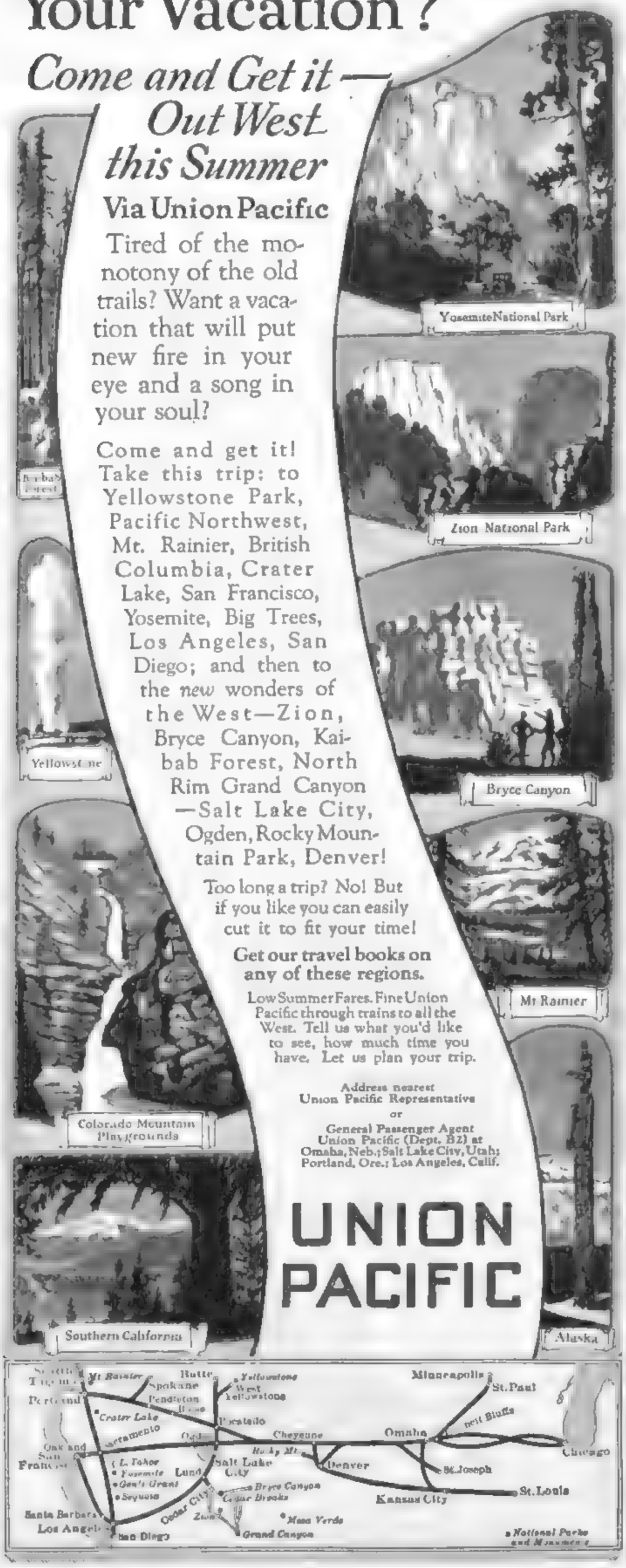

were out of poise or a random beast charged against the tightened rope, fatal accident would come at very slight request. And the cattle, especially the cows, were devils, not animals.

In addition to occasional danger from rustlers and from Indians, death lurked in the desert's thirst, in the Northern blizzard and Texas norther, in the quicksand, in the cyclone, cloudburst and prairie fire, in the round-up, in the cattle's stampeding on land, milling in swift rivers, and winter drifting across frigid plains. It lurked also in the very ground over which, whether in daytime or at night, the puncher was often forced to ride at maddened pace; ground pitted by the gopher and the badger, trimmed with rocks and bushes, and interlaced by cut banks and arroyos. He toyed with death often, and much of the time when alone. Many a cowboy has had, at his deathbed, no furnishings but majestic solitude and no attendant save a nickering pony.

Sentiment was omnipresent among cowboys; although it was wont, so far as possible, to hide itself from strangers. Despite its ubiquity, it rarely lost virility, rarely degenerated into mere sentimentality. This possession of sentiment was no confession of weakness. Have not veterans of the recent World War, veterans wearing medals commemorative of battle heroism, embraced each other, and endearingly talked of "buddies"? The puncher's sentimentalism, like that of the soldier, was a by-product of danger.

The cowboy's sentiment found, on occasion, true beauty in its method of expression. No person, standing at a lonely open grave that was waiting to receive a puncher killed upon the trail, could remain adamant at the unsaddling of that puncher's horse. The horse bearing the saddle as placed by his dead owner, would be led to the grave's side; and there the saddle, amid utter silence, would be loosened from the horse's back. And this loosening operation, at its outset, would involve, not the latigo straps upon the horse's near side—ordinarily the proper side—but those upon the off flank of the steed.

This intentional error was symbolic of the tribute that, of all the company, the dead man had been the only one to be faultless in his horsemanship; was symbolic also of the fact that he had dismounted for all time.

Plenty of Time to Think

Passing now to the subject of expressions by single individuals, it is possible immediately to find many of high quality; and among them two comments which, though relating to objects of art and made by almost illiterate men, have arresting worth. These almost illiterate men were among the punchers who rode in Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show during its invasion of Europe.

One of these almost illiterate men gazed long and earnestly at the majestic marble statue which, though mutilated, stands triumphant on a staircase in the Louvre, the statue of the Nike.

And then he quietly remarked to the present writer, "Gosh, what power! Lucky her arms is broke off or she'd tear her way out through the walls."

The other almost illiterate puncher squatted toadlike in a Venetian plaza; and there, before Verrocchio's masterpiece, the one transcendent equestrian statue in all the world, he volunteered, "That ain't no statue to just one man, although there's only one man in it. It's a monument to the pride of a hull derned nation." Of it, he later whimsically observed, "It kinder makes some of them mounted generals' statues back in Washington, D. C., look like throwouts from a footsore remuda."

And still another puncher, at a different time and place and under very different circumstances, had occasion to make a statement. He was called upon to break to a woman, widowed after three months of happy married life, the news that her husband, while riding as a point man with a trail herd, had been enmeshed in a stampede and killed. This puncher sympathetically and very simply told the woman what had happened; and then, sensible of the double pride that she—a ranchman's daughter—had in her cowboy husband's calling, he concluded with, "Ma'am, Bill didn't peter out of life. He galloped to his God."

Patently these three punchers were of unusual artistry in their phrasings, but they were not so unusual as to be surprising. True sentiment is a begetter of beauty in expression, and the puncher possessed true sentiment. On his lonely rides he had ample time to reduce his thoughts to clear-cut phrasings which he would store in mind against the time when they should be summoned into active use. Assuredly, this preparation was not to his discredit. Not only was it done unconsciously, but also he was but adopting the methods employed by all successful orators. The so-called extemporaneous speeches that have been launched by orators and been considered meritorious have signified no more than that unexpected occasion had given opportunity for releasing thoughts which previously had been long considered and well digested.

From Puncher to Owner

The cowboy's life by its solitariness and its hazard developed to a high degree his resourcefulness and his power of mental observation. His life did indeed offer solitariness. Repeatedly the cowboy, in any sort of weather, with no companion save his horse, and with no shelter in day or night except his slicker, would be compelled to spend successive days, if not successive weeks, in riding sign and in other outridings; all with a view to curbing bovine wanderlust, to shepherding the livestock into proper herbage, and to keeping cases on prospective despoilers, whether these despoilers were predatory animals, were rustlers or sheepmen, or were farmers intent on homesteading.

Resourcefulness was necessary in a man who frequently was called upon to meet kaleidoscopic changes in conditions, and who because of his saddle's limited capacity was apt, as he said, to have at hand "no tools except his hind legs and his front teeth." Still another reason for its prime importance was the fact that practically all the assets of the ranches—being, as they were, in the form of livestock—were in the physical keeping of the punchers. These punchers, though mere youths, controlled the financial destiny of each ranch in cattle land.

Though they did not negotiate the purchases and sales of animals, they were virtually the animals' sole custodians.

Therefore, more qualities than the single one of ability to ride a bucking horse were required of a man before he might claim top rating in cowboy ranks, or even be worth his hire for any purpose beyond busting broncos. He needed an intuition that would forewarn him of all intended vagaries of his bestial wards, particularly when these wards were marching on the trail; and he needed also the quality of generalship that would function with livestock of whatever temperament, and under conditions of any sort.

Many ranch owners, though they were able to fork a dervish, lacked this intuition and this quality of generalship; and so, but for possession of financial capital, would have made a sorry showing on the range. Nor could every top cowboy become a ranch owner. Money was certainly, and business acumen was theoretically, a prerequisite for admission to ranch ownership and management. Many punchers graduated into ranch ownership, however, even though some of them did so by the thorny road of rustling. In one of the sentences just above occurs the statement that business acumen was theoretically a prerequisite for every owner of a ranch. The word "theoretically" was used advisedly, for

(Continued on Page 217)

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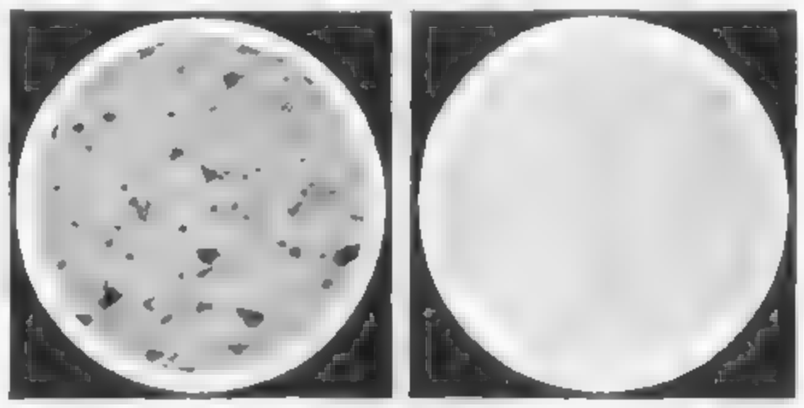

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(Continued from Page 214)

looking back upon those happy days of old-time ranch life one realizes that business acumen was far from universal among the youthful enthusiasts who sought to feed the world. Some of them possessed the acumen and were financially successful. Others of them came and saw and did not conquer. They lost their patrimony, but they hugely enjoyed their stay.

In close affiliation with the puncher's resourcefulness was his power of mental observation, a power predicated on nimbleness of brain and on a hawklike eye. With speed and accuracy and in detail, he noted everything that moved within his horizon. The extent of his efficiency as a cowboy was measured largely by the degree to which this power of observation had been developed. It was incumbent on him promptly to detect the presence of animals and men, however distant, and to diagnose both their identities and their intended movements; because in many such an instance he was obligated to forestall the intended movements.

In Indian warpath days, negligence or mistake in observation might undo his hairpins and cause his scalp to migrate from his skull to a koo-stick. In affairs with rustlers, the unmindful puncher might lose an undue number of his cattle, and thereby forfeit his employment.

Two other distinctive insignia of the cowboy were his faithfulness and his pride. These were interwoven; went, as it were, hand in hand. But pride was the more basic of the two elements, and faithfulness rested on it.

Some punchers were conceited, others were not; but all of them had vast pride in their vocation and in their herds. They deemed their vocation to be dignified, and they would brook no comments that belittled it. For the upholding of this dignity, they, in their very costumes, made recognition, in that they eschewed the wearing of a spur upon a single foot, this being the province of the sheep herder, and they forswore blue-denim overalls, these being affected by the farmer.

The cowboy's primary allegiance was to the herd, rather than to its owners; was professional, rather than personal. For this reason, a puncher might cling tenaciously to the frayed edges of a stampeding bunch of livestock, might race with it across rocks and into quicksand or a river's whirlpool, might carry his life on his sleeve throughout a thousand miles of trail drive; and then, having arrived at his destination and made delivery of his bovine wards, might suddenly quit his employers for no reason other than that he thought his coffee unduly weak or his dole of beans unduly small. However, his whimsicality had excuse; for not only was he youthful but also his nerves were ever at high tension like those of a race horse in full training.

Cussing Out the Cook

His pride was in the ranch, not in its proprietors. If asked the place of his employment, he would answer not that he was working for any particular man or firm, but rather in this wise: "I'm ridin' for the Bar X Brand" or "I'm punchin' for the Tincup Outfit." And when he was on any errand for the ranch, he was faithful unto death. His quittings occurred only during times of peace and inactivity.

He had his friendships with employers, many of these friendships true and warm; but to these friends he was able to offer no more than that which he stood ready to donate to strangers, even to enemies whenever, according to the unwritten code, the gift was called for. This code required, among other things, that whoever caught a signal of distress must give immediate assistance; and that the dwellers within the bailiwick wherein the distress was located were doubly bound to furnish instant aid. Under this knightly compulsion, cowboys have, on more than one occasion, extracted their mortal enemies from danger; and, in the succoring of these enemies who were protected by the sanctuary both of peril and of the code, have sacrificed their own lives.

The puncher's reward for his labors did not lie in his money wages, twenty-five to forty dollars a month, with free food and unrestricted use of dust, alkali, rain, snow and bitter winds. It lay in the gratification of his pride in his calling. So satisfied was he with the nature of his vocation that he never complained of its offering danger and material hardships. In fact, he never complained about anything, except in periods of inactivity; and even in these excepted moments he was accustomed to confine his lamentations to the subject of the cook's culinary "wuthlessness."

As Smoke Murphy announced from the pulpit of a rain-soaked saddle, "No use our belly-achin'. Nobody out here but God, you, me, an' the broncs. Our trouble's too small for God to notice; an' the broncs, they jus' nacherally don't give a damn."

Because of the intensity of the puncher's pride in his vocation, the punishment that cut most deeply into his sensibilities was to be set down in the presence of his fellow riders; which is to say, to be ordered to dismount, surrender his horse, and, on his own two feet, travel from the scene of his forfeited employment. So bitter was the sting of setting down, that not uncommonly at its happening six-guns barked.

Neither the puncher's faithfulness nor any other of his merits was able to create piety sufficient to bar him from placing his own brand on mavericks; though, on this score, it may be observed that Texas and the West, despite their laws, regarded maverick collecting, if undetected, to be a sport rather than a crime.

Living Poker Chips

Furthermore, the average puncher was disposed to be blind, in at least one eye, to cattle thievery by any other puncher; provided always that the thief was a man of general popularity, was artistic in his blotching of the brands upon the stolen animals, was not overgrasping in the extent of his purloinings, and was restricting his stealing to the herds of affluent owners, particularly those owners who were not American citizens.

Also the average puncher, when upon a trail drive, was not adverse to cajoling into his herd such straying cattle as he passed; he doing so in order to effect replacement of whatever of his own beasts had through fatigue or footsoreness deserted from the line of march. In some respects, mavericks and estrays were living poker chips.

This unmorality in acquiring mavericks, in countenancing the filchings from rich owners, and as to estrays was, because of the status of the animals involved, quite in accord with certain practices of Americans throughout America. Many Americans have been accustomed to regard the game laws as binding on their fellow citizens rather than on themselves. Many a man otherwise irreproachable has caught trout out of season. Wild life in America has ever been subject to poaching by even the most reputable of folks.

The puncher reasoned that the maverick was ownerless, hence wild, and therefore capturable by any person capable of catching it. The branded cattle stolen by his friend, he argued to himself, being descendants of feral Mexican stock, had not as yet graduated fully into domesticity, and accordingly were in some vague way to be regarded as open to snaring.

The cowboy was always willing to follow his employer's lead in grossly understating the number of cattle in his trail herd, whenever a statement of their number was demanded either by a county inspector in quest of taxes or by a nester who, as legal owner of a water hole, was imposing a charge for the privilege of watering livestock at the hole. The county inspector's taxes and the nester's charge were each figured upon a per capita basis; accordingly, the smaller the trail herd could be made to seem, the less would be the amount to pay.

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The county inspector's taxes ostensibly represented, in some jurisdictions, the cost of examining an outward-bound herd, in order to insure that it contained no estrays and stolen cattle; and in other jurisdictions purported to meet the expense of scrutinizing an incoming herd that had been ordered to halt for purposes of quarantine. Such taxes as the county inspector succeeded in collecting were, in the main, retained by him as a personal perquisite of his official post; and not uncommonly his so-called inspection was limited to the driving of a bargain on the number of animals the herd should be assumed to contain. Hence, his taxes were not at all beloved by either the puncher or his employer. Nor did the nester popularize himself when, putting a fence around a water hole, he not only isolated a spot that previously had been of unrestricted access to every comer, but also began charging for the privilege of using something that he himself had not created and that, before his advent, had been free to everyone.

Accordingly the punchers, in their bargainings with the tax-collecting inspector and with the water-selling nester, were extremely circumspect. They employed every form of oral argument, using the methods of Ananias as well as those of Demosthenes. Sometimes, however, despite all logic and despite blasphemy of imperial rank, the inspector or nester would remain indisposed to accept what the punchers deemed to be a reasonable amount; and in instances of this sort the punchers, after their voices had been exhausted in disputation, might tie their opponent to a tree and take their herd about its business.

Because of these understatements of the size of trail herds, there exist no reliable figures on the number of cattle that annually moved northward along the Chisholm Trail. The number as officially recorded is doubtless only three-fifths of what it should have been. And thus one of the most cogent movements in American history has been minimized in its recording.

The cowboy's prevarications to avaricious nesters and inspectors did not mean that he was otherwise untruthful. He was not so; and, save when providing tenderfeet with lurid misinformation or when attempting to protect the reputation of a friend, he was dependable. Should his remarks begin with "Speakin' for the ranch," or "I'm givin' my range word," what followed could be safely taken as being the law and the gospel.

Two-Faced Cattle

Scots and Englishmen, after having been victimized through the buying of Western cattle herds on the basis of book count and range delivery, were accustomed to doubt the veracity of American cowboys and ranch owners. But fundamentally the doubting was unmerited. Buying by book count and range delivery meant that the purchaser paid for cattle which the seller's account books purported to show were on the range. Then the purchaser rode forth upon the range and attempted to find all the beasts that he had bought. Ordinarily an appreciable part of them did not exist. The discrepancy in most instances was not based upon any intentional falsification of the books, but was due wholly to the abounding optimism of American ranchmen and to their utter inefficiency in bookkeeping. Optimistic to the last degree, they never anticipated the possibility of losses from either snows or droughts, and they never thought it necessary to make accumulations that would effect replacements or amortizations. Their bookkeeping was as amateurish as their business methods, and so with no purpose of venality their books expressed their hopes rather than their assets. The Scots and, to a less extent, the Englishmen could not fathom the happy-go-luckiness that, typically American in nature, pervaded the transaction; and thus they debited the affair to premeditated dishonesty.

Occasionally, sales were made under terms that were less excusable than those described above; under terms that were not excusable at all, unless it be possible to regard them as hazing rather than as bald cheating. These sales usually involved a purchaser identified as a pilgrim or a disliked alien.

The purchaser in these sales having required, as he had a right to do, a tally count, he and the seller, after mounting their horses, would stand separated by an interval of some feet; and through this interval the cattle would be driven one by one, so that accurate counting might be accomplished. "Tell it not in Gath," but on more than one occasion cattle have been known to pass through the checking spot and thereupon, under human guidance, to make their way behind a screening hill or tree clump in order that, under its protection, they might gallop back to the starting point, once more amble between the tallymen, and so cause an unduly generous notching of the tally sticks.

Winning the Beef Stakes

A classic though quite unreliable tradition of the West involves the story of a purchaser who was laboring under the disabilities of unpopularity and of extreme drunkenness; and who, because of his drunkenness, was, at the moment, seeing double. The sale to him occurred beside a motte, upon the other side of which was a race track where horse-racing was in progress at the time. Under a contract to deliver three thousand cattle, fifty speedy cows made repeated passages through the tally station; and, while using the race track for each return to their starting point, they won every horse race on the track.

Despite the cowboy's thirst for mavericks, his semiblindness regarding certain cattle pilferings, and his prevarications to tenderfeet or in matters that involved inspectors' taxes or nesters' fees, he was honest to such an extent that there was not a lock upon any door within the cattle country, that a cache upon the open plain was safe, and even valuable property laid beside the trail would remain inviolate.

Another earmark of the cowboy was his boundless love for the cattle country, and for every part of it; for God's country, as the cowboy termed it. With corresponding intensity, he had contempt for America's East, and for Europe's kings and queens, though the puncher was pleased to make exception in favor of the then Princess of Wales, and, to a somewhat less extent, in favor of her husband. Pictures of this princess were not uncommonly cut from illustrated newspapers and thereafter used for the adornment of bunkhouse walls. Truthfulness compels the statement that the princess' picture was in many instances flanked by a portrait of John L. Sullivan or of some other hero of the prize ring. If remarks overheard at many ranches were reflective of opinion on the range at large, the princess' picture was displayed not so much because of her beauty as because she was locally supposed to represent the acme of womanhood.

The puncher had abiding respect for the unwritten code of cattle land; and even though at times he might transgress the laws of territorial, state or Federal Government, he was a staunch abider by the tenets of the unwritten code. Then, too, he insisted upon strict compliance with the social customs of the range. These customs were as clearly defined as those which obtained in urban drawing-rooms, and infringement of range customs was anathema. The cattle country has been dubbed as having been socially free and easy. On the contrary, it was in many respects highly conventional, the conventions being of local planning, of sane birth and, in many instances, of great beauty.

As the final items in the roster of the cowboy's characteristics, there stand forth his generosity and his gentleness.

(Continued on Page 221)

For the Graduate . . . for the June Bride . . . Noe-Equl Pajamas

Such a smart, luxurious gift! And one that endures longer than you'd expect, for Noe-Equl *pure silk lingerie fabric is 37½% stronger.*

Can be bought only through Noe-Equl representatives

When it's a gift you're thinking of, let your neighbor, the Noe-Equl representative, show you the magnificent *new* Noe-Equl pajamas. You'll find them just the right thing to give a modern air of smartness to the graduation gifts of the college girl. And many a June bride will welcome them to the trousseau.

Here is real luxury in pajamas; tailored well, exquisitely trimmed, in contrasting colors that will not run, suitable for every-night wear by women who demand economy as well as beauty. These Noe-Equl pajamas are made from a pure silk fabric, sheer and exquisite, yet far stronger than any you have known before. In fact, Noe-Equl pure silk lingerie fabric is 37½% stronger than the finest pure glove silk we can buy when both are tested on the machine officially approved by the Government for testing fabrics. It is 57% stronger than loaded silk, or than rayon, which is entirely artificial. This increased strength of Noe-Equl pure silk lingerie fabric means a saving to you, for this unequaled fabric stands more wear and washing.

Yet such is not the only Noe-Equl economy, for you buy Noe-Equl garments only through the Noe-Equl representative. This saves you money at once. Buying in the home also spares you a great deal of time and effort.

Free—a pair of Noe-Equl *garters—Free*

Near you lives and works a Noe-Equl representative. You may know him. He is bonded and wears the Noe-Equl Emblem. Sign and mail the coupon below and he will be notified to call and show you that Noe-Equl pure silk lingerie and hosiery is the finest there is. In return for your courtesy he will give you a beautiful pair of Noe-Equl garters absolutely free. Sign and mail the coupon now.

NOE-EQUL TEXTILE MILLS, Inc., Reading, Pa.
Please have a Noe-Equl representative show me the Noe-Equl pure silk fabric, and bring me the pair of Noe-Equl garters *free*.

Name_____

Street_____

City and State_____

Noe-Equl

Pure Silk Hosiery and Pure Silk Lingerie "from top to toe in Noe-Equl"

A House is as good as the Lumber in it!

now- a sure way to get dollar-for-dollar value

BETTER Southern Pine Lumber is being produced today in Southern Pine Association mills than ever before. Virgin trees of the finest quality are being cut. Sawmills and planing mills are equipped with the newest improved machinery. Methods of manufacturing, seasoning, grading and handling are far superior to the processes of earlier days.

At Southern Pine Association mills every piece of lumber is inspected by men who classify it as to grade. They are governed by grading rules that have been perfected in accordance with American Lumber Standards. The work of these graders is subject to frequent inspection by other experts employed by the Southern Pine Association.

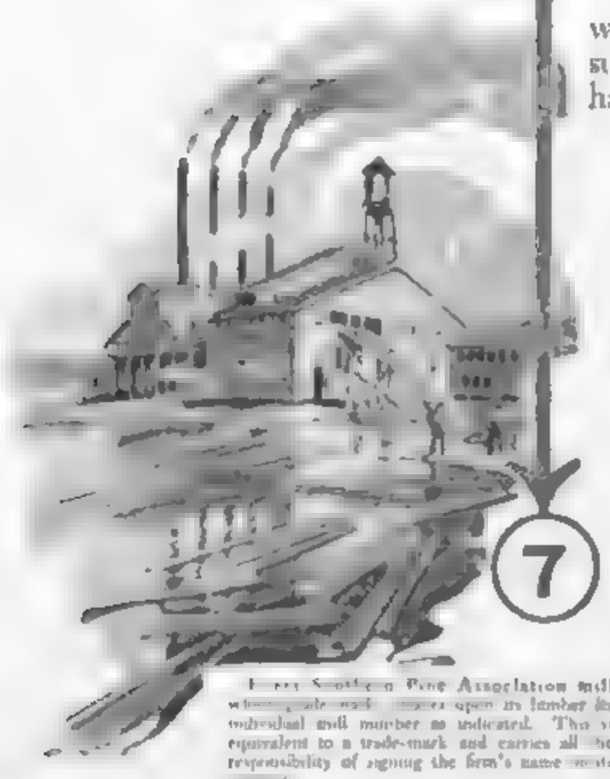
You want to build a home. You want lumber that has had all this superior manufacturing care—that has stood the test of these inspections. You want to be positively assured that the grades you specify go into your home.

Southern Pine Association mills can offer you that assurance, for these mills are now stamping upon their lumber identification marks showing the grade, showing who manufactured it, and showing the initials of the Southern Pine Association under whose inspection service the grades are maintained.

This means you can designate the quality of lumber you want in your home, and when that lumber comes to the job, you can see that you got what you asked for and what you paid for.

Southern Pine Association
NEW ORLEANS, LA.

Ask your retail lumberman for Grade-Marked, Trade-Marked Southern Pine—the lumber with a pedigree.



Every Southern Pine Association mill [illegible] grade-mark [illegible] upon its lumber its individual mill number as indicated. This is equivalent to a trade-mark and carries all the responsibility of signing the firm's name [illegible] pressed.

SPA

SOUTHERN PINE ASSOCIATION SERVICE

These initials—S. P. A. (Southern Pine Association)—guarantee this lumber was produced under the standard grading rules and authoritative inspection service of the Association. They also insure the Association mill products are made in accordance with the new American Lumber Standards.

1 COM.

Lumber is graded according to its quality. The degrees of quality are fixed by rules which have been worked out through years of experience by architects, engineers, lumber dealers, lumber manufacturers and wood testing laboratories. Fifteen different grades are shown on S. P. A. grade-marked Southern Pine. The grade used in this illustration is one of the finest.

(Continued from Page 218)

He would give his shirt, literally as well as figuratively. At daybreak on an autumn morning, I left a railroad car and alighted at a way station that consisted of a sign board, a signal post and nothing more—not a house within sight. There friends were to have met me, but they as yet had not arrived. Clad in thinnest of clothing, plunged into an atmosphere that was unseasonable in its coldness, I was making but a poor fist at lighting a fire, and my teeth were chattering busily, when, from seemingly nowhere at all in the sagebrush, a gentleman appeared. Faith, he was a gentleman! For, after one glance at me, he hopped off his horse, removed his undershirt, handed it to me, and said: "Ain't bin worn two weeks yit, an' the weather's bin too cool fer me to sweat." This, his initial remark, was supplemented by a philosophical observation which salved my feelings. It was: "Ain't everythin' hell?"

Vivid recollection of a nobler gift takes me back through the years and into a desert. Within this desert was traveling a party of men whose entire supply of water was stored in bags that were carried on the backs of animals and were in charge of a reputable packer. The mind of this packer suddenly going askew, he poured all the water into the parched sand and turned loose the pack animals; and the party found itself at daybreak, not only waterless, but also distant many miles from any water hole or any water-hoarding plants. Thereupon began a sullen march under a burning sun, a march savage to the men and to the horses that they rode.

Presently the inevitable began to happen, in that the cactuses and the sagebrush seemed to leave the ground and to float six feet or more above it. Soon thereafter it was as though a band of translucent pinkish ribbon, blotched with red, had been drawn across the vision of each man. Tongues filled mouths and protruded from them.

At this very instant, and it was none too soon, there appeared from behind a clump of bushes a cowboy who was distinguished by undue bow-leggedness and a face peppered with scars from smallpox; but who was still more distinguished by the fact that he was leading four water-laden burros.

A Life for the Code

This cowboy, wasting no time on preliminary greetings, announced, "Here's water. Dip in." After a draught by each man and horse, he continued, "You boys use all this for yoursel's an' your hosses. Looks like you could. All I need is a little for my hoss. I've jus' drank. My outfit's got a camp a spell ahead o' here with a big water train into it."

The last drop swallowed, the cowboy dispassionately stated, "Now we've got ter ride fer it. I'll make the trail, fer I knows this country. It's on my range, an' you folks is strangers. It'll be a tough ride, but keep a-comin'." Not till then did the resuscitated men appreciate that the camp and wholesale water train were inventions of courtesy; and that Sand Blast Pete, for that was the puncher's name, had given himself the handicap of thirst in order to guarantee the lives of people whom he previously had neither seen nor heard of.

The ride was made, but throughout the last two hours of it Sand Blast Pete, unconscious, was stretched across a saddle's horn. The ride ended at a water hole and there he died. A life for the code.

I know that story to be true, for I was one of the riders.

The cowboy's generosity not uncommonly was steeped in gentleness, particularly when invalids, women or children were involved in the transaction. He acted as did, in later years, the American soldier toward the children of war-swept France.

In the late afternoon, two days before Christmas, a puncher arrived at the McIntosh place, asked leave to spend the night, and added that he was bound for a dance which was to be held the following night at a ranch some eighty miles away. While at supper he expatiated on the delight of dancing; dwelt on the pleasure he expected to enjoy; and incidentally remarked that, because of injuries he had suffered, this would be the first dance he had been able to attend during two whole years.

He concluded with, "I ain't had nothin' but this here dance in my fool head for more'n a month."

Every cowboy possessed an insatiate love for dancing. It came from a combination of two elements: the loneliness of his life and the rhythmic poise which his body achieved through his style of horsemanship. This particular cowboy's love had, by its deprivations, been fanned to a fever heat.

A Sheik Turned Santa Claus

He barely had finished speaking when, from the room next the one in which he was, came a cry of dismay followed by disconsolate sobbing. It seems that Mary Elizabeth Evangeline Eva McIntosh had fallen; and, receiving a compound comminuted fracture of the skull, was having a sawdust hemorrhage. She was her mother's only child.

One glimpse of a distressed face was all the puncher needed. He asked the route to the nearest cow town, inquired as to the location of the intervening ranches, borrowed from me two fresh horses, stalked out into the darkness and raging snow and renounced the dance. On Christmas morning, in the trimmed starch-box crib once occupied by the late Mary Elizabeth and so on McIntosh deceased, was another baby, one that had really truly curls and that shut her eyes when laid upon her back. Also, at five ranches, weary broncos were resting from their labors; for at each of these establishments remounts had been obtained during both the outward and the returning journey, a round trip of more than two hundred miles and in killing weather.

On Christmas morning, a tired buckaroo, now mounted on his own horse, was backtracking on the trail by which he originally had come, leaving to his rear the McIntosh ranch and, beyond it, the scene of the dance that had been.

His final statement at his leave-taking had run in this wise, "I know, ma'am, but I don't need no thanks. If she thinks Santa Claus brung it, that'll do fust rate. He's better'n jus' an ornery cowpuncher. I'll have to be pullin' out now. Thanks fer puttin' me up. So long."

Just who the man was the McIntoshes never were able to learn. He was merely a stray from the trail.

Many years ago I was riding with the swing men of a cattle herd that was heading for a cow town. A few miles before reaching the outskirts of the town, our herd passed a sorry-looking outfit. It consisted, so far as a momentary glance disclosed, of a two-horse wagon and a man and a woman standing beside the wagon. The wagon's wheels were dished and lacked numerous spokes; the wagon's sheet was torn and filthy; the horses scrawny with ribs protruding through harness that showed as much of string and rope as it did of leather. The man wore ragged clothes, the woman was equally ragged and forlorn.

The glance revealed all this, but it did not reveal that the wagon's content was a seven-year-old girl who was in the last stages of tuberculosis. The man, the woman and the horses stared mutely at us as though, through the dumbness of despair, they would let us pass and not appeal for aid. A puncher, who was riding on our herd's drag, trotted over to the miserable assemblage to see what assistance, if any, was required. The rest of us, under the compulsion of our moving cattle, continued on our way to the town and its shipping pens.

After arriving at the town, I went to its general store; and had been inside this building for but a few moments when there began to sound the tattoo of a galloping pony's hoofs. Increasing in intensity the noise suddenly ended in that peculiar

The FLORSHEIM Shoe

Men who prefer a certain refined shape permanently find in FLORSHEIMS just the shoe that satisfies—comfortable, durable, and always appropriate.

The Chester - Style M-206

Most Styles $10

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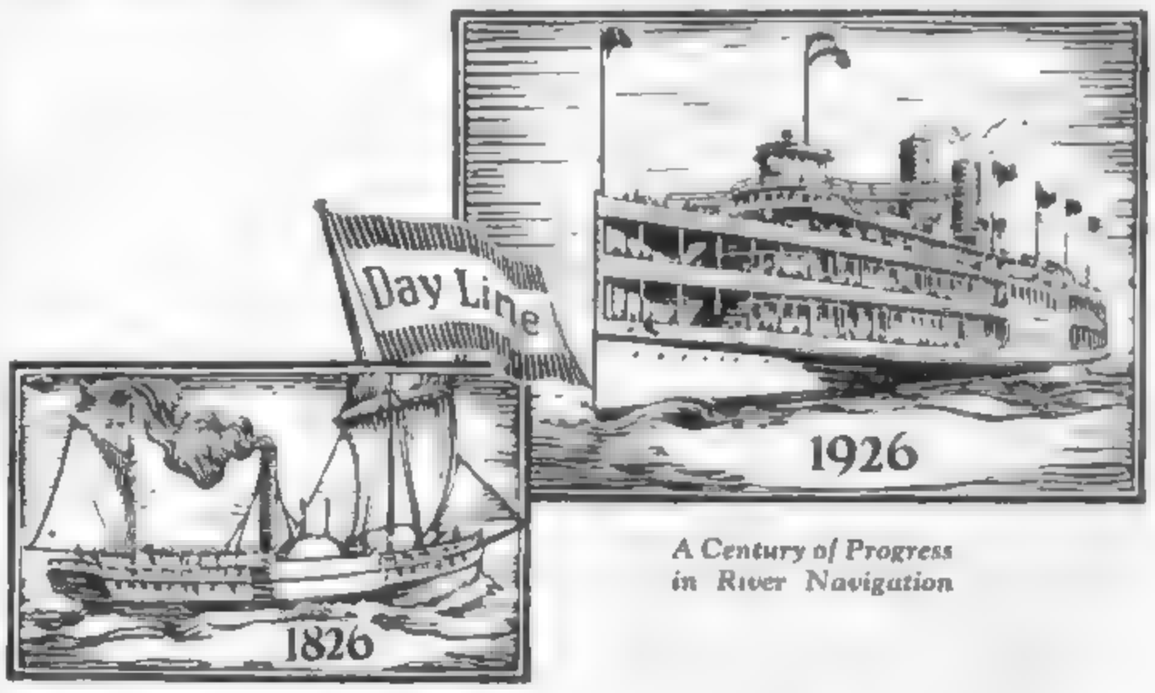

A Century of Progress in River Navigation

One Hundred Years of Service on the Hudson

IN the many years which have elapsed since the early steamboats of Abram Van Santvoord, the Day Line trips between New York and Albany have become world-famous for incomparable scenery, magnificent steamers and a service which sets a high standard in all departments.

Do not fail to include this matchless trip in your summer itinerary. Buy your ticket via Day Line. *Service daily including Sunday in each direction until October 17th. Delightful one-day outings. Write for time table and illustrated literature.*

Hudson River Day Line

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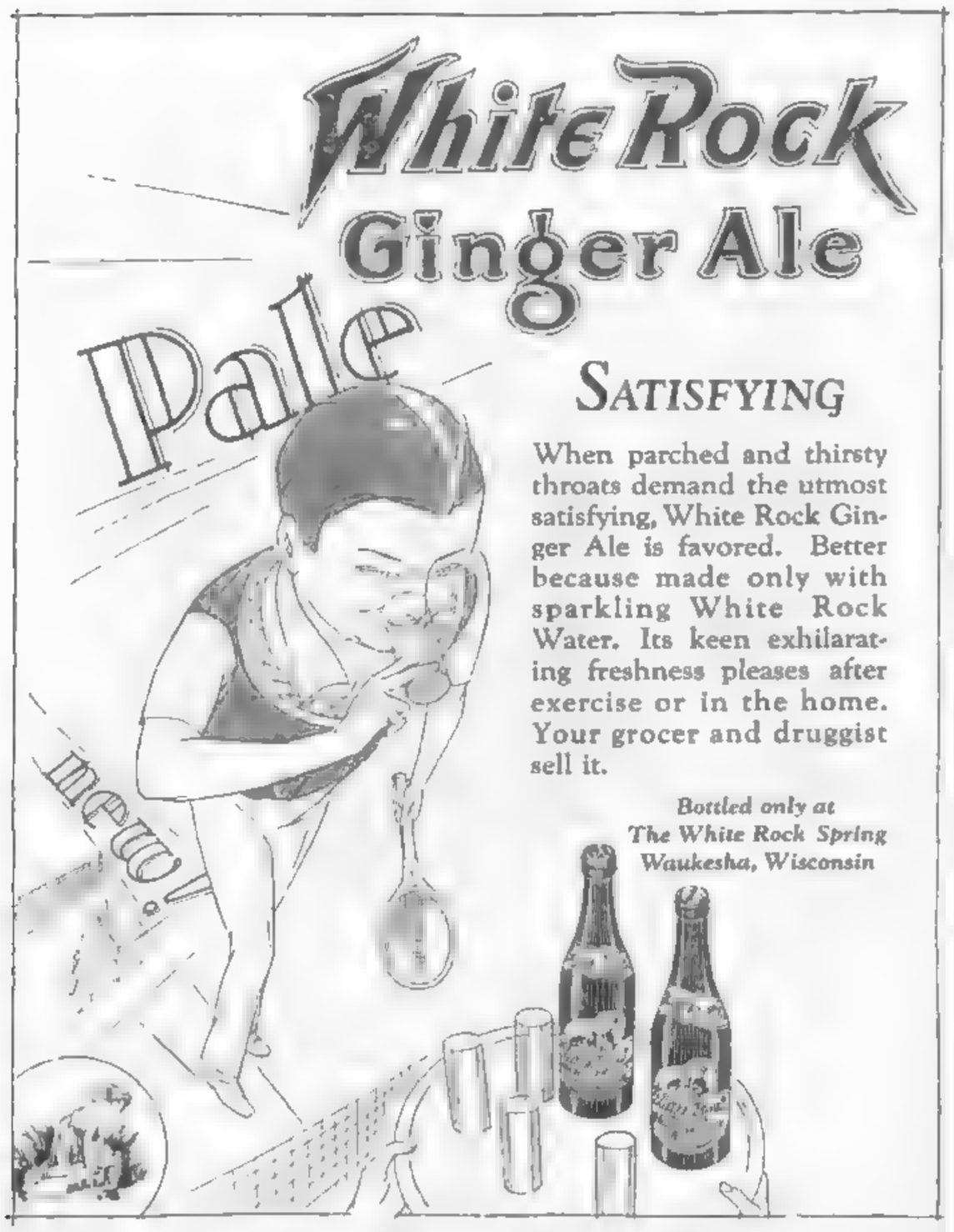

SATISFYING

When parched and thirsty throats demand the utmost satisfying, White Rock Ginger Ale is favored. Better because made only with sparkling White Rock Water. Its keen exhilarating freshness pleases after exercise or in the home. Your grocer and druggist sell it.

Bottled only at
The White Rock Spring
Waukesha, Wisconsin

swish which a ridden pony makes when he is reined back upon his haunches, and sets gravel flying; that peculiar swish which advertises the abrupt checking of a burst of speed. The store door swung open, a gold coin flew past my head and bounced upon the counter; but even before it hit, its thrower, our man from the drag, had begun to speak.

With machinelike rapidity of utterance, he demanded, "Give me twenty dollars wuth o' pink, an' give it to me quick, fer there's a little girl a-dyin' up the trail. She says how she's never owned nothin' that was colored pink in her hull life, an' how as she'd like to own some that's all her own afore she dies. Stick your spurs in; an' give it to me quick, fer she's a-dyin' fast."

Within a few moments the speaker was once more on the gallop; but this time he was carrying a sunbonnet, a bolt of gingham and a doll, each of them in the desired color, and the three of them comprising all the pink objects that the general store could marshal. Two hours later, within the ramshackle wagon stranded on the staring plain, peacefully died a little girl surrounded by pink that was all her own.

The man who carried pink to the little girl was a man who previously had served seven years in prison under a life sentence for murder, a sentence which had been cut short by pardon. He was gentle enough to carry pink, but he was the most reckless buster of bad horses that his range had ever seen.

These men of the saddle and of the cattle range, ranch owner and cowboy together—what things, if any, of constructive worth did they accomplish?

In addition to supplying beef and tractive animals to the Atlantic coast, to grading up the Texan and Western livestock, to making the plains habitable for the farmers, they created an intensive and highly specialized civilization which, at least in part, still obtains throughout Texas and the West and which is notable for its solidarity and its democracy.

As concerns its solidarity, Texan and Yankee, ex-Confederate and ex-Unionist, met so amicably over the cow's back, that they prevented the prejudices begotten of the Civil War from extending westward of the Missouri River.

The democracy of Texas and the West, unlike political socialism, has never insisted that all people remain upon the same level.

Although denying that a man may inherit assured social position, it always has ungrudgingly accorded to every man whatever social position he, by his own effort and merit, has been able to achieve and maintain, and always has ungrudgingly indorsed the quality of individualism. In this indorsement Texan and Western democracy has been diametrically opposed to the basic theory of political socialism.

Coupled with the democracy, and as a virile part of it, has been the tenet that the mutual giving of aid was a vital duty, a duty demanded by neighborliness. This tenet, which necessity created in the days of sparse population, has since persisted; and, because born of democracy, has been another foe to political socialism.

Wherefore, political socialism has thus far not been able to obtain a foothold within the lands where nomad cattle used to graze; although it has, at times, flourished both in the regions to the eastward of those lands and also in the lumber forests that, westward of them, lie upon the Northwest's Pacific coast. Thanks to the imprint left by the cowboy, socialism in America, even though it were able to capture various of the Eastern States, would march to a Waterloo in the country that is girt with sagebrush.

Out of the tenet of mutual assistance, a tenet evoked by ranching life, have sprung the Texan and Western universities and the local taxpayers' willingness to give these institutions very generous financial support.

In all, not a bad record for bowlegged men in leather overalls.

Let's get close to the Big Outdoors

LET'S ease into a Puritan Sport Jacket and forget we have clothes to worry about outdoors.

Puritan is the red-blooded, dashing comfort jacket for outdoor and school wear. It's the thing to put a youth or a boy or a girl in tune with the outdoor world. On the vacation trip—at the mountains, the seashore, in the woods; particularly at the summer camp, there's nothing like a roomy, comfortable Puritan Sport Jacket.

And those exclusive patterns and colors! There's the real spirit of youth in them. *Your* dealer has Puritan Sport Jackets or he will be glad to take your order.

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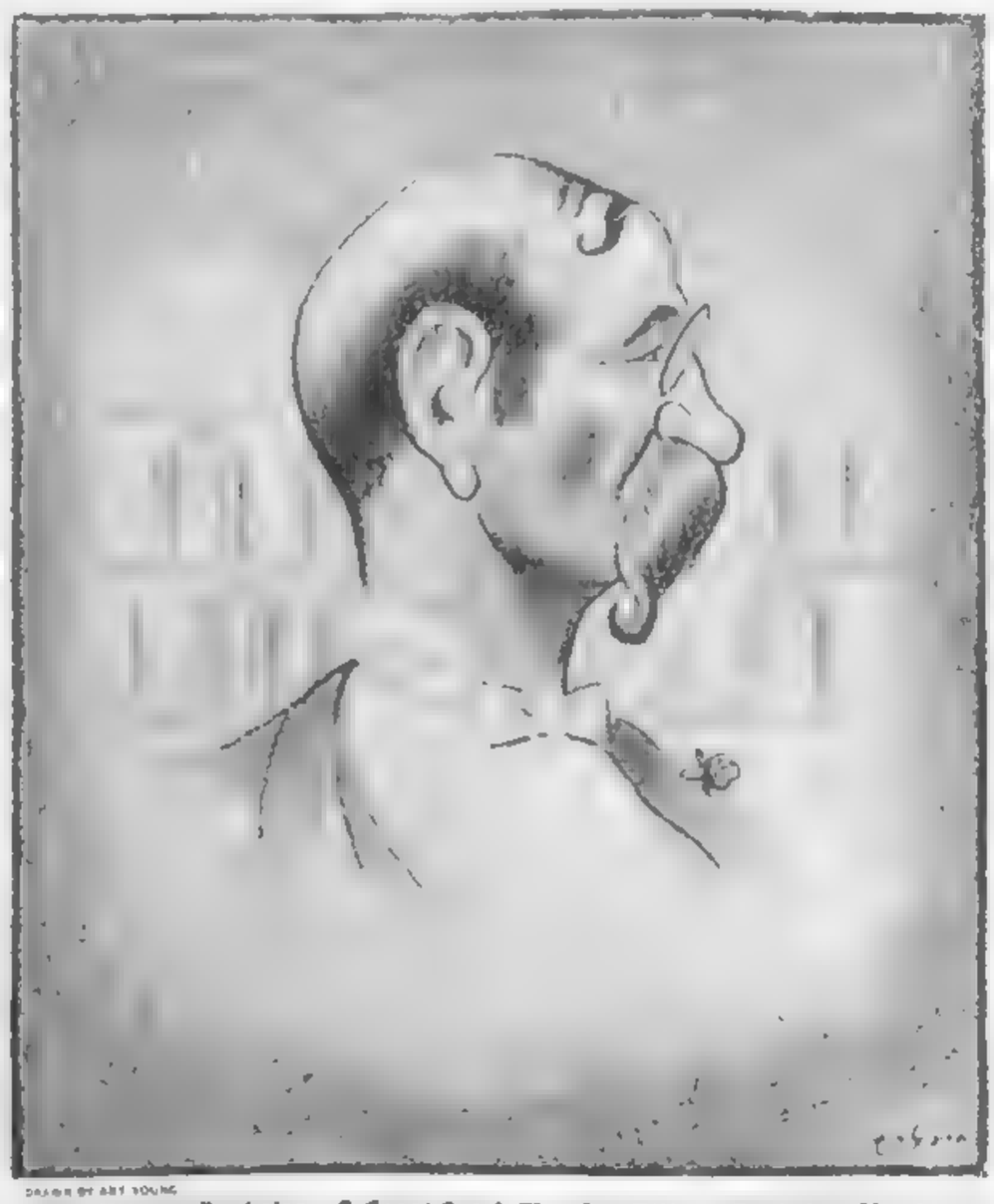
Makers of Puritan blouses for boys and Collegiate shirts for young men—the criterion of quality in fine apparel shops for more than 30 years—selling more each year.

Puritan SPORT JACKET

Old Town Old Timers



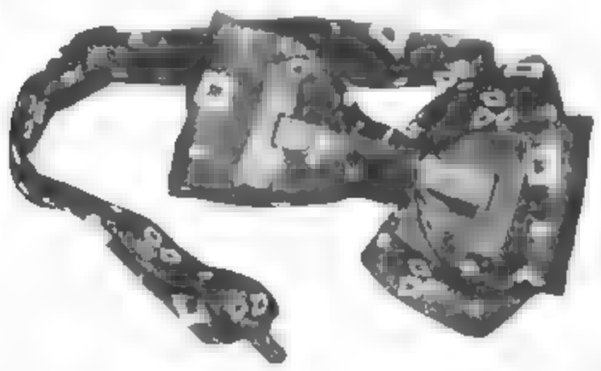
DESIGN BY ART YOUNG

The Village Bachelor. A Great Catch Was Our Village Bachelor, Member of the Town's Best Family—Proprietor of the East Side Drug Store—and Quite a Cut-Up at Parties

Spur Tie all tied for you

PAT. JUNE 13, '12, JAN. 28, 24, AUG. 26, 24 REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

50¢ and up



Look inside and see the H-shaped Innerform

Above is a photograph of a Spur Tie, with part of the silk cut away and turned back. You can see the H-shaped Innerform itself, and on the other side of the tie, its position is indicated by a drawing. This is the patented form, found only in the Spur Tie. This is the secret of the Spur Tie's smartness, for the form lets you arrange the Spur Tie any way you like, but keeps it from curling, rolling or wrinkling

Once on, it stays on— and keeps on looking good!

YOU have only one problem with the Spur Tie. That is to pick out the newest and smartest of patterns tied into ties. Then your tie troubles are over. You merely slip the Spur Tie into place, fasten it, and you are off to business, sport, or formal function, with never another thought about your tie.

You have no knots to knot. The Spur Tie is all tied for you, deftly knotted by trained fingers. You have no wrinkles to smooth, no flat places to fluff up. The Spur Tie is tied right, to look more like a hand-tied tie than a hand-tied tie.

It stays the way you put it, too. Inside every Spur Tie is a style secret. That is the H-shaped Innerform—a patented, firm, but pliable form that will not droop or wrinkle.

Feel for this H-shaped Innerform in the ties you buy—but that isn't enough. There are other ties which may be offered you instead of Spur Ties. They cannot have the patented H-shaped Innerform in them, and it is the H-shaped Innerform that makes the Spur Tie stand alone for smartness.

Make sure that you get the real Spur Tie. Look on the back for the red Spur label. Then you know that you are getting the tie that looks more like a hand-tied tie than a hand-tied tie.

Hewes & Potter, Boston, Mass.
Pacific Coast Office, 120 Battery Street, San Francisco, Cal.
Makers of Bull Dog Belts, Suspenders and Garters—the guaranteed brand.

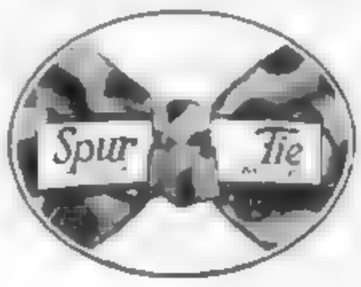
Johnny Hines

Popular star of First National Pictures, whose latest film successes are "The Live Wire" and "Rainbow Riley." See how smart, correct, and good-looking a Spur Tie is below the cheery smile of this popular and well-dressed star.

FREE

Write for a free copy of "Can Do Winthrop Finds a Gold Mine," an absorbing romance of love and business written by a talented short story writer for your amusement. Mail the coupon below for a free copy

BOYS! Here is your tie, just like Dad's and Big Brother's. It is Spur Tie Junior. It comes all-tied-for-you, in the snappiest patterns you ever saw. You put it on yourself—no tough knots to worry with. Then no matter how hard you play or work, the H-shaped Innerform makes it keep its shape and grown-up good looks.



At left is shown the red Spur label. This label must be on the back of every tie you buy—or you are not getting the real Spur Tie. Look for the red Spur label.

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Please send me your free booklet, "Can Do Winthrop Finds a Gold Mine."

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50% MORE WEAR

Lee Creates a New Standard in Work Clothing

LEE has accomplished the seemingly impossible again. Twelve years ago to introduce the now famous Lee Union-Alls. Today, to perfect new work clothing fabrics! The most outstanding achievement in the work clothing industry in half a century.

These new Lee fabrics completely shatter all former work clothing standards. They have created a new standard in work garments. 50% stronger than ordinary work garment fabrics. 50% more wear in the new Lee Union-Alls and Overalls.

Now Lee leadership is more clearly defined than ever because the combination of these new Lee fabrics with the many exclusive Lee features of design and construction, is found in no other work garment.

The Lee organization has constantly set the pace in work clothing manufacture. Many distinctive construction features are being used by Lee.

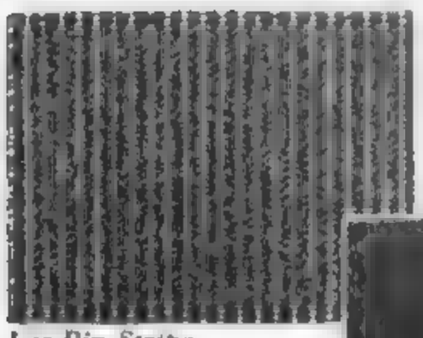
The widely imitated Lee 3-in-1 bib pocket. Reinforced side openings. Triple-stitched seams. Cut-in-one piece, two-ply broad suspenders. Solid brass can't rust buttons. These, and many others are used in Lee garments.

Men who knew work garments preferred Lee because of these quality features. With the new Lee fabrics added to this high standard of workmanship, this preference is made doubly sure. The new Lee Union-Alls and Overalls are in a class by themselves.

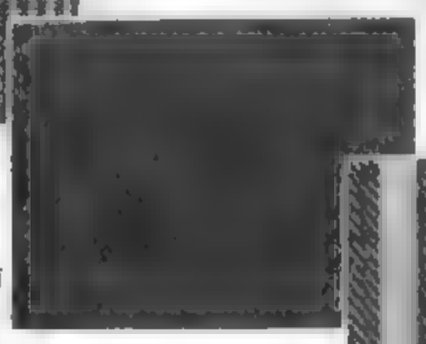
But even now comparisons may be made. Substitutes may be offered. It will pay you to insist on Lee, because only in Lee do you get these more wear fabrics. You cannot lose. The Lee guarantee protects you.

And once you wear a Lee you never again will be satisfied with ordinary work clothing. You'll say with pride, "I wear the *new Lee*."

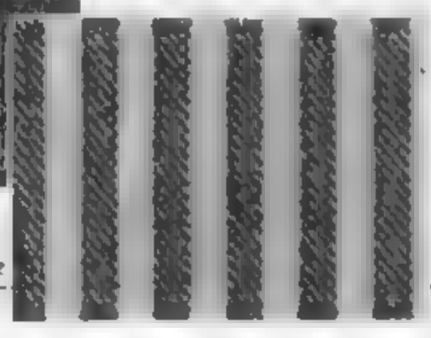
Quality Wins!



Lee Pin Stripe



Lee Herringbone Khaki



Lee Express Stripe

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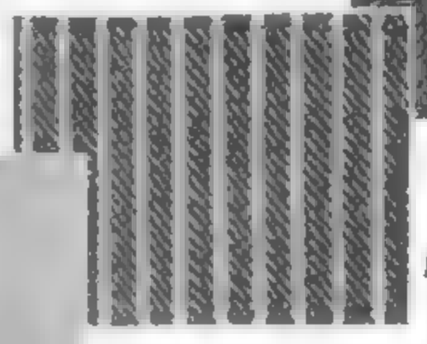

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GAME IN THE FOREGROUND

(Continued from Page 31)

Mrs. Evarts waked me in the middle of the night with the announcement that some heavy creature was prowling in the brush and sniffing explosively round the tent as if seeking an entrance. Being familiar with the thievish habits of Yellowstone bears, she was ready to credit McKinley bears with the same tendencies. A few of the big rabbits of that region, when thumping round in the brush, create considerable commotion, and I was inclined to attribute the sound to this source or to place the blame upon some blundering porcupine. Just then it began to rain, and even above the pelting of drops on the taut canvas I heard some heavy creature smashing round in the brush; no rabbit or porcupine, this. There was no gun in camp, as I seldom carry one unless actually hunting, so I elected to let the intruder depart of his own accord instead of staging an investigation in the rain.

The squirrels had gained in confidence, as squirrels do, though this trustfulness has ever remained a mystery to me, as all beasts and birds of prey, including man, wage war upon the tribe, and it would seem that squirrel nature would long since have developed a trait of chronic skepticism. However, when Son and I stationed ourselves in an opening in the brush a dozen or more parka squirrels were soon accepting food from our hands. Each animal, stuffing his cheek pouches to capacity and acquiring the appearance of being afflicted with a severe case of mumps, whisked away to his burrow to add the deposit to his winter-food cache, then returned to scold violently at any intruder that had taken his place meanwhile.

A Deserter From Civilization

Some three or four miles from camp I stalked a caribou and approached within thirty feet, congratulating myself upon my cleverness, when I observed that the animal had one eye trained tentatively upon me and was quite well aware of my presence. Simultaneously I noted the white splash upon his face and a pinto effect along his underparts, so knew him for a renegade reindeer bull that had deserted to the caribou. One bad feature about such mingling of reindeer bulls with native caribou is that the crossing which results is in reverse from the breeding-up process that would be effected by the introduction of wild caribou bulls into the reindeer herds, for the reindeer is stunted in comparison, and the caribou would deteriorate in size from crossing with the deserters. A curious feature of this matter is attested by observers—that the small reindeer bulls, being shorter and thus apparently able to get under the guard of the larger caribou, readily defeat the wild bulls in combat over the cows.

The scarcity of grizzlies led me to remain skeptical as to our nocturnal visitor having been one of that tribe, and it now occurred to me that the renegade reindeer might have investigated the camp the previous night.

When our food supply was at low ebb I assembled our belongings into a pack and we started down country for Savage, making twenty or more fords to avoid heavy brush; but by crossing on bars the water seldom came far above our knees. We saw game on all sides, including another reindeer, and the bottoms were alive with ptarmigans. We saw not less than a dozen flocks of these birds on the way.

I wished to see the character of the country along the route of the proposed road, and more particularly to see the game some seventy or eighty miles farther back, so I arranged for a pack outfit to make the trip—one man, George Lingold, to accompany us. Miss Howard, of Boston, wished to make the jaunt and Karsten detailed Fritz Nyberg, a park ranger, to go with us.

This country is very boggy in character, and as the horses floundered through a tangle of roots and soft sucking mud, a foot or two in depth, I was apprehensive of a bad spill for some of the party. The average horse detests a bog, and I have seen good mountain horses—mounts that would safely cross treacherous, grinding rockslides and all manner of precipitous ledge trails on which a flat-country horse would break all four legs within a hundred yards, negotiate down-timber jams and bad fords—that would object most strenuously to entering a side-hill bog twenty feet across, and prove their point by threshing round helplessly once they were in it. Yet these horses plodded calmly along in this deep root-tangled muck, refraining from any floundering scrambles, but simply extracting a foot, lifting it above the surface and advancing it, then tugging to extricate another member from the sucking glue, thus achieving a slow but steady progress, even though the motion was hitching and uneven.

These horses, in common with Harry Karsten's flivver, were absolutely at home in a bog. However, upon rocky expanses that the average mountain horse would take at a run, they were somewhat diffident; and Baldy, one of the pack horses, proceeded to lose his footing, fall on his nose and roll over on his pack on three different occasions. Son objected to assistance in mounting, so I half-hitched his horse's neck rope to the saddle horn and allowed the end to dangle. The horse would turn its head, watch the boy haul himself aloft by the rope, wait until he was settled in the saddle; then proceed to do some more expert bog crawling. All told, our horses were excellent animals for our purpose.

We crossed a low divide and dropped to Sanctuary River, where a number of caribou were scattered round the bottoms. Another low divide and we chanced upon fifty-odd sheep that had come down from the more abrupt slopes. Throughout the day we were seldom out of sight of both sheep and caribou.

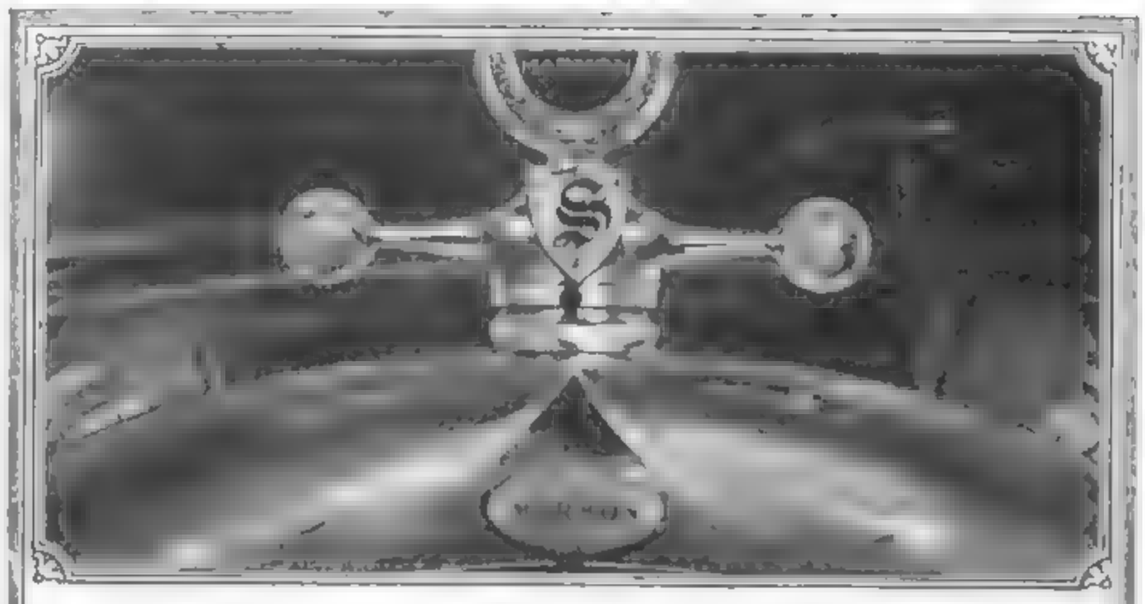
We descended to the Teklanika River, crossed it and rode up Igloo Creek to camp. All the streams headed against the main range of mountains and flowed in a northerly direction.

Our course was westward through a series of low saddles just at the base of the parent range, crossing each stream where it poured out of the hills. The floors of the stream beds show the action of torrents during the period of melting snows in spring and early summer. From hill to hill, frequently a mile or more in width, the bottoms are merely rock bars, largely devoid of vegetation, through which various channels wind their swift devious way, joining here and there, only to separate round some bowlder field and branch widely apart. Viewing the bare rock rubble it is easy to picture the frothing torrents that boil down these bottoms at high water. The next day we followed the rocky bed of Igloo Creek to its head, out over Sable Pass to the East Fork of the Toklat, then over Polychrome Pass to the Toklat, crossing two miles or more of rock bar to camp on the west bank, where there is timber.

No Man's Land for Beavers

The McKinley Park region is not especially suitable for beaver except in a very few places. Several of these animals had established themselves on the Toklat some two miles below the point where we camped and had developed a fair-sized colony. But this proved short-lived, as someone had slipped in and trapped them out to the last beaver, according to the ranger's report.

After dinner I climbed above the timber and viewed the hills toward the head of the Toklat. Higher, these were, than the foothills through which we had been traveling. Tier upon tier they rose, with pitching green meadows, and every meadow supporting its quota of sheep. I counted ninety-three in one bunch, fifty-odd in another and a dozen



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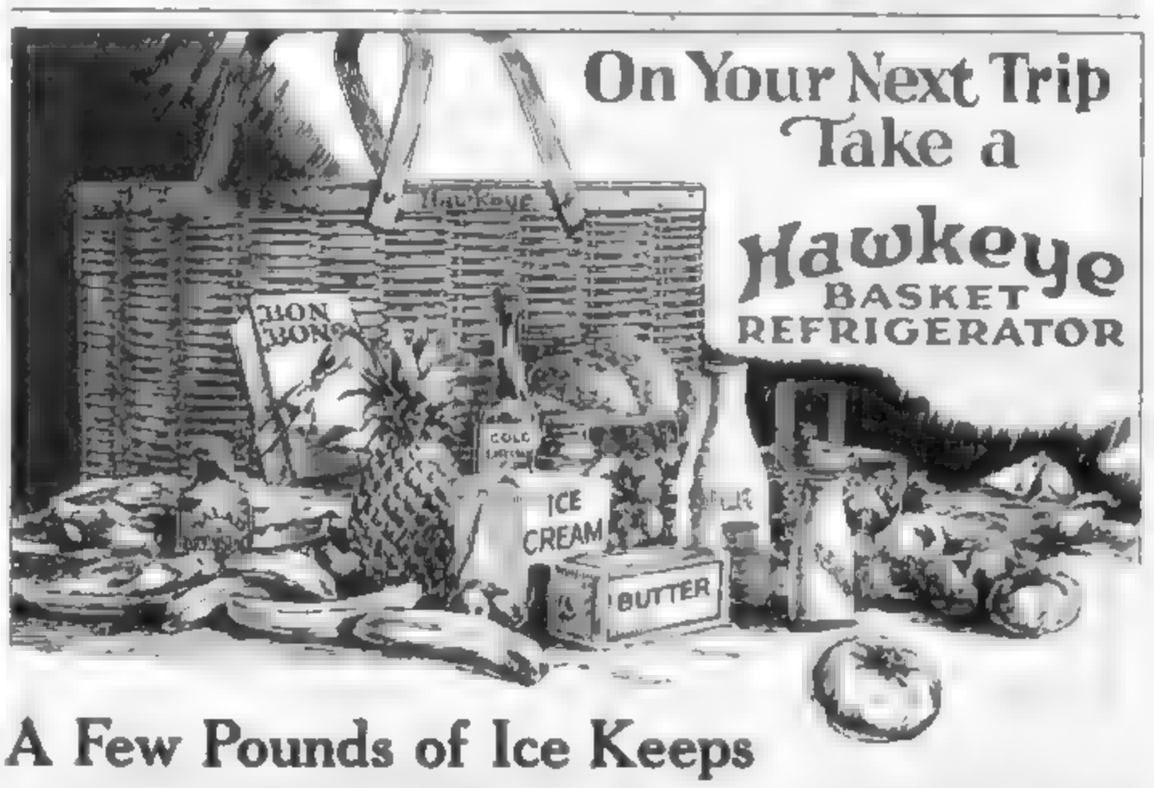

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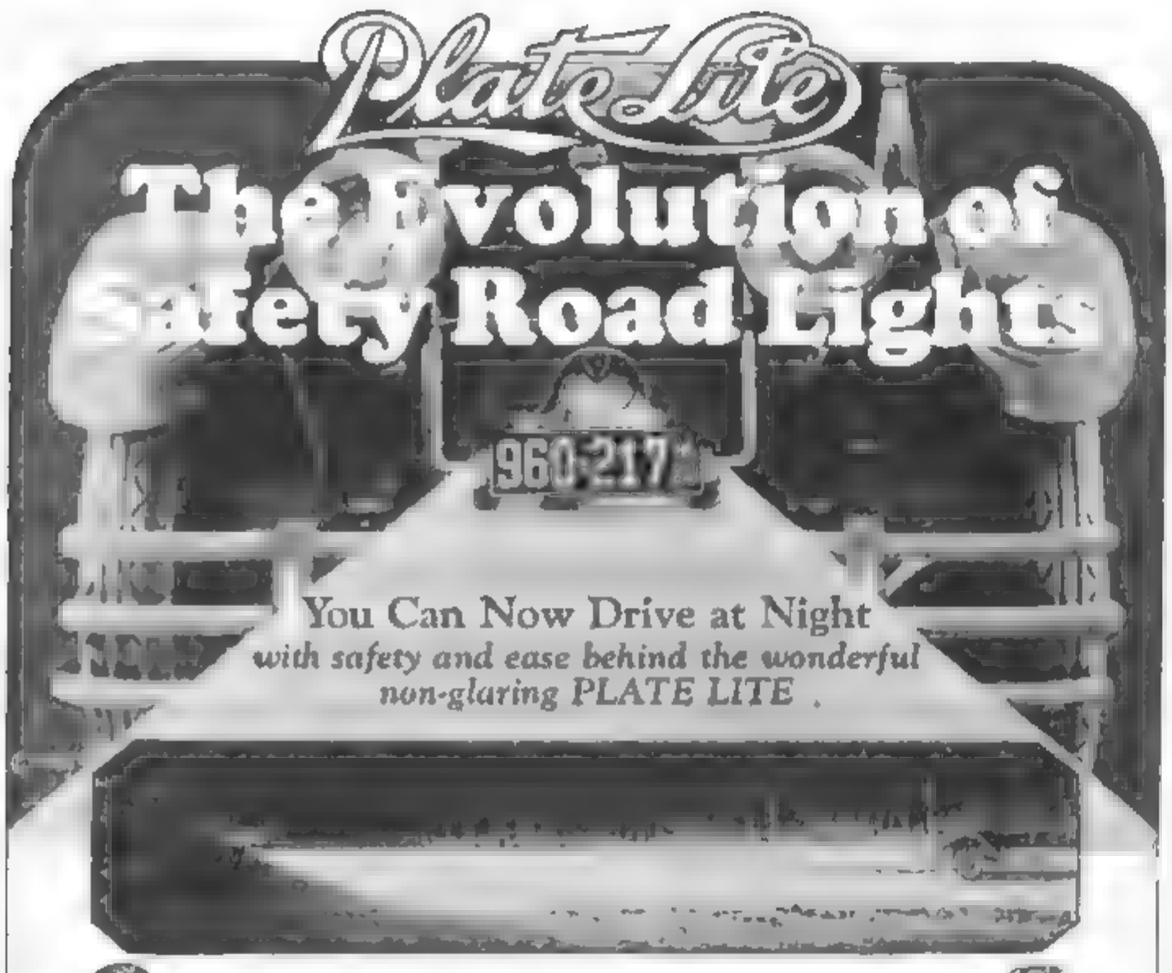
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or more smaller bands, with stray singles, couples and triples dotted all over the landscape.

This section was simply alive with rabbits. I have seen unbelievable numbers of jack rabbits gathered in patches that had blown free of snow after blizzards in various parts of the West, but the devastation wrought by these rabbits on the Toklat during the preceding winter exceeded anything of the sort in my previous experience. It was an easy matter to determine the depth of the packed snow during the past winter. A layer averaging perhaps two feet had protected the base of the brush. Everything above that level had been absolutely mowed off by the rabbit swarms.

To the height of that former protection the brush was flourishing now, its top lending the appearance of a close-clipped hedge save for the heaviest trunks of an inch or more in diameter. Every limb had been shorn from these, and every vestige of bark, even the outer wood itself, had been gnawed away. It presented an odd appearance, a flat expanse of flourishing green above which rose countless thousands of these straight white shafts.

Coyote's Conquest of America

After viewing this scene of devastation I did not wonder that the great moose herds of the Kenai Peninsula had faced starvation a few years ago when the rabbits sheared off all available browse at the top of the snow. Caribou also figured prominently in the landscape.

I climbed with Fritz to investigate a bunch of bulls that had gathered in a gulch above timber line behind the camp. They moved out of the pocket and traveled in single file along the sky line, a magnificent picture, for they were large bulls with good antlers, eleven in number, their white ruffs flashing; while at the head of the parade, leading the way, was a smaller animal with a pinto coat—a renegade reindeer bull.

We pulled caribou moss and piled it to a depth of a foot or so upon which to spread our beds. That night I waked, listening to some familiar sound. Far and faint it came—the howl of a coyote. Half asleep, I accused my mind of wandering back to former scenes, and in the morning dismissed the matter as a bit of imagination, as I doubted that coyotes had yet reached a point so far north as this.

A number of years ago I wrote a story predicting that the coyote would spread from coast to coast and from Central America to the arctic, those of the northerly invasion becoming larger and darker from crossing with wolves. While at Skagway I had been informed that coyotes had appeared in Southeastern Alaska in relatively large numbers. I knew they had become common in the southern parts of the Yukon territory. Several years ago at a trading post, north of the Great Slave Lake, I was told that a trapper had brought in three coyote pelts, evidence that their spread was progressing northward through interior Canada at least to the edge of the Barren Grounds; but I had no idea that they had penetrated so far to the northwest as McKinley.

On the McKinley Fork of the Kantishna we stopped with Mr. Grant, a prospector who had a cabin at the foot of Copper Mountain, the logs for which were freighted twenty-two miles by dog team in the winter. Every stick of his firewood is freighted for many miles.

Son rode on ahead, dismounted and disappeared round the cabin, whereupon there was a chorus of excited yelps that roused a thrill of apprehension in me, although I had repeatedly cautioned him against touching strange dogs in the north. It's not a good thing to do, as many northern dogs resent any undue familiarity. I have seen thousands of Mackenzie huskies, and but few of the lot that I'd care to handle on first acquaintance.

The average Alaskan Malemute seems considerably more friendly, less inclined to slash, perhaps because they have more domestic blood and less of the wolf than the Mackenzie River dogs, or perhaps for the reason that the Alaskan dogs see far more people than those of the isolated Mackenzie country. It is certain that they receive far better treatment and that they respond to it. Small wonder that the Mackenzie dogs are savage, for the natives often mistreat them, and in addition do not even feed them of summers, so that many of them die of starvation.

The dogs know no law but the rule of the club. The mounted police and many of the traders object to the natives' cruelty to their dogs, but there is little that can be done to remedy it. In such parts of Alaska as I visited dog owners are proud of their teams and the dogs are well treated. Still, with either huskies or Malemutes it is customary to tie each dog separately and out of reach of the others when leaving them alone for any length of time. Otherwise it affords opportunity for the settling of grudges and all too frequently results in murder.

Grant's dogs, however, were tied in a bunch, of which Son was the center, with his arms locked round the neck of a big white-and-black husky when I rounded the cabin. Waving tails, grinning faces and eager whines of greeting indicated that these fellows courted rather than resented familiarity. They were strikingly beautiful Siberian huskies. Mr. Grant later informed me that he had trained these dogs in friendliness since puppyhood and had never permitted quarreling. Even at mealtime they fed amicably; one might almost say with polite regard for one another's rights. Never once did I hear a snarl from any dog during our two-day stay with Mr. Grant.

A Tower of Rock and Ice

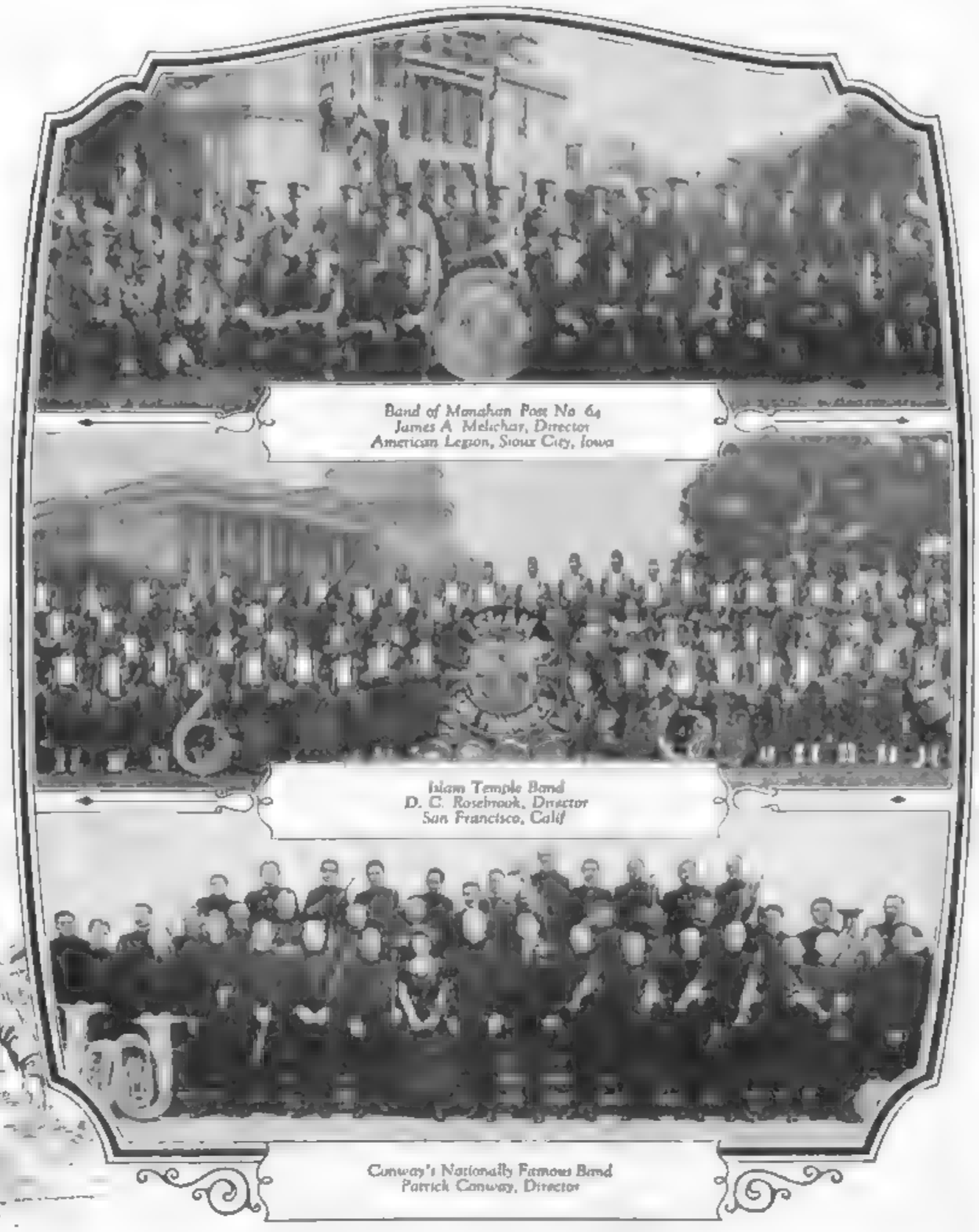
Patsy, the dog upon whose neck Son had fastened on his arrival, developed a firm attachment for him that amounted almost to an obsession. Patsy howled so steadily whenever the boy was out of reach that it became a torrent of sound. Eventually the dog was given his liberty so that the two might be together. Grant informed me that a few days prior to our visit he had watched three coyotes following a caribou and that they were not uncommon in the neighborhood. Later, at Fairbanks, I saw a bunch of coyote pelts that had been taken by a trapper within a few miles of the Arctic Circle, so the northward invasion of these animals through Alaska has been even more rapid than I had imagined. Perhaps it was not imagination but an actual fact that I had heard a coyote howl on the Toklat.

The terminal of the road, when completed, will be somewhere in the vicinity of Copper Mountain. It is from this point that one realizes what a tremendous pile of rock and ice Mt. McKinley is. Approximately fifteen miles from its base, one feels that he leans backward to view the top of this towering white mass. With the camp established here, a tourist will be whisked to the spot in a few hours by auto and may then prowl among blue-green glaciers and wild tumbling canyons, a countryside that is scenically magnificent. But I visited McKinley to penetrate its game fields, so will not digress into matters of landscape.

Before our departure Mr. Grant hooked up his dogs to the long sleigh for the purpose of giving Son a ride, and the animals whirled along without seeming effort, even

(Continued on Page 229)

A Band like these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(Continued from Page 226)

though there was no snow. Patsy mounted the top of the dog house and howled dismally until we were out of sight. Grant was an excellent host and an interesting companion, and we were sorry to part and take up the back trail to the Savage.

Every day we had diligently swept the countryside for some sign of a grizzly. A hundred times I had studied some dark spot, only to discover that it was a bedded caribou. We had seen but a single small bear track aside from the one on the head of the Savage. Returning down Igloo Creek, a spot high on a green shoulder attracted my attention, and again the process of dismounting and applying the glasses was in order. It proved to be a big grizzly bedded a thousand yards or more above us.

Fritz was carrying a .45 and he fired a shot in the air to see if the bear would get on its feet at the sound. The grizzly not only left its bed but started to leave the country as well. He started first in one direction, then wheeled and rushed off in another, only to turn again. It was evident that he was mystified as to the direction from which the shot had come, also that he was loath to climb the long bare slope above him, affording no cover, so he chose the path of least resistance and poured down hill straight at us. When he veered a bit we rode down the bottoms to intercept his course. Not until he was within perhaps a hundred and fifty yards did the motion of the horses catch his eye. His fast gallop terminated abruptly, and he reared for a better view. No doubt he heard our voices, too, and his worst suspicions were confirmed. He turned uphill, then decided against this course and made a swift angling descent to an acre or so of scattered timber on a bench just above the creek bottoms, and in this bit of cover he remained while we rode past just across the creek from his retreat.

Getting Alaska Ready for Guests

Between Igloo and Savage we saw the only moose of the trip. There are thousands of moose in interior Alaska; but most of Mt. McKinley Park is too high for them, so moose were not plentiful along the route we followed.

Here, as in most other parts of Alaska, I was impressed with the tremendous tourist possibilities of our northern territory. In a previous article I cited the tremendous proportions of the annual tourist trade and the reasons why Alaska should come in for her share of it.

There are two essentials: First, that the American public should know what a really delightful country it is and the variety it affords. That will bring the tourists. Second is the necessity for Alaskans to organize to make that variety accessible to the tourists after they arrive.

In this connection I must again refer to the popular conception of Alaska as the ever-frozen north. Relatively speaking, the farther north one travels in Alaska during midsummer, the hotter he will find it. For example, though I have not the exact table, here in Mt. McKinley Park, only two hundred miles removed from the Arctic Circle, there is an average of about twenty hours of daylight from May fifteenth to August first. In Fairbanks, approximately one hundred miles from the Circle, the average is even greater; sufficient, at least, to permit the raising of flowers and fine garden truck in abundance during the short growing season.

They grow vegetables in the Fairbanks district that would not ripen on my place twenty-five miles from Yellowstone Park in Wyoming, which indicates that prospective summer visitors to Mt. McKinley Park need not be deterred by the fear of encountering severe cold. The summer climate is delightful, comparable to the summer weather in the mountains of Colorado, Idaho, Wyoming or any other of our mountain states.

The people of thinly settled communities in the West and North are far-famed for their friendly hospitality, and Alaska is no exception. During my six months' stay there, whether I turned up at an isolated cabin or landed at some lonely cannery wharf, I was greeted with uniform friendliness. The prospective visitor to Alaska may rest assured that no matter where he may wander he will be accorded a friendly reception. In return the Alaskans believe that the visiting stranger should like their country, and why should he not, since it is a most wonderful region?

The other horn of the equation is the fact that the various matters of interest should be made easily accessible to tourists as they arrive. For example, Alaska affords trout fishing beyond the dreams of angling enthusiasts, and I met scores of tourists who were almost fanatically anxious to have a try at the trout during the limited time at their disposal; but information and guides for short fishing trips were inadequate, at least in coördination, and the most of these anxious ones rushed on through without fulfillment of their hopes.

If any good Alaskan town that cares to bid for tourist patronage should employ a tourist agent who could work up a descriptive pamphlet of the possibilities of the adjacent countryside—not the usual scenic rhapsody, but an itemized and price-listed invitation to stop over for a short fishing trip, gas-boating excursion to the foot of live glaciers, hiking or riding over mountain trails, to indulge in a dog-sled ride across the ice fields of some famous glacier or to visit adjacent placer ground and pan sufficient gold to be made up into a souvenir stick pin—and distribute them among the passengers sailing from Seattle, but first making certain that information, guides, boats, horses and adequate equipment will be swiftly available upon the tourists' arrival, that town will eventually develop an enviable business

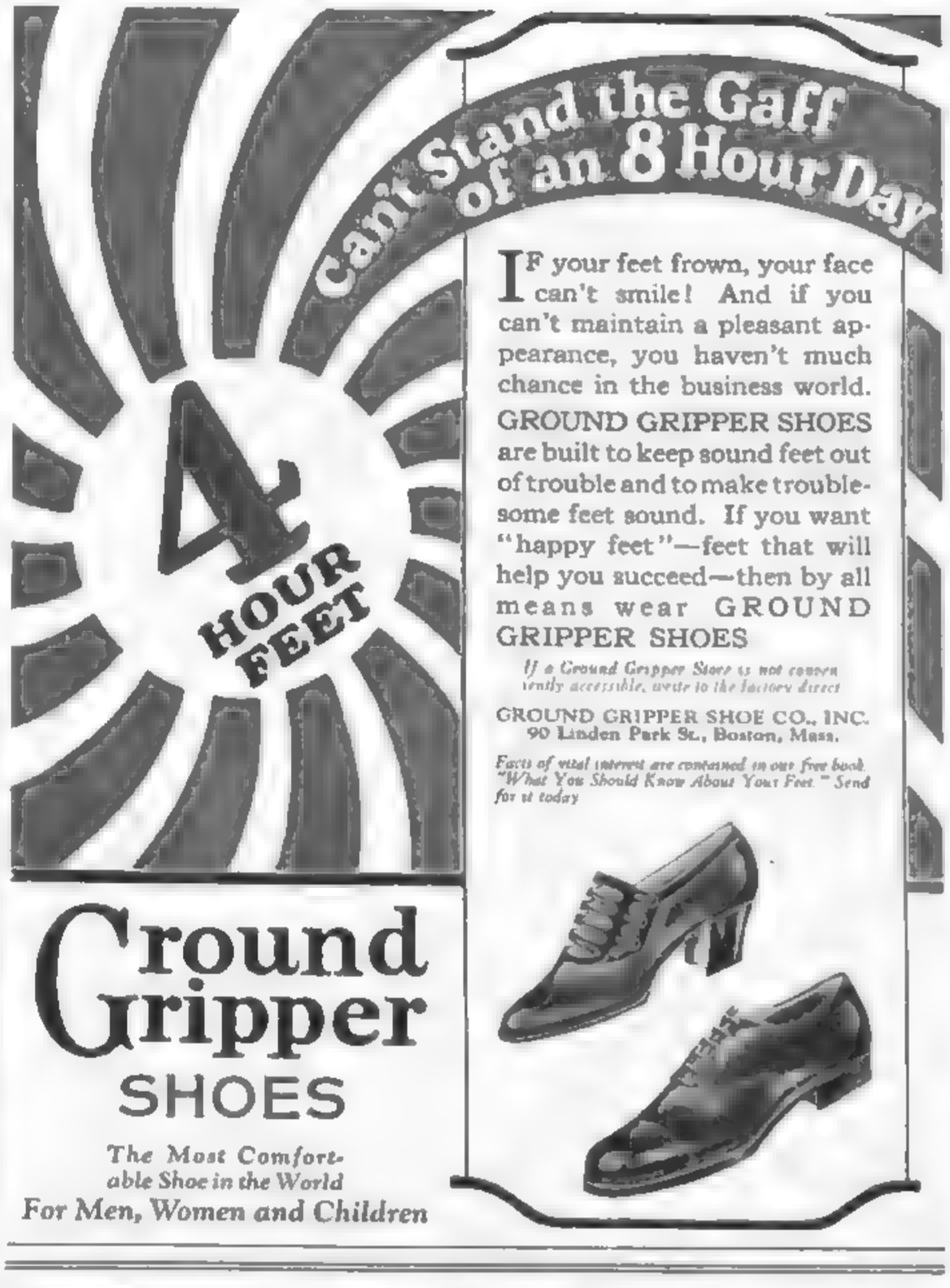
A great many of the tourists that sail from Seattle are in search of a legendary Alaska, actually expecting to visit boom camps where miners surge through the streets, bidding against one another for the first kiss or the last dozen eggs. Instead, they find many of the far-famed mining towns on the wane, and nothing is more depressing than the broken windows and boarded doors of buildings that echo hollowly with the futile whisperings of dead ambitions. The other towns are modern up-and-coming communities such as one finds anywhere in the States. Yet the most of the tourists scurry through, hoping to find a traditionary Alaska in half-day or overnight stops in the towns themselves.

If they are mildly disappointed it is only the same result that might be expected from a simular tour through any of our Pacific Coast or Rocky Mountain states with the expectation of finding present conditions concurrent with the traditionary state of things twenty-five years ago. But the visitor who stops over for a few days in almost any Alaskan town along the established tourist lanes, and samples the possibilities as they exist today, will become an enthusiastic booster who will send others to the spot.

Come and Stay a While

My own case is a typical illustration. Of the many places through which I traveled with a stop of but an hour or a day, I retain no very sharp impressions, either of enthusiasm or disappointment, arriving without any keen anticipation and departing with small regret. But there is not one place in Alaska wherein I made a stop of even a few days' duration but that I left it with the impression that, far from having exhausted the interesting possibilities of the vicinity, I had merely touched upon the outskirts and must return some day soon to investigate them more thoroughly.

This is true of Mt. McKinley National Park. Ninety per cent of the few present visitors make only the hurried half-day trip to Savage Camp and return to the railroad. It leaves them with an erroneous and perhaps unfavorable impression of the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ONE hundred years after the signing of the Declaration of Independence, the infant telephone was first exhibited at the Philadelphia Exposition.

Since the dawn of civilization, mankind had sought some means of communicating over distances which unaided human speech could not bridge. Drums, signal fires, runners, the pony express, and finally the electric telegraph were means to get the message through. It remained for the telephone to convey a speaker's words and tones over thousands of miles.

"My God, it talks!" exclaimed the Emperor of Brazil before a group of scientists at the Philadelphia Exposition, as he recognized the voice of Alexander Graham Bell, demonstrating the new invention.

Today, after a brief half-century, the telephone lines of the Bell System have become the nerves of the nation. The telephone connects citizen with citizen, city with city, state with state for the peace and prosperity of all.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
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Name

Street

City _____ *State*

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Could you find an hour to sell? Say once or twice a week? Would you accept up to $1.50 or $2.00 for it? For work you can do in your own neighborhood? Or even without leaving home? You'll be interested in what we have to suggest! Hundreds of busy men and women add $5, $10 or more, regularly, *every week*, to their incomes. Don't pass over this opportunity without investigating it. Perhaps we have just the work you'll like. It will cost you only a postage stamp to find out. Mail the coupon *now!*

possibilities of the neighborhood. This national park has come to be synonymous with excellence in the collective mind of the traveling public—excellence of one kind if not another; what I mean is that a national park will be absolutely unique in its own particular field. All national parks, in their infancy, were viewed as white elephants by the surrounding communities. The millions that now visit them annually shed such a crop of tourist dollars upon the adjacent countrysides that they are viewed as commercial assets of tremendous value: to such an extent, in fact, that instead of their former struggle for existence, there is now a veritable deluge of bids for new national and state parks from all communities that are desirous of reaping a share of the tourist expenditures.

Mt. McKinley Park is in its infancy, but it will come into its own eventually. I believe that the abundance of game, even to a greater extent than the peak itself, will be a drawing card.

There is so much of scenery in the world and so little game, and the few regions in the States where game may still be seen in relative abundance come in for a heavy annual visitation by tourists.

Seeing Grizzlies From a Car

It is estimated that there are from fifteen thousand to twenty thousand mountain sheep in McKinley Park. I know that we saw between two thousand and twenty-five hundred of these animals between Copper Mountain and the Savage, and our trail followed the line of the proposed tourist road. Except that recent hunting had made them shy and difficult to approach, we would have seen many more than that number. One bunch after another took to the peaks on the run as soon as the animals sighted our party.

Once the road is completed Mt. McKinley Park, aside from the scenic attractions and the great ice-bound peak, will be the only place in the world where tourists may ride in an automobile and see thousands of mountain sheep at close range; in addition to the great caribou herds, moose and many varieties of smaller wild life; and, if rigidly protected inside the park, the great cream-colored grizzlies that range these parts.

Prospectors are permitted to kill meat in the park when in need of food. This situation should be remedied before the road is completed. Mountain sheep become very tame and easily approached when left unmolested. Mr. Grant and the few other prospectors whose properties are inside the park are an exceptionally reasonable group, and Karsten informed me that they would readily agree to procure their meat back in areas where it would not molest the game along the road. It is the prospectors that travel through who avail themselves of this opportunity to procure easy meat; and with the road established they will never be in actual need of food that cannot be obtained at the camps, so the hunting along it may be regulated under the present law.

Much of the game along the railroad was killed out by market hunting. Mt. McKinley Park will serve as a breeding ground to restock the surrounding country, just as certain national parks, national forests and state game refuges are operating in many parts of the States.

The Mt. McKinley region was once a great fur country, particularly productive of foxes, among which was a large percentage of fine silvers.

Except round Savage Camp, foxes have become very scarce. Widespread poisoning, which is largely responsible for the destruction of Alaskan fur resources, was carried on in the McKinley region for years.

Men personally acquainted with the situation described the operation of one brace of poisoners that killed game from the Savage to the Kantishna a number of years ago, poisoning the meat and distributing portions of it along the route. In addition to the waste resulting from the fact that but a small percentage of poisoned animals are successfully tracked out and their pelts retrieved, there is the very disastrous factor of the remaining poison on the range after the snow melts off in the spring and the consequent destruction of all meat-eating wild life, feathered and furred, including prospective mothers and fur bearers with young in the dens.

The park, under rigid protection, should operate as a breeding reservoir for the fine foxes of the McKinley region and restock the surrounding country with fur. But there is some apprehension that, since many know of the two fox dens near Camp Savage, some poacher will contrive to slip in and trap them out or—still more likely—put out a line of poison.

The last evening of our stay in McKinley we went down for a final view of the foxes. Our approach shielded by a strip of brush, we drew within forty yards of the rock bar upon which the pups played. There, consorting with a red pup, was a magnificent silver fox.

This was an adult animal, possibly one of the parent foxes of the other den several miles removed, although it is not customary for members of different fox families to mingle.

Borgias of the Game Country

The two sharply contrasting animals sat some ten yards apart, the one a glistening red, the other blue-black, with silvered guard hairs on the rump and a pure-white tip on the end of his flowing black tail.

The wind was right, but, after perhaps a full minute, the silver detected the movement of our heads above the brush. On the instant he started for parts unknown, a swift darting streak of black on the rock bar, and faded from sight in the brush. Many times since I have hoped that he has survived so that his progeny may help repopulate the McKinley country with foxes. But it is all too probable that ere this some poacher has poisoned him.

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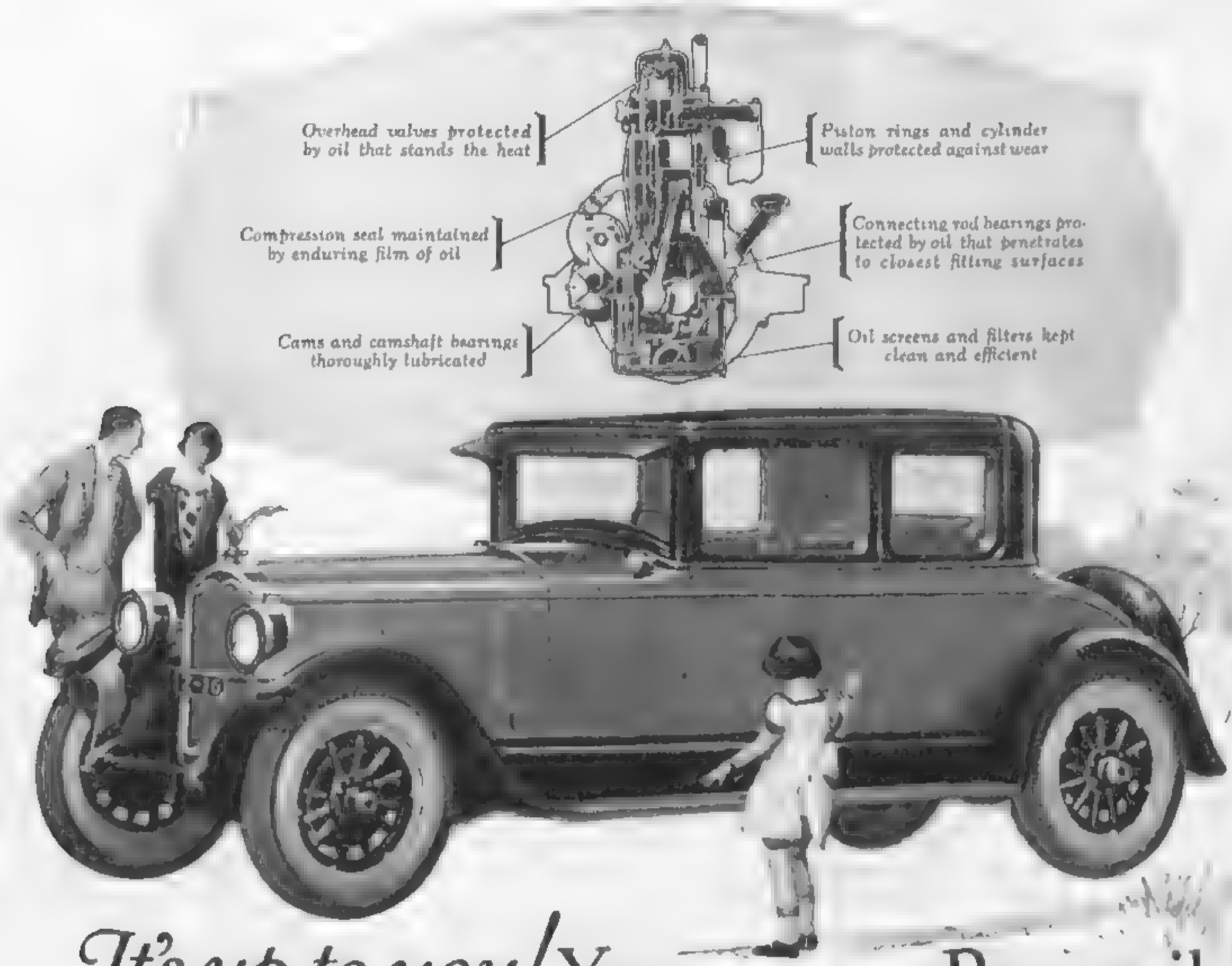
It's up to you to keep your new Buick *new*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Compression seal maintained by enduring film of oil
Cams and camshaft bearings thoroughly lubricated
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It's up to you! You can use Pennzoil and *guarantee* your motor's long life—or, you can use any old oil *and take a chance*

WHY gamble that wonderful motor against a few cents worth of oil?

Eliminate the trouble and expense that come from faulty lubrication. Drain out your crankcase and refill it with Pennzoil. Use it regularly and give your car the best chance to deliver the long, dependable service that's built into it.

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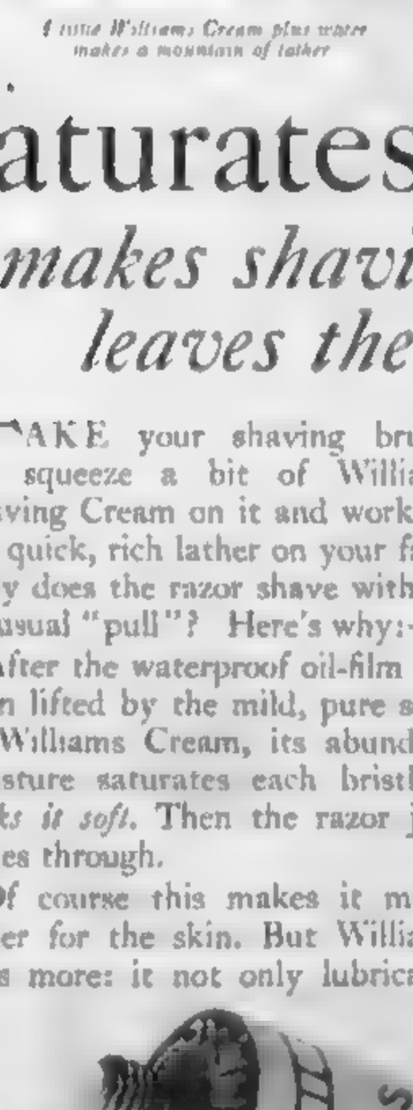
Take ordinary oil out of your motor at 500 miles. Save a little in a bottle. Fill your crankcase with Pennzoil and use it a full 1000 miles. Then drain, rub a drop or two of each of the used oils between your thumb and forefinger. You can see the difference and feel it. And what a difference it means to your motor!



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This LATHER really Saturates the Beard

makes shaving easy— leaves the skin glove-smooth

TAKE your shaving brush, squeeze a bit of Williams Shaving Cream on it and work up the quick, rich lather on your face. Why does the razor shave without its usual "pull"? Here's why:—

After the waterproof oil-film has been lifted by the mild, pure soap in Williams Cream, its abundant moisture saturates each bristle—*soaks it soft*. Then the razor just glides through.

Of course this makes it much easier for the skin. But Williams does more: it not only lubricates the skin for easy shaving, but leaves it as glove-smooth and splendidly conditioned as after a massage by an expert barber.

Williams is a pure, white cream, absolutely free from coloring matter. It is the result of three generations of specializing in making shaving soap. Williams created the first high grade shaving soap.

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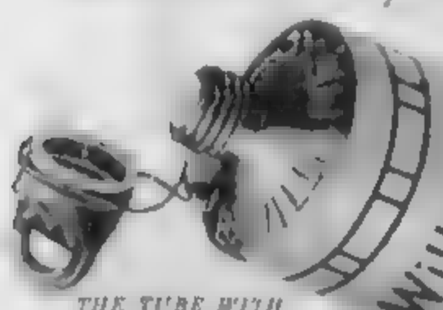

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Send coupon for free trial tube

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The Poets' Corner

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An' in her hold a thousand bales o' silk for Yankee maids;
An' tea in case, an' spice in cask. Her stun-sails gleam like snow.
An' from her deck the chorus roars, "Oh, blow, my bullies, blow!"

She's made the China run again in nine and ninety days.
The porpoises make way for her, and where the sperm whale plays,
An' Bedford whalers turn to stare, a-seein' her sweep by,
They take her for a flyin' cloud that's fallen from the sky.

The lime-juice captains swear at her, to see her tearin' past,
An' crowd the piles o' canvas high on every Clyde-built mast.
She's stolen trade from London town. The London merchants rave
To think o' soft-wood Yankee ships that rule the rollin' wave.

Old Ocean Chief, an' Ringleader, an' pitchin' Hurricane,
The Stag Hound, an' the Challenger, an' Chariot of Fame,
They're gone to Davy's locker now. Out there by Anjer way.
Men see no dandy Yankee ships a-slippin' past today.

There were no days like them good days; they'll never come no more.
Creesy is dead, an' Waterman; an' Samuels sleeps ashore.
Donald McKay is but a name, an' beauty's dream is past.
The sea moss grows on rotted boom an' spar an' skysail mast.

But up an' down far distant seas, when stars shine clear an' bright,
Where trade winds blow an' lonely whales go swimmin' down the night,
You'll find the ghosts o' soft-wood ships. It's there that I would be.
An' up above, against the stars—that flag a-flyin' free!

—*Bill Adams.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Six Hundred Thousand Weekly)

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THE NEW CINDERELLA HOLLOW WARE

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5 pieces without Kettle or Waiter $450
Kettle $225
Waiter 25½" long . $375

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in Sterling Silver

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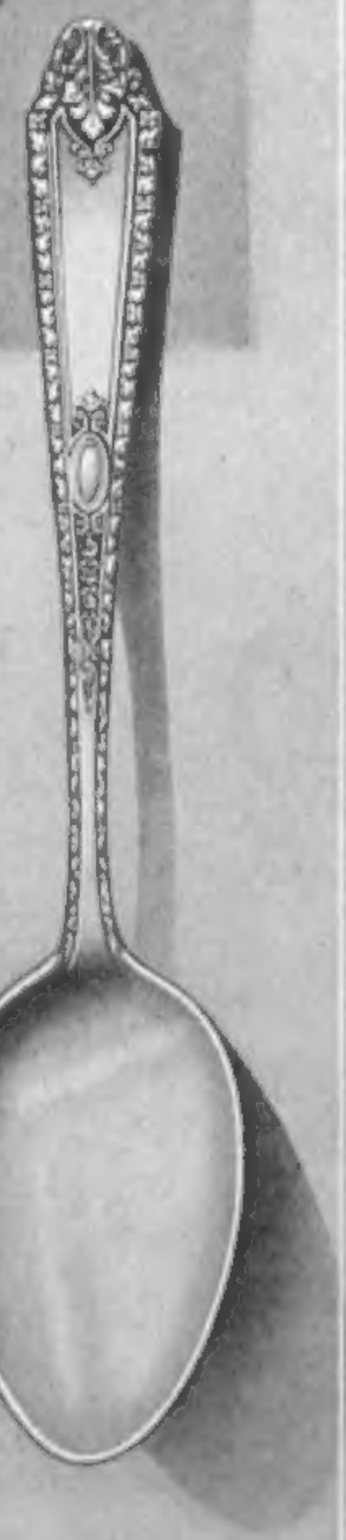
Dessert Knives 6 for $21.00
Dessert Forks . 6 for $20.00



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Golfers!

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Go to your Sporting Goods Dealer or your Club Professional and see this great advance in golf irons

THE club you've almost prayed for has come. On May 21st, throughout the country, there will be displayed the new Burke "Stainless" Golf Irons—*Clubs that will not rust—that will not stain, corrode, or tarnish.* Yes, and we might add, *a club that, because it is four times tougher than ordinary steel, is practically nick proof.*

This wonderful new metal is forged in the most carefully selected models, and shafted in the finest of air-dried hickory by Burke. These irons will never lose their balance under the cleaning wheel—because they will not rust, and under ordinary play, will not nick. They are the easiest of all clubs to keep clean—when the dirt is wiped off, the club is as bright, as true, as good as when new, even after years of play.

Imagine It! STAINLESS IRONS *that will not* RUST STAIN TARNISH *or* CORRODE *and are almost* NICK-PROOF

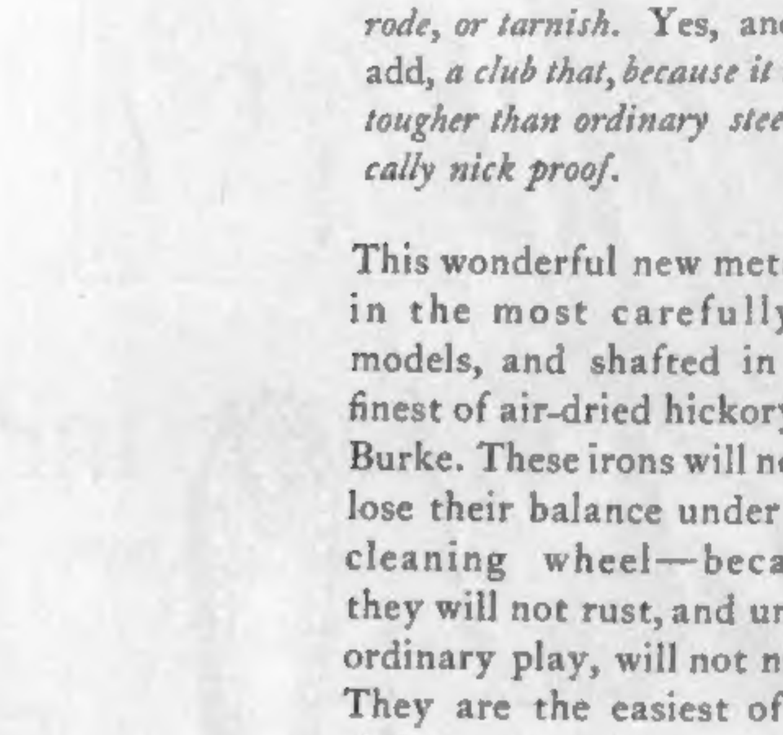
You've wanted such a club—now it's here. See it. Get the feel of it. We want you to know it as we know it. Carry it with your other irons. Let the contrast emphasize the tremendous superiority these irons have.

If you can't get out to see these new irons today or tomorrow, at least phone your "pro" or dealer to reserve one for you, for to supply as many of our dealers as possible, we have had to limit the immediate stocks each dealer might have.

Despite the great advance in merit, there is no advance in price—$6.

DEALERS: *If our salesmen have not yet reached you, write or wire your minimum requirement and we will fill orders as rapidly as we can*

THE BURKE GOLF COMPANY · NEWARK, OHIO



Rain! You should worry about your Burke Stainless clubs. Next morning they'll shine forth among your other clubs like the jewels they are.

BURKE

STAINLESS

Always Easy to Clean

Golf Irons

Genuine Stainless Steel is manufactured only under the patents of the
AMERICAN STAINLESS STEEL COMPANY · COMMONWEALTH BUILDING · PITTSBURGH, PENNA

Gives food a wholesomeness that cream cannot give

"WHOLE-MILK" richness means richness in all the food elements that natural milk contains—the elements that make milk nature's most-nearly perfect food.

Pet Milk is richer than cream in "whole-milk" richness—

Cream is rich in only one element—butterfat. Pet Milk is rich in *all* the food elements of milk—in butterfat, and in the bone and tissue building substances of which cream contains but little.

More than twice as rich as ordinary milk—richer than cream in "whole-milk" richness—Pet Milk undiluted serves in place of cream and gives to food a wholesomeness that cream cannot give.

At Less Than Half the Cost—

For table use, in ice creams and desserts—for all cream uses—Pet Milk will give the finest flavor and texture, at less than half the cost of cream.

Every drop uniformly rich, Pet Milk can be diluted to suit every milk need of the household. As extra-rich milk, it costs no more than ordinary milk.

Do not confuse Pet Milk with milk preserved with sugar. In Pet Milk nothing is added to the pure milk.

PET MILK COMPANY
(Originators of Evaporated Milk)
836 Arcade Building, St. Louis, Mo.

A STATEMENT

"The information published below embodies scores of laboratory tests and years of scientific study. It is, to the best of our knowledge and belief, an authoritative statement of facts about shaving. So far as possible this advertisement represents an unbiased point of view. In fairness to yourself, read these important facts about shaving. Find out how this new method actually softens your beard at the base in a scientific way."

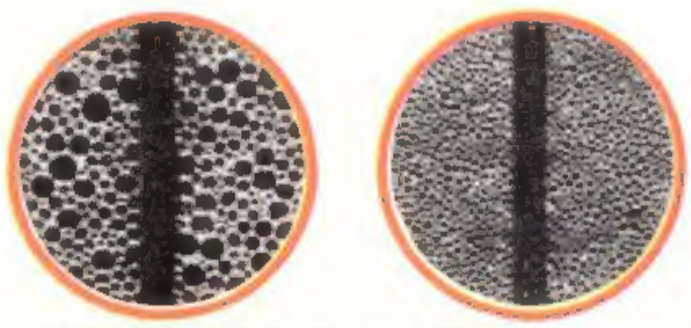
Colgate & Co.

How tiny *moisture-laden* bubbles

soften your beard at the base – scientifically

ORDINARY LATHER

Photomicrograph of lather of an ordinary shaving cream surrounding single hair. Large dark spots are air—white areas are water. Note how the large bubbles hold air instead of water against the beard.



COLGATE LATHER

Photomicrograph prepared under identical conditions shows fine, closely knit texture of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream lather. Note how the small bubbles hold water instead of air close against the beard.

How a lather that is applied to the top of the beard penetrates deep down to the base of the hair. Why fine lather texture makes it possible to actually hold moisture close against the base of the beard, and soften it scientifically, right where the cutting is done.

DO you know that lather, no matter how bulky or abundant it is, does not soften the beard efficiently unless it gets right down to the base of the hair?

Do you realize that the real test of a lather's efficiency is the smallness of its bubbles, and not the way it piles up on your face?

Just look at the photomicrographs of lather shown above, and you will understand how important this really is.

Strangely enough, lathers that pile high on your face are often the poorest when it comes to softening your beard. That is because the bubbles are so large in size that they cannot bring enough water into actual contact with the base of the hair.

And remember, water, not shaving cream, is the real softener of your beard.

How this concentrated lather softens the beard at the base

Different in action and result, Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream actually softens the beard in a scientific way—a way that means quicker, smoother shaving, and leaves your face smooth and comfortable all day long. It is really shaving cream in concentrated form—super water-absorbent—making a lather of the finest texture.

In this lather, the bubbles are smaller, as the microscope shows; they hold more water and much less air—they give more points of moisture contact with the beard. Almost instantly this fine-textured lather emulsifies and removes the film of oil that covers every hair in the beard.

Then quickly thousands of clinging, moisture-laden bubbles penetrate deep down to the base of the beard—bring and hold an abundant supply of water in direct contact with the bottom of every hair.

Thus the entire beard becomes wringing wet—moist and pliable—softened down at the base, where the razor does its work. In this way the beard becomes properly softened right where the cutting takes place. "Razor pull" is entirely banished.

In addition, Colgate lather lubricates the path of the razor—makes it glide across your face without catching or dragging. And it leaves your skin clean, cool, and delightfully comfortable throughout the day.

Here is an experience such as you have never enjoyed before. It's a complete new shaving method.

Make this interesting test

It is interesting to note the difference when you lather up with Colgate's—to discover how clean and cool it leaves your face—how smooth, without the usual dryness.

Why not buy a tube tonight, and start at once to get the delightful benefits of this new shaving cream? Try it once. You'll never go back to your former method. Or if you prefer, clip and mail the coupon at the left, and let us send you a generous sample tube. Colgate & Co., Est. 1806, New York. In Canada, Colgate & Co., Ltd., 72 St. Ambroise Street, Montreal.

COLGATE & CO.
Dept. 140-E, 581 Fifth Ave., New York

Please send me the trial tube of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream for better shaving. I enclose 4c.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Softens the beard at the base